Collier's

MARCH 28, 1942 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

ROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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A NEW MYSTERY STORY BY AGATI

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Mar 28 '42

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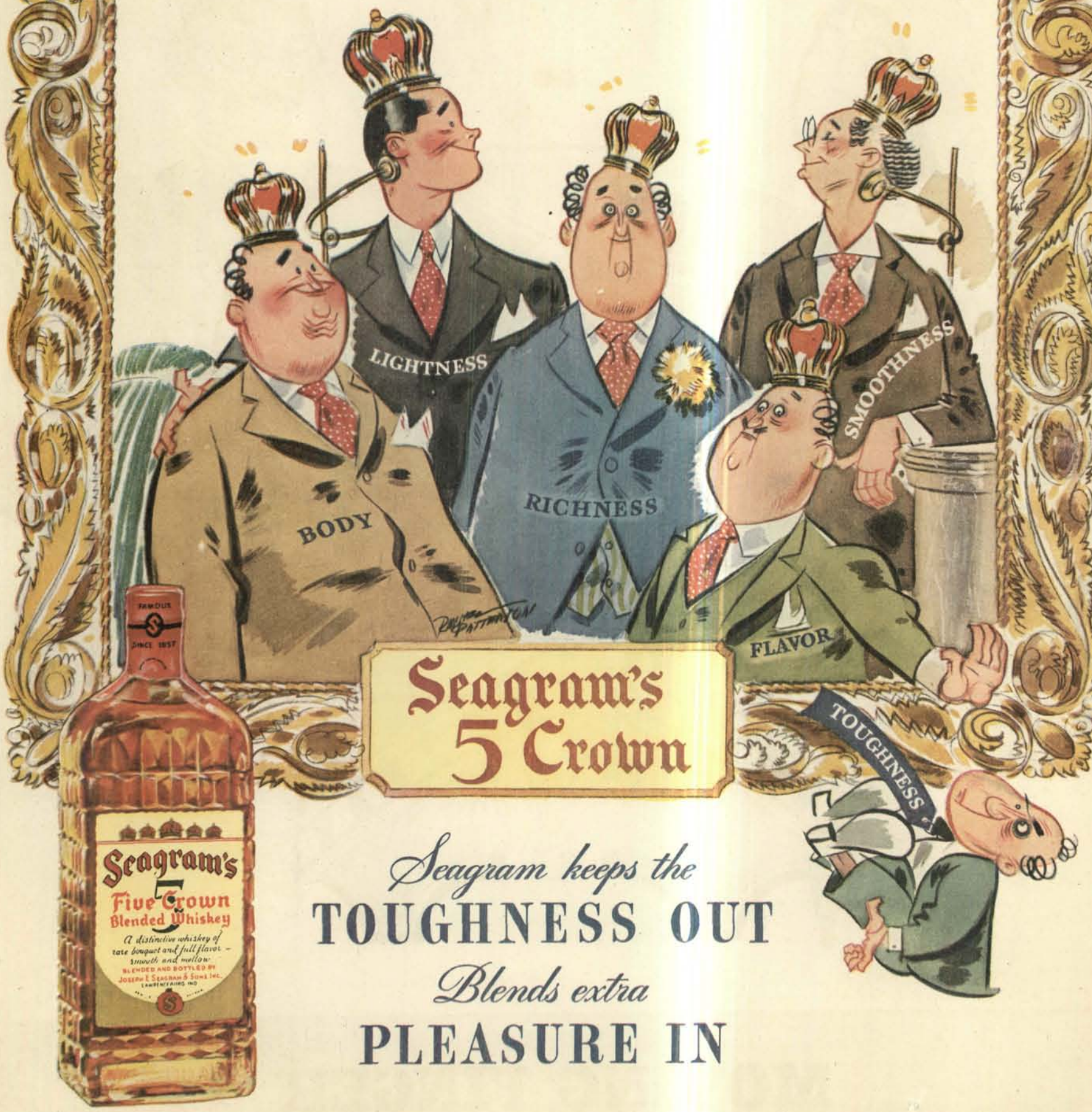
The 5 Crowns

If you will inspect every name,
From the left to the right in this frame,
You'll then understand,
Why that smooth, mellow brand,
Known as Seagram's—is winning such fame.

Our 5 Crown's a picture of pleasure,
A whiskey that connoisseurs treasure,
A flavorful drink,
The sort that we think
You will sip and enjoy at your leisure!



Seagram keeps the

TOUGHNESS OUT

Blends extra

PLEASURE IN

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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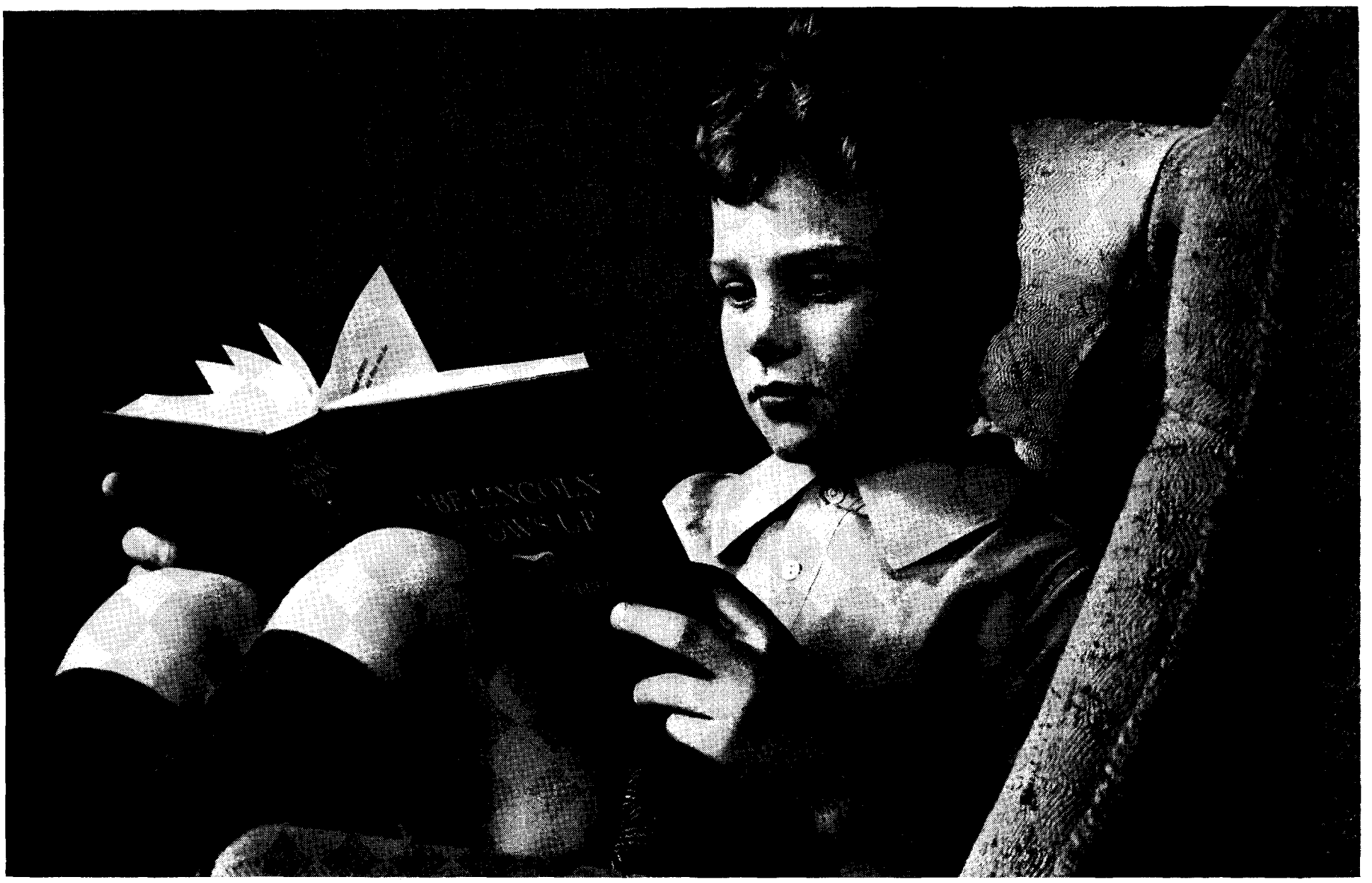
Have You a Fireside?
Have You a Boy Like This One?

Your Heart must be Proud
You can see Character in the Making.



And We see him a Man who inspires Confidence —a Man with a Smile that owes much to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

HERE IS AMERICA—her hopes and her future. Here is a picture that should warm your heart and make you confident of the years ahead.

Lucky America and lucky young Americans. So much is being done for our children—to assure them of a brighter future—to prepare them to face that future ready, confident and smiling.

Yes, smiling! For even now this youngster has by heart a lesson in dental health that many an adult has still to learn. In classrooms* all over the land, young Americans are being taught the importance of firm, healthy gums to sound teeth and bright, sparkling smiles.

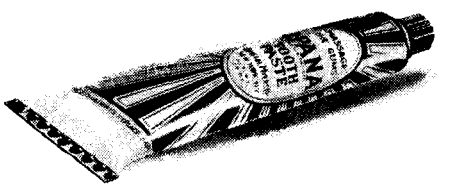
**In 1941, at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.*

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a Warning!

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist right away*. It may not mean serious trouble, but let him decide. He may say simply that your gums are sensitive—they need more work—the natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods. And like thousands of dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean, refreshing taste. And that invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is increasing in your gums—helping them to better health. Get a tube of Ipana today.



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

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Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

EVERY WEEK

BRINGS YOU EXCITING NEW

VICTOR RECORDS

In keeping with a current trend to revive favorite hits of the past, this column announces several new versions of top-notch old-timers. They sound better than ever with RCA Victor's higher fidelity recording... not to mention the fresh arrangements by today's most popular artists.

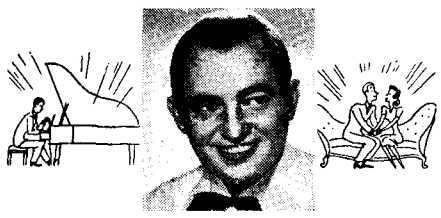
Like these...

TWO FAVORITES BY TOMMY DORSEY

"What Is This Thing Called Love?" (Cole Porter's hit tune from "Wake Up and Dream!")—with "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses." Tommy Dorsey. No. 27782. List price 50c

"GRIEG PIANO CONCERTO"

For popularity... and appeal... we class this with Tschaikowsky's sensational concerto. On the other side, "Serenade for Strings" (Tschaikowsky again)—a lilting waltz. Both superbly played by Freddy Martin. B-11430. List price 35c



"FAVORITE LOVE SONGS"

If you're collecting Victor *Musical Smart Sets* we recommend this new album. 8 time-honored love songs tenderly sung by Frank Munn. (I Love You Truly, Loch Lomond, Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes, Forgotten, Love's Old Sweet Song, In The Gloaming, The Sweetest Story Ever Told, Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms). Album P-110. List price . . $2.50

"LET'S HAVE ANOTHER CUP O' COFFEE"

Just re-issued in two grand recordings: (1) coupled with "Chip Off The Old Block." Glenn Miller. B-11450, 35c; (2) coupled with "You Call It Madness." Sammy Kaye. No. 27780. List price 50c

HEAR THEM ON THE NEW RCA VICTROLA V-225

To name just one of its features . . . the RCA Victrola V-225 *plays records on both sides without turning them over* . . . the only instrument in the world that can do it. It also has the new Magic Tone Cell and the marvelous (man-made) Magic Brain, which recreate your chosen music with superb fidelity. No needles to bother with. Records last longer. A two-hour concert while you listen undisturbed. Your Victor dealer will be tickled to show off its many features. Including the new RCA Victor Teletube Radio.

Prices shown are list prices exclusive of excise tax

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR RECORDS

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	CLARENCE H. ROY	Syntax
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	Far East
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
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MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor		

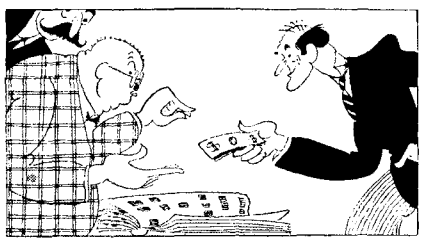
Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Edit
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

ANY WEEK

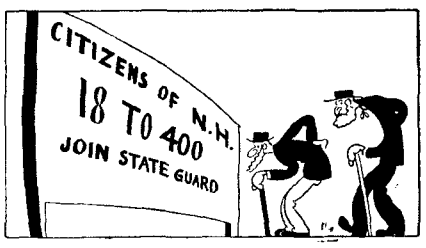
AS YOU may have every right to suspect, quite a little skulduggery has been going on behind the noise and fanfare of war. For example, if you are one of the six to nine million philatelists in the United States, the proud possessor of some or all of the frequent issues of 1940, 1941 and now 1942 German and Italian postage stamps, you may be contributing innocently to one of the neatest espionage and subversive activity rackets that we've bumped into in years. One of our South American scouts has told us all about it and, as you very well know, we simply can't keep a secret. Our scout is now in New York putting what the cops know as the mouse on the grift. In stuffier words, he is investigating the North American end of the racket. He has able assistance—the U. S. Treasury and the F.B.I.

AND this is it. Some brilliantly perverted Nazi mind, discovering that there are between six and nine million stamp collectors in the United States—270,000 of them being advanced collectors, spending an individual average of somewhat more than a hundred dollars a year on their collections—brewed the scheme. He sold it to Hitler, and Hitler sent orders to Mussolini who, oddly enough, instantly co-operated. Thereafter both Germany and Italy began frequently to publish new stamp issues, striking off a few thousand sheets of each for the American trade. These latter arrived in Argentina by way of Lisbon, Portugal. The Argentine end forthwith ships them to United States correspondents who seldom if ever are the long-established firms. The stamps are consigned to more obscure dealers and fly-by-nights. The United States receivers pay nothing for the stamps but send the Argentine middleman a few packets of American stamps, of no value to the American collector, in a clumsy effort to make things look good. The suspicion grows that these American stamps are not quite as innocent as they seem. When properly scanned they may convey military and naval information which the Argentine fellow may transmit to Germany via Lisbon. It's all very complicated.



IN THE meantime the North American receiver of the highly desirable German and Italian stamps sells them to collectors for five and ten dollars apiece. What he does with the money is what is now concerning the Treasury Department and the F.B.I. Our agent thinks that most of it is going into espionage and subversive activity. Anyway, it's pleasant money in any racket. Figure it out for yourself. Say that a hundred thousand big-time collectors spent fifty dollars each annually for first-issue German and Italian stamps. Well, even if the stamp dealers are holding out on the subversifiers, putting half the take into their own bank accounts, there's enough left to keep Hitler's snoops in this country off the relief lists.

AND a friend of ours reports that he spent a day visiting his sister in one of our better, more expensive schools for young ladies. He got to talking to the head mistress, who put him so much at his ease that he mentioned something that had riveted his attention all afternoon. "I have rarely," said he, "seen more beautiful girls. But their feet, if you'll permit me to say so, are huge. I don't remember having seen young ladies with such—" The head mistress interrupted him. "Ah, yes," said she. You have seen the upper-class girls. They were all orange-juice babies. Wait until you see the feet on the girls who were tomato-juice babies. My dear sir! My dear sir!"



ALSO from Mr. Earl Snyder of Dover, New Hampshire, we've received news that we may still be eligible to a uniform and rifle. Of course we might have to move to New Hampshire, but worse things have happened to us. Mr. Snyder sends us a clipping from Foster's Daily Democrat, a spirited newspaper published in Dover. It reads: "Any male citizens of New Hampshire between the ages of 18 and 400 are eligible for the State Guard." One of our associates, a New Hampshire man, assures us that this is not a typographical error. He says: "A man is no good in New Hampshire until he's at least two hundred years old. However, they seem to have changed things slightly since I left. In my day an eighteen-year-old infant would not have been named yet, and his parents would still be receiving congratulations upon the arrival of the new baby in the family."

(Continued on page 69)

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THIS WEEK

MARCH 28, 1942

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EDITORIALS
Save Your Fighting for the Enemy Boys.
Westinghouse Foresight.
Somewhere in America, 1942.
Page

COVER ARTHUR SZYK

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QUESTION:

What are the usual danger signs of early tuberculosis?

ANSWER:

There aren't any!

MANY PEOPLE BELIEVE that tuberculosis always gives definite warnings when it begins—signs or symptoms by which it may be recognized. Medical science knows this is not true.

> ***Early* tuberculosis usually has *no* symptoms, gives *no* danger signals. Such symptoms as a cough that "hangs on," persistent chest pains, and blood or blood-streaked sputum are incorrectly associated with the early stages of the disease. *They are really indications that tuberculosis has been present a long time, or has progressed rapidly.***

The surest way to detect *early* tuberculosis is by X-ray or fluoroscopic examination of the chests of apparently healthy people. If the disease is present, the doctor, knowing the patient's history and physical condition, sees the telltale evidence. *Early diagnosis is vital.* Tuberculosis can nearly always be treated successfully in its earliest stages. In its advanced stages, it is very difficult to cure.

Medical science has made remarkable progress in controlling tuberculosis. The disease has declined from first to seventh place as a cause of death, and continues to decline. Medical leaders hope that it can be virtually eliminated by 1960.

If this goal is to be realized, the search for cases of early tuberculosis must be intensified. There are thousands and thousands of undiscovered cases in this country. Unrecognized "carriers" of the disease scatter tuberculosis germs wherever they go—among their families, their friends, their fellow workers. *Tuberculosis always comes from tuberculosis* . . . it passes from the sick to the healthy.

That's why you must be on the watch constantly. Be especially watchful of boys and girls in their late teens, and young adults. Be *doubly* watchful of people in families with known cases—of *anyone* who has been in contact with an active case of tuberculosis. The best protection is an annual health examination, including X-ray examination of the chest. Most city health departments have X-ray facilities for those who cannot afford private care.

Metropolitan's free booklet, "Tuberculosis," contains up-to-date information about protecting your family and community from this disease.

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1 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 42-C, "Tuberculosis."

Name_____

Street_____

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WONDERS OF AMERICA

Roving Fortress

THIS 155 MILLIMETER GUN MOUNTED ON A TANK MAY BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST SENSATIONAL WEAPON
WHY, SHE'S RUNNING AT ABOUT THE NORMAL SPEED OF A PLEASURE CAR
YES – 35 MILES AN HOUR IS EASY FOR THIS CANNON. SHE'LL STOP IN A MINUTE TO FIRE A SHELL WEIGHING ALMOST 100 POUNDS
LOOK HOW THOSE 'FEET' IN BACK DIG IN TO CUSHION THE SHOCK. THIS IS ONE OF THE COOLEST-SHOOTING GUNS EVER CONSTRUCTED– AND THE POWDER BURNS WITH LESS HEAT. I KNOW THAT WILL APPEAL TO YOU PRINCE ALBERT SMOKERS, INCLUDING YOURS TRULY
THIS GUN IS ADJUSTABLE FOR ANTI-TANK FIRE. IT'S A SMOOTH JOB!
IT'S WONDERFUL THE WAY STREAM-LINING IS CHANGING THE WORLD
YOU BET! I CAN SEE THAT WITH EVERY PIPE-LOAD OF SMOOTH-SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED – COOLEST OF ALL!
ANY PIPE-SMOKER FINDS PRINCE ALBERT'S MILDNESS WITH RICHNESS A WONDERFUL COMFORT
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
IN 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO, A COOL SMOKE IS BOUND TO BE A MILD SMOKE – AND P.A.'S CRIMP CUT IS A WONDER FOR EASY, FAST-ROLLED 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES
70 FINE ROLL-YOUR-OWN CIGARETTES IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A flock of roosters on the West Coast have been trained to race over a "rooster track" and their contests often draw hundreds of spectators. As these birds go from their pens to the post, and start at the sound of a gong without assistance or visible incentive, they are believed to be the only animals that race without being ridden, prodded or induced to chase a mechanical device.—*By C. E. Shaw, Gig Harbor, Washington.*

The hagfish, a three-foot eel-like creature found in temperate seas, secretes so much friction-reducing slime through the pores of its skin that, when one is placed in a bucket of water, it soon converts the liquid into a mass of thick jelly.

Conductors of symphony orchestras may vary considerably in the time needed to play a given composition. For example, some have played Dvorak's From the New World symphony in forty minutes, while others have required sixty-eight minutes, or seventy per cent longer.

American food producers, in addition to shipping their products in standard boxes, crates and barrels, continue to use many other containers or units of measure with odd names. Lard is still shipped in tierces, cabbages in hampers, rice in pockets, tangerines in straps and plums in suitcase lugs.

The lich gate, a roofed entrance to a churchyard where a bier is placed to await the arrival of the clergyman and where part of the funeral service is held, was once very common in England, but less than a dozen exist today. Of the four in the United States, the oldest and most famous belongs to the Little Church Around the Corner in New York City.

Of the ten thousand "spindizzies" that are now raced by members of the three hundred miniature auto-racing clubs of the United States, the fastest is a ¾-horsepower, 6½-pound midget motorcar that can travel at the rate of 102.5 miles an hour.

After their evening meal, many Oriental people inhale their favorite perfumes and finger pieces of fine silks in the belief that these added pleasures induce a contentment which is highly beneficial to digestion.—*By Luetta Ch'en, Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

Helium is one liquid that has been made to appear to defy the law of gravity. When cooled to 4.2 degrees above absolute zero in a transparent Dewar vessel, helium gas becomes a liquid and, when further chilled to 2.19 degrees, it flows up the walls of the flask.

The only naval vessels that have five initials preceding their names are those of Japan. These letters, which are H.I.J.M.S., stand for His Imperial Japanese Majesty's Ship. —*By Roy Finch, Ashburnham, Massachusetts.*

Interurban truck drivers have their own colorful slang. To them, gasoline is push water, a waitress is a soup jockey, low gear is the grandma hole, a poultry truck is a cackle crate, and a sleeper bus is a pajama wagon.—*By William McCafferty, Jr., Latrobe, Pennsylvania.*

Some persons who are completely blind wear two glass eyes, while many persons who are blind in one eye only have an artificial one for the daytime and another, with a larger pupil, for the evening.

The first aerial bombing in the United States took place near Herrin, Illinois, on November 12, 1926. As the climax to a bitter feud between two factions of bootleggers, the Sheltons and the Birgers, an airplane flew low over the Birger farmhouse and dropped three bombs, none of which exploded. No one was hurt and no one was convicted of the crime.—*By Hamilton Craigie, East Orange, New Jersey.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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COLONIAL STORES HAUL TWICE AS BIG LOADS . . . *With Much Smaller Trucks!*

WHEN YOU CAN deliver twice as big loads with much smaller trucks, you're bound to cut costs. But Colonial Stores' experience with Truck-Trailers turned out to be more than just a better method of hauling.

Their Experience Is Another Example of How Truck-Trailers Are Aiding America At War!

Here, briefly, are the facts: Colonial Stores, Inc., with 533 chain stores and super-markets, is an important factor in food distribution in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia.

Once they depended on trucks with a 3½-ton rating that would carry a 10,000 pound payload. In 1936, they began using Fruehauf Trailers, pulled by small, economical trucks. Now they depend exclusively on Truck-Trailers . . . a fleet of more than one hundred . . . and easily haul payloads of 18,000 to 21,000 pounds with 2-ton rated trucks. They have taken advantage of the fact that, like a horse, any truck can *pull* far more than it is designed to *carry*.

Here's How Colonial's Truck-Trailers Are Helping America Win the War:

❶ ***Smaller trucks are used,*** replacing heavy-duty trucks. And heavy-duty trucks are indispensable for many military operations. Remember, too, that Colonial's *smaller* trucks haul *bigger* loads.

❷ ***Fewer trucks are used.*** In their produce department, Colonial Stores use the "shuttle system." One truck handles two or more Trailers . . . while it is pulling one Trailer, the others are being loaded and unloaded. The motor units work almost constantly . . . thus, more tonnage is moved with fewer trucks.

❸ ***Gasoline is conserved.*** Obviously, the use of smaller trucks and fewer of them, means less consumption of America's precious supply of gasoline.

A more efficient, economical job of food distribution! A substantial contribution to victory for America! You can credit both of these to Colonial's adoption of Truck-Trailer hauling!

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers
FRUEHAUF TRAILER CO., DETROIT
Sales and Service in Principal Cities

★ ★

The transportation engineers in Fruehauf branches throughout the country aren't stressing Trailer sales these days. Their major job is to help make all available motor transport equipment go as far as possible. They're experienced, practical, conscientious men, and they'll gladly consult with you, without cost, on any hauling problems created by the war crisis. Write to us about it.

RUBBER AND STEEL CONSERVED
A Truck-and-Trailer combination, with the same load capacity as two trucks, uses 16% less weight of tires than the two trucks.

The same Truck-and-Trailer combination requires 24% less steel and other essential metals than the two trucks.

A big step toward victory!

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS

"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

★ TRUCK-TRAILER TRANSPORT IS DOING AN ESSENTIAL JOB FOR ALL AMERICA ★

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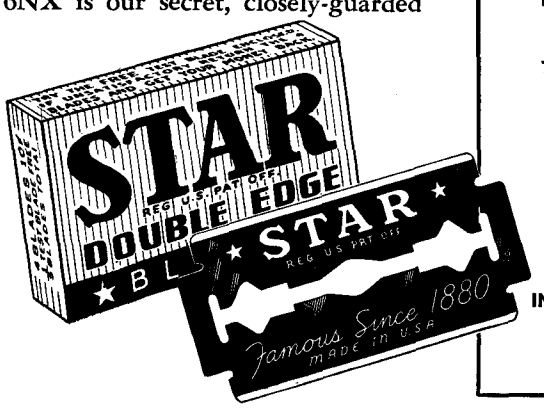
MAKES YOUR DOUBLE EDGE RAZOR PERFORM MIRACLES!

Everywhere men are discussing 6NX! 6NX—the new secret process which is amazing thousands upon thousands of shavers!

6NX is a symbol representing a certain combination of special steel, tempering, lacquering, grinding, honing and stropping. This 6NX process produces a safety razor blade so astonishing in its keenness and long life that it will change your whole concept of double edge shaving!

6NX is our secret, closely-guarded formula applied to the new Star Double Edge Blade. It's the result of hundreds of scientific experiments! It's an achievement which has produced the most remarkable double edge blade ever manufactured!

Don't wait another day to try these new and *different* double edge blades. They're on sale now at retailers everywhere . . . Star Division, American Safety Razor Corporation, Brooklyn, N. Y.



INTRODUCTORY OFFER

1 TEST BLADE FREE

TOTAL 5 FOR 10¢

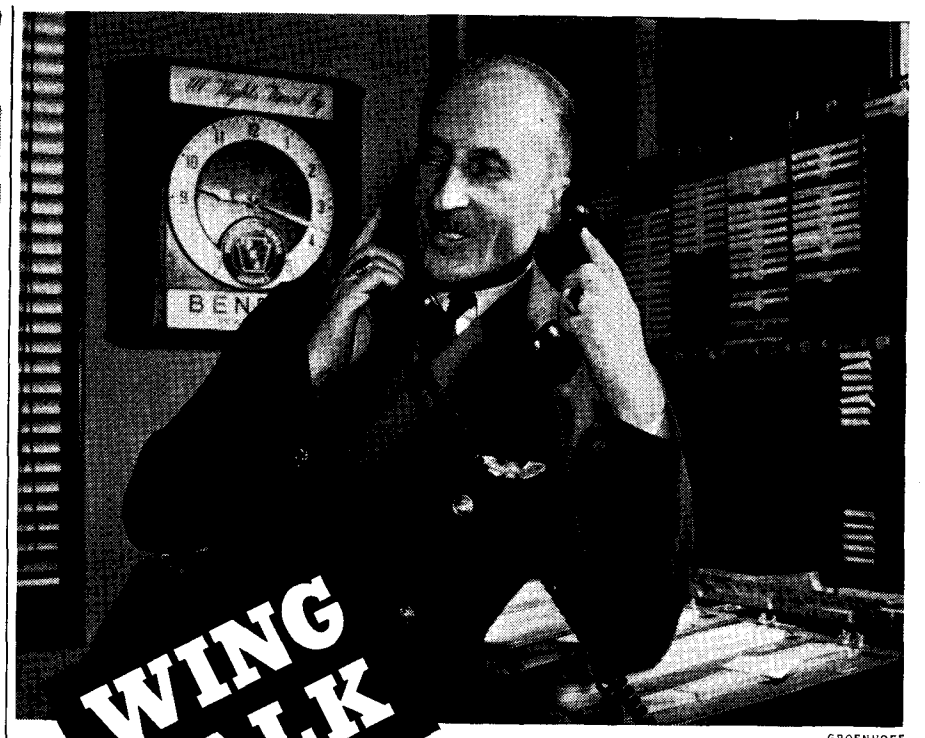
Money back if free test blade doesn't give you the best shaves you've ever had in your life!

ALSO 15 FOR 25¢

INCLUDING 3 TEST BLADES FREE

Made by the makers of Star Single Edge Blades

STAR DOUBLE EDGE BLADES
FOR DOUBLE EDGE RAZORS



GROENHOFF

WING TALK

Largest personal following of air passengers probably belongs to veteran M. A. "Mac" Crowder, Washington station manager for Pennsylvania - Central Airlines

IT WAS midnight over the ocean and the sky was black, while darkness below hid the heavy swells. The drone of the four engines made the flight crew sleepy, a not uncommon occurrence when you've been flying steadily for ten hours. Perfect weather, engines running smoothly, navigator right on his course—who wouldn't relax? The pilot turned the controls over to the co-pilot, settled back in his seat and went to sleep.

Then it happened, the nightmare of all pilots. All four engines quit simultaneously. The pilot erupted out of his seat, running before his feet hit the floor, back to the engineer's desk. The co-pilot jammed the nose down into a glide to keep flying speed. The engineer started pulling levers and switches.

The pilot and the engineer frantically checked all the instruments, controls, fuel supply and found nothing wrong. Four engines just couldn't quit at the same time without a reason that would show up immediately. They were certainly as dead as cold potatoes though, and with 10,000 feet of altitude there was just about fifteen minutes' worth of glide down to the water.

Five minutes passed and the big ship was still in its glide without power. In desperation the engineer tried the propeller-pitch levers. An answering roar gladdened icy hearts as the engines took up their steady drone of power.

This is what happened: The pilot's master propeller-control was a small toggle switch alongside the arm of his seat. As he dozed off, his arm had dropped down and hit the switch, knocking it to opposite pitch. The sudden load put on the engines at the very low power of long-range cruising had been too much for them and they quit.

By now you know the switch has been relocated on all of these airplanes and that particular little incident will not strain the strong nerves of pilots again, no matter how many times the pilots take naps.

KNOWN directly and indirectly to thousands of airline passengers throughout the United States, M. A. (Mac) Crowder, station manager at Washington National Airport for Pennsylvania-Central Airlines, is rounding out 12 years of service, which in the scheduled air transport business makes him somewhat of a pioneer. He is also the dean of everyone connected with scheduled flying out of the Capital City, with the possible exception of Russell Gillis, aged and beloved Negro redcap, who now enjoys the fancy title of "Sky Cap." Mac and Gillis went to work about the same time at the old Washington Airport when it was being converted from an abandoned race track and a smoldering, foul-smelling dump.

Bitten severely by the airplane bug back in 1923, Mac had high hopes of becoming an Army pilot but these were dashed by the flight surgeons at Kelly Field because of defective vision. But his eyes were good enough to enlist as a private in the Air Corps and he did, just to be around airplanes. Then he saw the rise of commercial aviation and it was while on duty at Bolling Field in Washington that he talked his way into a job at the old Washington Airport as it was then beginning to take shape, and left the Army.

IN THE early days of PCA, when their operations consisted of one trip out and one in each day with a single-engined Fairchild, Mac was everything but the pilot. As airline flying progressed, Mac grew with it and the pilots on PCA are unanimous in their acclaim that when Mac gave them the pitch to come on in, even though the weather was ominous, they cast aside their own opinions because Mac was always right.

His steady passengers had the same faith in him too, and soon the word got around that when the weather looked doubtful, Mac was the man to call. He always told the truth and played on the conservative side. If Mac advised that it would be better to take the train, even though eventually the plane did leave and get through, he lost a passenger on that trip but he gained the enthusiastic and permanent patronage of the traveler.

Knowing Mac's ability as an organizer and administrator, the management offered him the task of establishing the hostess department when it was decided to put gals on the line. Mac declined the honor. Not that he didn't like being called the Bull Hostess, it was just that he, son of a Methodist minister, had had no experience in handling pretty girls in large batches, and it was too late to learn. F. R. N.

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In this *modern* radio-phonograph, Philco invention has done away with the scratchy steel needle, with annoying surface noise and expensive record wear. There are *no needles to change!* Instead, a permanent jewel floats over the record and reflects the music on a beam of light, releasing new overtones of beauty long hidden in your records.

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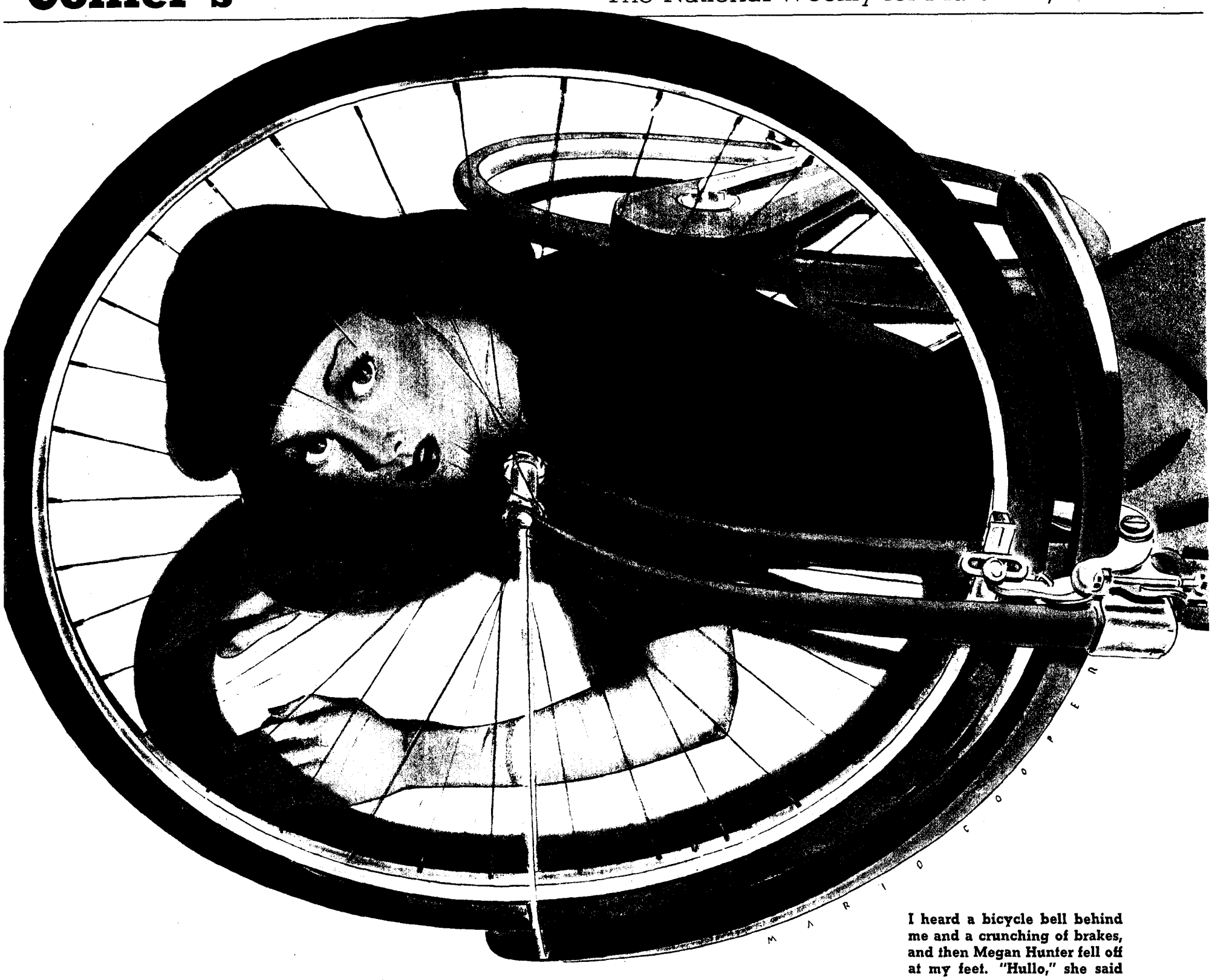

I heard a bicycle bell behind me and a crunching of brakes, and then Megan Hunter fell off at my feet. "Hullo," she said

MOVING FINGER

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Beginning the story of a romance fostered by malice, shadowed by murder, and haunted by mystery

I HAVE often recalled the morning when the first of the anonymous letters came.

It arrived at breakfast and I turned it over in the idle way one does when time goes slowly and every event must be spun out to its full extent. It was, I saw, a local letter with a typewritten address. I opened it before the two with London postmarks, since one of them was clearly a bill, and on the other I recognized the handwriting of one of my more tiresome cousins.

It seems odd, now, to remember that Joanna and I were more amused by the letter than anything else. We hadn't, then, the faintest inkling of what was to come—the trail of blood and violence and suspicion and fear.

One simply didn't associate that sort of thing with Lymstock.

I see that I have begun badly. I haven't explained Lymstock.

When I took a bad crash flying, I was afraid for a long time, in spite of soothing words from doctors and nurses, that I was going to be condemned to lie on my back all my life. Then at last they took me out of the plaster and I learned cautiously to use my limbs, and finally Marcus Kent, my doctor, clapped me on my back and told me that everything was going to be all right, but that I'd got to go and live in the country and lead the life of a vegetable for at least six months.

"Go to some part of the world where you haven't any friends. Get right away from things. Take an interest in local politics, get excited about village gossip, absorb all the local scandal. Small beer—that's the prescription for you. Absolute rest and quiet."

REST and quiet! It seems funny to think of that now.

And so Lymstock—and Little Furze.

Lymstock had been a place of importance at the time of the Norman Conquest. In the twentieth century it was a place of no importance whatsoever. It was three miles from a main road—a little provincial market town with a sweep of moorland rising above it. Little Furze was situated on the road leading up to the moors. It was a prim, low, white house with a sloping Victorian veranda painted a faded green.

My sister Joanna, as soon as she saw it, decided that it was the ideal spot for a convalescent. Its owner matched the house, a charming little old lady, quite incredibly Victorian, who explained to Joanna that she would never have dreamed of letting her house if "things had not been so different nowadays—this terrible taxation."

So everything was settled, and the agreement signed, and in due course Joanna and I arrived and moved in, while Miss Emily Barton went into rooms in Lymstock kept by a former parlormaid ("my faithful Florence") and we were looked after by Miss Barton's present maid, Partridge, a grim

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The strong arm of the goddess caught and held me while I got my stick. I stammered: "Th-thanks awfully. I'm f-f-frightfully sorry to bother you"

but efficient personage who was assisted by a daily "girl."

As soon as we had been given a few days to settle down, Lymstock came solemnly to call. Everybody in Lymstock had a label—"rather like happy families" as Joanna said. There was Mr. Symmington the lawyer, thin and dry, with his querulous bridge-playing wife. Dr. Griffith—the dark, melancholy doctor—and his sister who was big and hearty. The vicar, a scholarly absent-minded elderly man and his erratic eager-faced wife. Rich dilettante Mr. Pye of Prior's End, and finally Miss Emily Barton herself, the perfect spinster of village tradition.

Joanna fingered the cards with something like awe.

"I didn't know," she said in an awe-struck voice, "that people really *called* —with *cards!*"

"That," I told her, "is because you know nothing about the country."

Joanna is very pretty and very gay, and she likes dancing and cocktails and love affairs and rushing about in high-powered cars. She is definitely and entirely urban.

"At any rate," said Joanna, "I look all right."

I studied her critically and was not able to agree.

Joanna was dressed (by Mirotin) for *le sport*. The effect was quite charming, but a bit startling for Lymstock.

"No," I said. "You're all wrong. You ought to be wearing an old faded tweed skirt with a nice cashmere jumper matching it and perhaps a rather baggy cardigan coat, and you'd wear a felt hat and thick stockings and old well-worn brogues. Your face is all wrong, too," I added.

"What's wrong with that? I've got on my Country Tan Make-Up No. 2."

"Exactly," I said. "If you lived here, you would have just a little powder to take the shine off the nose and you would almost certainly be wearing all your eyebrows instead of only a quarter of them."

JOANNA laughed, and said that coming to the country was a new experience and she was going to enjoy it.

"I'm afraid you'll be terribly bored," I said remorsefully.

"No, I shan't. I really was fed up with all my crowd, and though you won't be sympathetic I really was very cut up about Paul. It will take me a long time to get over it."

I was skeptical over this. Joanna's love affairs always run the same course. She has a mad infatuation for some completely spineless young man who is a misunderstood genius. She listens to his endless complaints and works to get him recognition. Then, when he is ungrateful, she is deeply wounded and says her heart is broken—until the next gloomy young man comes along, which is usually about three weeks later.

I did not take Joanna's broken heart very seriously, but I did see that living in the country was like a new game to my attractive sister. She entered with zest into the pastime of returning calls.

To us, it was all novel and entertaining—a new game.

And, as I say, when the anonymous letter came, it struck me, at first, as amusing too.

For a minute or two after opening the letter, I stared at it uncomprehendingly. Printed words had been cut out and pasted on a sheet of paper.

The letter, using terms of the coarsest character, expressed the writer's opinion that Joanna and I were not brother and sister.

"Hullo," said Joanna. "What is it?"

"It's a particularly foul anonymous letter," I said.

I was still suffering from shock. Somehow one didn't expect that kind of thing in the placid backwater of Lymstock.

Joanna at once displayed lively interest. "*No?* What does it say?"

In novels, I have noticed, anonymous letters of a foul and disgusting character are never shown, if possible, to women. It is implied that women must at all cost be shielded from the shock it might give their delicate nervous systems.

I am sorry to say it never occurred to me not to show the letter to Joanna. I handed it to her at once.

She vindicated my belief in her toughness by displaying no emotion but that of amusement. "What an awful bit of dirt! I've always heard about anonymous letters, but I've never seen one before. Are they always like this?"

"I can't tell you," I said. "It's my first experience, too."

Joanna began to giggle. "You must have been right about my make-up, Jerry. I suppose they think I just *must* be an abandoned female!"

"That," I said, "coupled with the fact that our father was a tall, dark, lantern-jawed man and our mother a fair-haired blue-eyed little creature, and that I take after him and you take after her."

Joanna nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, we're not a bit alike. Nobody would take us for brother and sister."

"Somebody certainly hasn't," I said.

Joanna said she thought it was frightfully funny. She dangled the letter and asked what we were to do with it.

"The correct procedure, I believe," I said, "is to drop it into the fire with a sharp exclamation of disgust."

I SUITED the action to the word, and Joanna applauded. "You did that beautifully," she said. "You ought to have been on the stage. It's lucky we still have fires, isn't it?"

"The waste-paper basket would have been much less dramatic," I agreed. "I could, of course, have set fire to it with a match and slowly watched it burn—or watched it slowly burn."

"Things never burn when you want them to," said Joanna. "They go out. You'd probably have had to strike match after match."

She got up and went toward the window. Then, standing there, she turned her head sharply. "I wonder," she said, "who wrote it?"

"We're never likely to know," I said.

"No—I suppose not." She was silent a moment, and then said: "I don't know when I come to think of it that it is so funny after all. You know, I thought they—they *liked* us down here."

"So they do," I said. "This is just some half-crazy brain on the borderline."

"I suppose so. Ugh—nasty!"

As she went out into the sunshine I thought to myself as I smoked my after-breakfast cigarette that she was quite right. It *was* nasty. Someone resented our coming here—someone resented Joanna's bright young sophisticated beauty—someone wanted to *hurt*. To take it with a laugh was perhaps the best way—but it wasn't funny.

Dr. Griffith came that morning. I had fixed up for him to give me a weekly overhaul. I liked Owen Griffith. He was dark, ungainly, with awkward ways of moving and deft very gentle hands. He had a jerky way of talking and was rather shy.

He reported progress to be encouraging. Then he added, "You're feeling all right, aren't you? Is it my fancy, or are you a bit under the weather this morning?"

"Not really," I said. "A particularly scurrilous anonymous letter arrived with the morning coffee, and it's left rather a nasty taste in the mouth."

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ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

In the wake of the air attack comes the invasion fleet. The transports haul barrage balloons

Fighter planes in large numbers strafe the defensive airdromes with explosive shells, and stay around to protect the bombers

Retreat to Victory

By John R. Morris

UNITED PRESS CORRESPONDENT

Since 1922 this famous reporter has watched Japan build her war machine. He saw it grind into action, saw the Allies fight the delaying battles that will help win this war. From Java, he radioes to Collier's this account of the fighting and the strategy back of it

SHE was Dutch and she wore the uniform of a volunteer nurse. She stood in the little town of Serang and watched three Japanese bombers that came with an ugly buzz across the Java sea. Behind her, in the warm valley, dark-skinned women bathed in a stream beside the road, and green volcanic peaks pushed a jagged line against the sky.

But she faced toward the sea as she explained in slow, dignified English that the Dutch would fight and destroy and that she would stay at her post.

"Nobody," she said simply, "can be humiliated by the enemy."

That was the way the Dutch met Japan's offensive into the fabulous treasure-land of the East Indies. They fought quietly, skillfully and utterly without fear. Dry-eyed, they touched the torch to great storehouses, oil tanks and docks that generations of sober colonists had built into property worth billions of dollars. They looked to the future even as their past went up in flames at Tarakan, at Palembang and at Macassar, because they were not fighting alone.

In a bowl-like jungle valley high up in Java's mountains a tall Texan, sweating and rubbing red-rimmed eyes, leaped from a Flying Fortress at a camouflaged airdrome: "Hell! We can do it. Just give us the planes—and some sleep!"

Down on the sun-soaked coast, a red-faced little petty officer, Jock Leehan of Glasgow, made fast one of His Majesty's smallest patrol boats and grinned up at his Dutch hosts: "Anybody got a sandwich? It's a long way from Singapore. Who says we're licked?"

American reporters saw men and women like these, day after day, even in that desperate hour when the enemy thrust gigantic claws across the green islands of the Philippines and down the slim arm of Malaya to the greatest prize of all—the oil and tin and minerals of the Dutch East Indies. These were the resources Japan's war lords gambled to win before the United Nations could mobilize their fighting power. And it was around the island of Java that the Dutch and their allies massed to inflict the greatest possible losses on the enemy, with knowledge that their courage would one day be amply repaid.

Because, although it might give our enemies a laugh at this stage to hear it said, we are literally retreating to victory.

Our retreat, depressing and discouraging as it might seem superficially, is as essential a part of our ultimate victory as the counterattack which eventually will drive the Japanese back to their own islands.

For most of the last five of my fifteen years in the Far East I have been retreating with the Chinese, and latterly with the British, the Dutch and the Americans, from a foe who is already celebrating exultantly his victory over us and our allies. Because the United States was a "neutral against Japan" until last December, I was able to intersperse my retreat with frequent visits to the enemy camps, including Tokyo, occupied Nanking, the puppet state of Manchukuo and other areas. There, all the resources of a vigorous, energetic and intelligent Japanese nation were concentrated for the sole purpose of gaining complete control of a region of the world vitally important to our welfare and the welfare of our allies.

This almost uninterrupted retreat has been a depressing and often humiliating experience. My colleagues and friends (among them Jim Marshall of Collier's) were on the U.S.S. Panay when the Japanese deliberately sank her by aerial bombardment. I was in Tientsin during the days when Japan provoked a hard-pressed Britain to the limit by stripping and searching British men and women. I was in Shanghai when American women were slapped by Japanese soldiers who destroyed as much American property as they dared throughout China because the United States was a "neutral enemy" with whom they proposed to clash at some later date to be chosen by Japan's war council and that of her Teutonic ally.

The War That Wouldn't Wait

For Japan and Germany were allied in fact long before the Axis pact was signed, just as the United States stood by China to the utmost of her limited ability long before we became active belligerents.

The principal reason these years were so depressing is that we were compelled to take up arms long before we were prepared to fight foes who had made war their principal business for years. It is surely apparent now that Japan is as expert at war as we are at running industries and making movies. The Japanese have demonstrated that they are better prepared than we are in those branches and forms of warfare in which they have specialized. The only surprising thing is that this was not realized before December and the only important surprise in store for the Axis forces is that the superiority they have displayed in a general way to date will not be enough to achieve their grandiose purpose.

With this in mind, let's take a look at how the Japanese carried out their pincers drive on Java. They began years ago, when the advance guard of invasion moved southward from the Japanese islands to the Philippines, Malaya and the East Indies. They were fishermen, businessmen, traders, tourists and diplomatic officials. They came by the thousands long before the Nazi "fifth columnists" filtered through a doomed Europe.

Japanese on the oil-rich east coast of Borneo owned land in almost every sector of military importance. Japanese traders told the Dyak tribesmen in the Borneo jungles five years ago that they would one day rule the island, whose oil fields they had carefully mapped. Japanese fishermen, who were naval reservists, lost money running their boats off the jutting coast of Minahassa on northern Celebes, but they were there when the imperial navy needed them to aid invader forces. Japanese-paid women haunted the hangouts of sailors around the big Surabaya naval base,

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The General's Private Car

By Walter Duranty and Mary Loos

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Her mind was tired, and she wanted something to eat. Manesco jumped to his feet. "Herr General!" he said

She bought her brother a ticket to Istanbul. The price she agreed to pay for it was more than the life of any man is worth

ESTELLE O'FLAHERTY sat on a terrace of the Hotel St. Gelert in Budapest and watched the waves of the swimming pool sweep to and fro. The pool was the pride and joy of Hungary's capital, real waves that rolled up and down across the blue-tiled pool.

Manesco tapped her arm. "Now listen, dear, I'm telling you, I'm telling you this is important! You don't seem to understand, but there never have been notices like this in any Hungarian paper, and here we've got it in all of them. Without paying a cent! I mean, they don't do that sort of thing. Just look at this one!" He spread out a copy of "Az Est" with a full-page photograph of Estelle and her brother Harold in their dance, "The Dying Swan." He said, "Listen, here's what it says: 'American Dancers Rock Budapest.' And there's a smaller headline: 'O'Flaherty dancing strikes new note.'

"Wait a minute!" he said. "I'll translate what the fellow writes. He says: 'The whole world has always recognized that Arizona is the finest night club in Europe. Its revolving stage, its innumerable attractions, have made Arizona famous. But tonight we saw something new—new even for Arizona. This young American couple danced the final scene from Scheherazade with incredible virtuosity, the fatal dance made immortal by Nijinsky and Karsavina. Is that what Americans call Swing Classic? These dancers have combined Ballet with Jazz. After that they danced a rumba with mysterious Cuban music, and again our hearts were thrilled. The third dance was Pavlova's Swan, the Dance of the Dying Swan from the famous Moscow ballet, which Pavlova danced with Mordkin in the days when we were young.' "

Manesco smacked his fat leg. "Do you know what that means?" he said. "Stuff like that, without paying a cent—it means . . . oh, Lord, what it means! It means you can make Berlin, and drag down some real money. The war has ruined the Balkans. Your engagement at Arizona was terribly hard to get, to make them pay us enough. Why, three years ago in Bucharest they'd have paid us twice as much, but now it's all such a mess. Look at Paris, I ask you, or London. Although it's nearly a year since the Germans conquered Paris, there are only three theaters open in the whole city. But Berlin is another story; that's where we shall go—to Berlin!"

Estelle looked at him coldly. She was tired and rather hungry, and resentful that he had dragged her away from breakfast with, it seemed, no other purpose than to tell her something which she knew already, that her dance had been a success.

She looked at him again, the fat little pig-eyed Rumanian who was so crude and greedy, and yet who held in his hands the fate of herself and her brother.

If only Harold had sense . . . what an idiot the boy had been! A dancing fool, that was Harold, with all his brains in

(Continued on page 26)

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Bite of Death

By J. D. Ratcliff

In the wake of the panzer columns comes something the Germans have started and can't stop—typhus. It has twisted history before and may do it again

PEDICULUS CORPORIS looks harmless enough. He has a flattened body, dirty gray in color, about the size of a large pinhead. He has a pointed beak and six legs, each equipped with a grappling hook. So there is nothing alarming about him unless you know his habits. He has spread more wholesale death than any other agency. His bite is far worse than Hitler's bark. He is the body louse: the spreader of epidemic typhus.

Don't confuse this disease with typhoid fever. Typhoid is caused by contaminated milk and water and is easily controlled. Typhus is louse-spread and hard to stop. It is rated by the late Hans Zinsser as having killed more human beings than any other disease that has swept the earth in the past five hundred years. Typhus is the handmaiden of war. It lies quiet for decades, then strikes with fury, feeding on victims of war, famine, revolution and human oppression. It is loose in Europe now—a greater potential danger than all the Stukas and tanks the Nazis have been able to build.

To realize the power of this creeping death, glance for a moment at its chart of past performances. Typhus was largely responsible for Napoleon's debacle in Russia. It took a vicious swipe at the French in the Crimea. During the first World War it ran riot in Serbia. The Austrian army waited on the border for months, afraid to invade the country while typhus was rampant. Finally the disease ran its course—leaving 300,000 dead. Then it skipped to Russia, where it killed 3,000,000—nearly twice as many Russians as were killed by German guns.

A grim picture? One that can't be repeated today? Don't believe it for a moment. There is every evidence that not only can it be repeated, but that it *is* being repeated. Had he gone about the business deliberately, Hitler couldn't have set the stage more perfectly.

He shuffled people from typhus to nontyphus districts. His army disrupted normal life, leaving millions cold and hungry. And it is among the cold and hungry that typhus finds a happy hunting ground. Lack of food lowers resistance. Lack of fuel means that people rarely take baths. Instead, they wear all the clothes they have—thereby providing lice a place to breed. Let a whole population sink to this state and a single infected louse can set off a disastrous chain of events.

Precise details of the present epidemic are lacking. Such international reporting agencies as the health division of the League have broken down. Yet dependable facts continue to slip through the German screen of censorship. Even the Nazis themselves admit that typhus is raging in the "Eastland."

Lebensraum—for Survivors

Poland is hard hit. This time last year Warsaw had 26,000 cases. This year it is worse. Newspapers are forbidden to print obituaries. The focal center of the epidemic is Warsaw's jam-packed ghetto where half a million Jews are huddled together. At this writing deaths are running at the rate of 400 a day in Warsaw alone. Lacking burial facilities, the populace leaves bodies in the street for the police to dispose of.

The disease has also broken out in Finland, Yugoslavia, Rumania and occupied Russia. More alarming, a few cases are beginning to appear in Belgium and the Netherlands—countries that haven't seen the disease for dozens of years.

Germany is making a frantic effort to curb this creeping death. In the plague centers Germans are forbidden to ride streetcars, attend theaters or in any way contact the stricken people. Troops returning from the Eastern front must undergo a long quarantine period, and orders have been issued that Poles who contract the disease must care for themselves. But these efforts are feeble indeed.

Already typhus has crept into Germany itself. It has broken out in one town in the northeastern part of the country. All traffic with the town was halted. A 20-mile quarantine belt was established. The official German explanation of these precautions: "Military secrets." No one wanted to mention the word typhus.

With all their touted efficiency, perhaps the Nazis have started something they can't stop. This fact is further confirmed by typhus appearing in Western Europe. It has hopped the quarantine belt that it was never able to jump during the first World War. One of the miracles of 1914-18 was that typhus never reached the louse-infested soldiers of the Western front.

You need to see only a little of this disease to realize the size of the task the Germans have before them in combating typhus. It is caused by a microbe, *Rickettsia prowazeki*—named for two research men who died of the disease:

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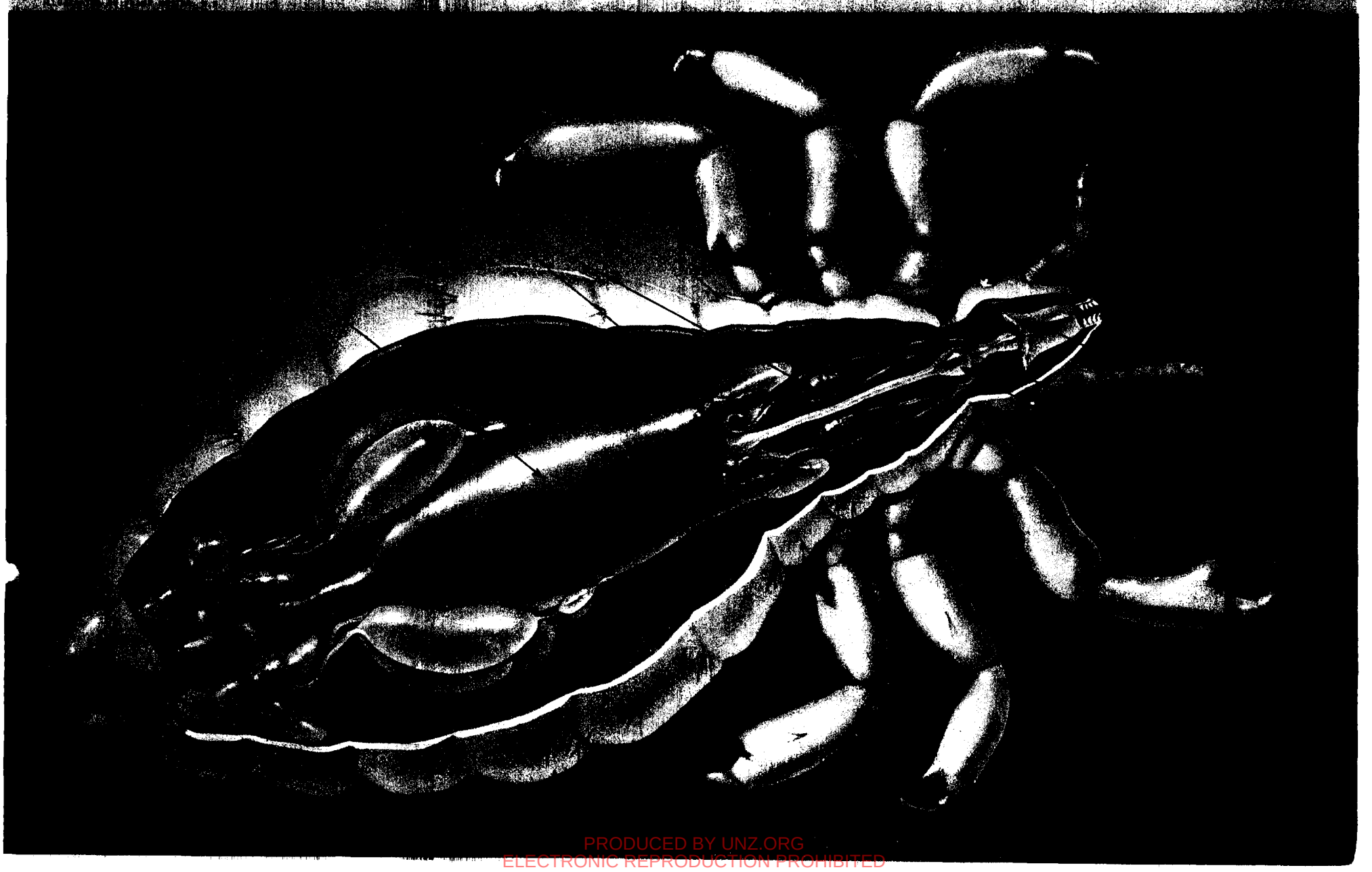
This is Pediculus Corporis, the body louse, dreaded spreader of epidemic typhus once more on the loose in war-torn Europe. When it feeds, it injects the victim with saliva to facilitate the flow of blood through its pumps, a procedure that is in effect a hypodermic injection of the typhus germs to which it is host



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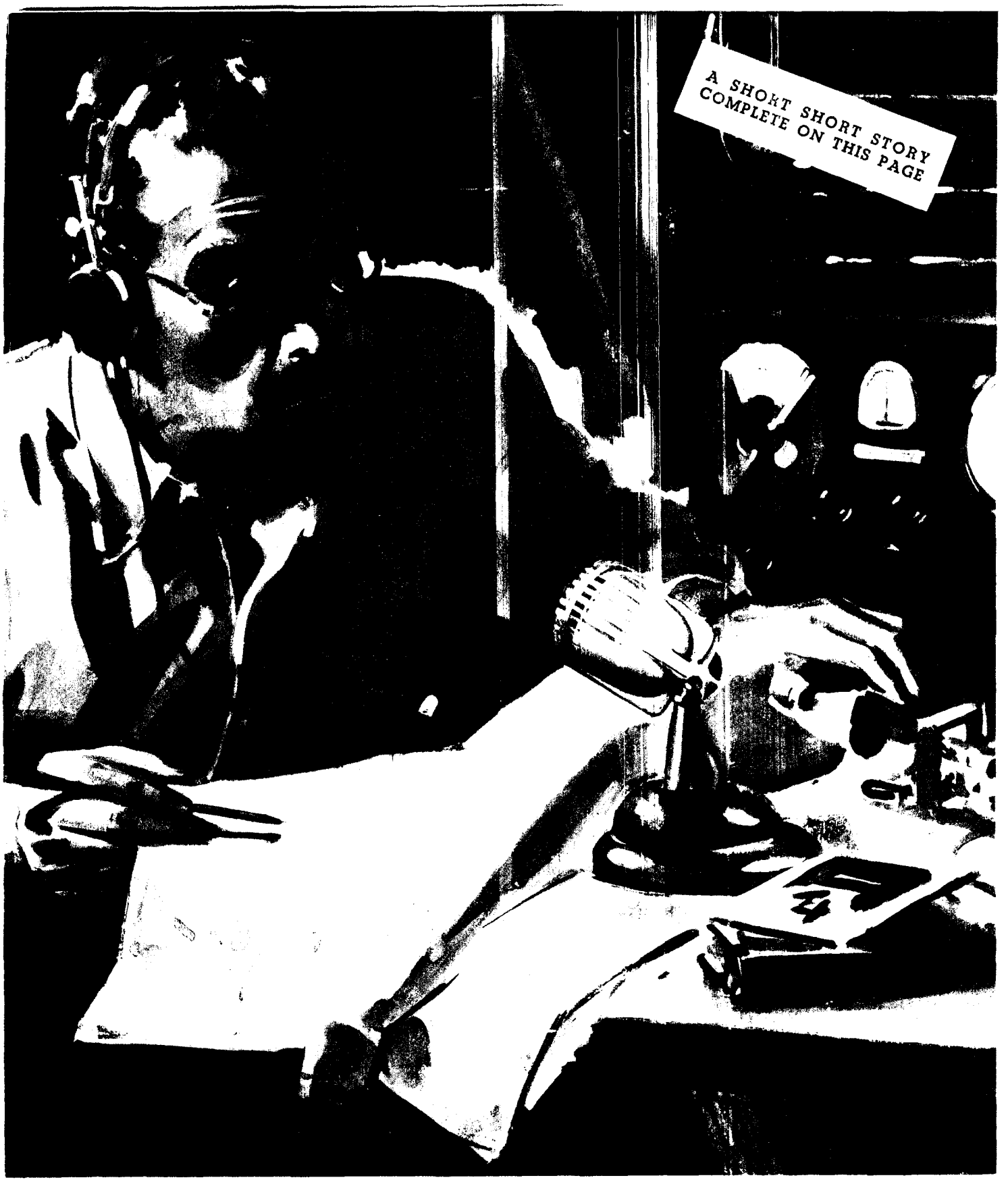

"My uncle has funny maps in his possession," Frankie said. "He also has a very powerful short-wave radio"

Honor Bound

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

FRANKIE WATANABE pulled his little roadster into the filling station, got out and raised the hood. The redheaded kid up by the pumps walked back to the car.

"Hi, Frankie."

"Hi, Red."

Frankie Watanabe fiddled with one of myriad unorthodox gadgets concealed under the hood, rubbed a speck of grease off one of the enormous carburetors. Red Davis watched him, his eyes narrow with envy. "Hot iron!" he said. "What'll she do with the new carburetor?"

Frankie Watanabe took off his leather jacket, and the hot California sun turned his yellow skin to gold against his white tee shirt. "I clocked her a hundred eight," he said. "But that's all finished now. You can't ride like that on retreads."

"Naw," Red agreed, "I guess not." He eyed the car contemplatively for a long moment. Finally he sighed. "But, boy, you're cookin' with gas when you're toolin' that tub."

"You ain't lyin'," Frankie Watanabe said.

Red Davis snapped the elastic of his leather bow tie idly against his Adam's apple. "Comin' out for track?" he asked.

"I guess so," Frankie Watanabe said. "They say North Hollywood's got a ten-second man but you'll take him," Red said.

"Not if he's a ten-second man," Frankie Watanabe said.

"Aw, you know how them North Hollywood guys lie."

"Sure," Frankie said. He took a key out of his pocket, threw it to his friend. "Here's a key to the heap. Keep it for me. I like to have an extra one where I can get it if I lose mine."

"Okay, Frankie."

"And gimme a couple of gallons of ethyl. I gotta go into town."

Red Davis pumped two gallons of gasoline into the car, yelled amiably above the din of the two exhausts, "Don't sell no war plans to Highrow Heeto."

Frankie Watanabe gunned his motor. "Wash the arsenic off your lettuce," he yelled back, grinning. He eased the car into first and rolled out onto the highway leading to Los Angeles.

In the downtown district he pulled into a parking station and, pocketing the ticket, made his way to a drugstore. He bought a stamp and an envelope, a package of chewing gum, put his leather jacket back on, walked over to the building opposite the drugstore and caught the elevator to the seventh floor. He opened the frosted door that was inscribed Naval Intelligence. After a few words with the sailor at the desk he was ushered into a private office.

To the man behind the desk he said bluntly, "I have something to report."

"Yes," the man said.

"I'M AN American," Frankie Watanabe said. "My father was an American. My father has been dead since I was eight. I live with my uncle. My uncle hasn't been over in this country so long. I am pretty sure he holds what we would call a reserve commission in the Imperial Japanese Navy. He has funny maps in his possession, and he also has a very powerful short-wave radio."

"Where is this uncle, now?" the man behind the desk asked softly.

"He's supposed to be a truck farmer out in the valley," Frankie Watanabe said slowly. "This is the address. The stuff is hidden in the barn." He wrote on a slip of paper and handed it across the desk.

The man picked up a phone, spoke briefly into it, put the receiver back on its hook. "The F.B.I. handles this sort of thing," he said. "You just remain here with me for a while."

Frankie Watanabe grinned nervously, settled his leather jacket around his neck.

"If this is true," the man across from Frankie said, "I consider you've performed an outstanding service for your country, and I'm proud of you."

"It's true all right," Frankie Watanabe said. "And do you know something?"

"Yes?"

"That uncle of mine's a pretty right Joe, other ways."

"That's a shame."

"Yeah." Frankie Watanabe took an envelope out of his hip pocket and put it on the desk. "I want to mail this when I go," he said, "don't let me forget, will you?"

He got up, stretched. "I'm not gonna try to run away," he said, "but could I go into the washroom a minute?"

"Sure, right through there."

Frankie Watanabe got up and walked toward the door. "Don't let me forget about that letter," he said and smiled.

"I won't."

The man Frankie Watanabe had talked to picked up the phone. "Yes," he said. "Yes, yes." There was a pause.

"Yes," the man said, "he's here. Second generation, seems to be completely Americanized, fine, clean-looking boy. You have the man, found the radio. Good. We'll do something nice for the boy."

The man hung up the phone and went to look for Frankie Watanabe.

He found him in the men's room. He had jammed the knife in the crack of the door and fallen hard against it and he was quite dead in the blood on the white tile.

And later when the man went back he didn't mail the letter right away, but opened it and puzzled a bit over the note written on the parking-lot ticket:

"I gave you the key, here's the parking ticket, Red. You're my best friend, lug, and I make you a present of the heap. F. W."

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"Evenin', m'gel, evenin'," said His Lordship. "Yer lookin' hextrodinary fine." And that broke the spell. The Yanks let out a resounding roar of approval

Norfolk Night

By Walter Davenport

Dry-land Davenport was shooting the breeze with a bilge rat from a birdboat when a deck ape with a Shanghai stare dropped anchor at China Solly's Stars and Stripes Forever and—for the code key to this jargon see below. It seems a bunch of the Navy boys on liberty were whooping it up

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Movie-title signs on trailers in the boom-time camps proclaim the attractions within

WE PAUSED for refreshment at The Stars and Stripes Forever. Somebody had added Inc. to the name on the sign—probably one of the Navy Reservists. The reservists are sailors who are in the Navy for the duration only. Maybe we're wrong, but they seem to have more humor than the regulars. Not only more humor but much less professionalism. When the war's over they'll go back to their civvie jobs. That sort of sets them apart.

Anyway, we stopped at The Stars and Stripes Forever, which is a speak-easy and girlie camp outside the city of Norfolk, Virginia, where, as everybody including Hitler knows, one of our greatest naval bases is located. At The Stars and Stripes Forever you can get a drink of hard liquor, a girl, a dance, an argument and almost anything else you think, mistakenly or not, you need at the moment. You can also have a nice salty talk with China Solly and his wife, who jointly own the joint.

Solly's an ex-sailor, an old China hand, a veteran of the old gob days. Sailors aren't called gobs any more, just sailors. Officially the Navy wants them called bluejackets, but that's too prissy and it won't stick. Mrs. Solly was a Sea Gull, a woman who followed the fleet, swooping from Newport and Boston to Brooklyn, Norfolk and Charleston on to Guantánamo, Balboa, San Diego and Bremerton in the wake of her man. She had even seen duty in the Philippines and China. She married Solly in Kobe and has the lines to show it—lines all signed and notarized by a parson whom Solly calls Dee Dee and will talk of by the hour.

We needed a drink because nothing will wear you out faster than surveying the housing, or lack of housing, situation in a war-boom town. That's what we'd been doing all afternoon and you can take it from us without reservation that it's awful in Norfolk and just as bad in Portsmouth and Newport News. But we'll touch on that later. Solly's shooting the scuttlebutt, which is sailorese for gossip. We may not pass it on because that sort of thing is poochow, or forbidden, in wartime. It's all about what a swabbie from a birdboat—a sailor from an airplane carrier—had been saying that afternoon about a Limey carrier that was back for repairs for the third time in a year. Somehow, said Solly, you couldn't keep that Britisher buttoned up at all.

The Trailer Saves the Day

This girlie camp, The Stars and Stripes Forever, started about six or eight months ago as one of the Hampton Roads trailer camps. Nobody seems to know how many trailer camps there are, at least authorities can't agree. The figures we have tell us that from 3,000 to 5,000 families, an average of four to the family, are living in trailers. Anyway, the shipbuilding boom blew Norfolk all out of shape, crowding nearly 225,000 people into a city which normally housed 144,000. Every road and ferry was swamped with industrial workers and their families, in trailers, coming in for long-time big-pay jobs building ships, docks, warehouses, naval base extensions and all the rest of the things that war on the oceans cries for.

Beyond the formal limits of the city, people with lots and plots to spare, farmers with dead acres, hung out their signs: Trailer Camp. If you didn't come in a trailer, foolishly thinking to find lodgings for self and family, you could buy one. Or you could, until their manufacture and sale was ruled out for the duration. You bought them for three or four hundred dollars down and so much a month. What the space owners charged for parking depended upon the conveniences they had to offer—water, sanitation, proximity to the work, things like that—and what you proposed to do on the premises. If it was just honest family life, parking space cost three or four dollars a week. If it was commercial skylarking, the fee might be ten dollars every Monday morning. There was neither order nor tight supervision over it. And that wasn't Norfolk's fault. The city met the invasion as best it could.

When it happened, The Stars and Stripes Forever was just Solly's Place—a beer and barbecue stop in Norfolk County, Virginia. Now it's a hot spot with a bar, a dance floor, a juke box, six slot machines, fire-belching battleships painted on the walls and waitresses in yellow slacks. Behind it there's a parking lot enclosed in a high wooden stockade painted red, white and blue. And within the stockade, parked neatly in a hollow square along the stockade walls, are the girlie trailers. They have trim curtains at their windows, and their lamps are dim and demure. Solly's place is dinghow—okay. If a girlie gets tough, she's shown the gate. If a customer blows his top and wants to make something out of it—gets rough, you know, and wants to fight—something swift and completely understandable is made out of it. Moreover, such guys never get in again, because The Stars and Stripes Forever is a club and you have to have a membership card to get in. Of course, it doesn't take a gent long to get a card if he's dinghow. If he presents himself at the gate, or if one of the girlies fetches him from town in a

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This plea will not be heard in Riom. But a larger audience will hear it, for it is the voice of democracy speaking in its own defense.

Henry Torrès, the Clarence Darrow of France, demonstrates the innocence of the accused former leaders of his country. But beyond that, he unmasks the real crime and its perpetrators.

No man alive is better fitted to undertake this task. Emerging from the first World War with the highest decorations France could bestow for personal valor, Torrès quickly rose to pre-eminence at the bar. Virtually no front-page trial of the past decade but engaged his talents as a pleader—especially when affairs of state were involved.

As a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, he quickly rose to the vice-chairmanship of that body's Foreign Affairs Committee, a post that put him in the thick of French politics.

At the outbreak of the present war in 1939, Henry Torrès offered his services to the French government. He was charged with important missions in Belgium and later was placed in charge of the French motion-picture industry within the French Ministry of Information. After his country's surrender, he left for North Africa on a British vessel, intending to continue the struggle from the colonies. But these hopes were dashed when Pierre Laval came into power, and Henry Torrès came to America to continue the fight for freedom.

As for the Riom trials, he is peculiarly qualified to deliver the briefs for the defense, even in exile. He has had access to the indictments, and his inexhaustible knowledge of French politics and law has enabled him to analyze them. What is of even greater importance, Henry Torrès intimately knows most of the defendants from years of personal and professional association.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Henry Torrès. Gown and cravat are those of the French advocate-at-law

What Riom Won't Hear

By Henry Torrès

THIS trial, Your Honors the Judges, bears every evidence of being the trial of democracy in general and of the Third French Republic in particular. It is the trial of a system of government whose unforgettable definition was proclaimed in America: Government of the people, for the people and by the people. Such a mockery of law is possible only under a government alien to the people, instituted by surprise under cover of disaster by men responsible for that disaster, and maintained in power through the presence of enemy armies on the soil of France.

The trial of democracy touches not only the conscience of France but of her sister democracies of England and America, indissolubly linked to ours. For England is the mother of parliaments, and America has stood in the eyes of the world for the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights, the inspiration for our celebrated Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen, which has been denounced by Mussolini and Hitler as the source of all evils. Behind this tribunal can be seen lurking a barbarous coalition of military and racial Fascisms bent on attacking those nations that are united for the salvation of democratic civilization.

But it must be recognized that there has already been a resounding failure on the part of the prosecution, a manifest retreat on the part of those who contrived this whole plot, compared with which the *Affaire Dreyfus* and the Reichstag Fire trial will appear mere child's play in the eyes of history. For almost a year, the Vichy government, its radio, and the press obedient to its orders, have been ceaselessly promising to bring to trial those "responsible for the war." Today there is no more talk of that, but simply of those responsible for the defeat.

By abruptly abandoning its major accusation, Vichy high lights two facts of capital importance which cannot fail to have weight in this proceeding, whatever the issue.

The first is that the idea of discovering and punishing those termed responsible for the war, among the prominent political and military persons in France, was inspired by Hitler and born in the minds of those who are really to blame —for the purpose of casting their own responsibilities upon their victims and of justifying in advance exorbitant German demands at the time of the final settling of accounts.

The second is that French public opinion, even though subdued, gagged and smothered, bereft of press and law courts, deprived of legal representation, deceived by insidious or brutal propaganda, has not been won over, but even, subterraneously, manifests its anger against one of the greatest swindles even known.

To condemn Edouard Daladier for having recognized a state of war after the German aggression against Poland would be to blame him for simply having honored the signature of France on the treaty with Poland. It would be to subscribe to the whole thesis of Hitler in Mein Kampf and to recognize the right of a so-called master race to make use of Europe in order to dominate the world. It would be to consent willingly to the worst humiliation, to the vilest abdication of rights.

And how can one thus condemn Daladier without including the government of France and the various members of Parliament? Why is a single man accused among a thousand jointly responsible representatives?

Questions That Can't Be Answered

Monsieur Georges Bonnet, Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1939, who today denounces his colleagues in order to curry favor with Germany, did not resign. The responsibilities of Daladier are his as well, as set forth in the Yellow Paper. As for Monsieur Camille Chautemps, leader of the same party as Daladier and closely associated with the latter in several ministries and an exponent of the same policy, Marshal Pétain, far from persecuting him, has entrusted him with an official mission to Washington. Why two standards of weights and measures?

To these questions Vichy cannot reply. Vichy is shameless, Vichy is afraid.

The question now is whether today's accusation is any more valid than yesterday's, whether the accused are really responsible for the defeat. Let us look at them, these accused, one after the other.

Edouard Daladier was Premier of France for almost three years and Minister of War for about seven years. For this double reason, he is in fact one of those principally responsible, not for the war, but for the recent policy of France. He shares these responsibilities with the leaders of his party, with the democratic majority of Parliament and of the government.

But why should this politician, this typical representative of the French middle class, be more responsible than his colleagues? He did everything to avoid war. He even went to Munich. At that time he was ready to make the hardest sacrifices. But what is really held against him is that afterward he took a firm stand when Italy began to bluster. It is that he demanded from the taxpayers new sacrifices for our defense after the German onslaught upon Prague, instead of acquiescing in final capitulation. It is for having at length understood the impossibility of giving in, of going to a second Munich after the unprovoked attack on Poland which was the prelude to aggression against all the democracies.

The pseudo Council of Law at Vichy accuses him of "having been false to the duties with which he was charged." In what respect? Principally in this: that the high command was badly

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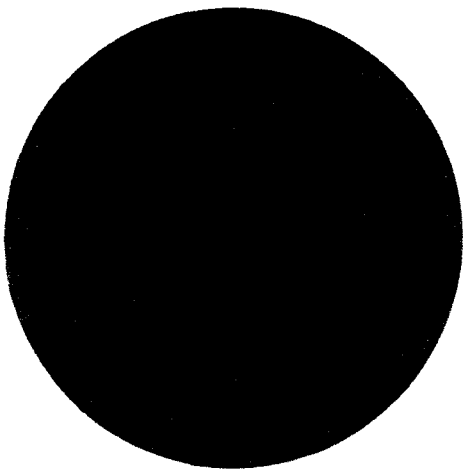

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Everywhere, women wait again for their men to come in from the sea. And waiting is a slow acid that works first on loyalty

LOUISE STETSON leaned back against the leather seat of the roadster and watched the man's hand on the steering wheel—a large hand with well-kept nails tipping the ends of short, thick fingers. It was a complacent hand, firm, capable of gestures. She saw this hand and thought of the man and, for the first time, felt relief that she would probably not have to see him for some time—maybe forever. Duane Moore had been good to her; and during the worst of the waiting she had been grateful for the distraction provided by his interest in her. Now the waiting was over—and so was Duane Moore.

"We're in no great hurry," he said, turning the car off the harbor drive and nosing it in toward the sea wall. He lifted the last word of the sentence, not as a question, but to avoid a statement. He would be nice, a little soft, maybe, but understanding. He was a good loser.

Louise Stetson tipped down the brim of her blue felt hat and slouched in the seat—not with endurance, nor with patience, but with the deeply contented inner knowledge of a woman who knew she was loved by the man she loved, and all events and other men between were merely the passing of time. The wistful smile on her young mouth, the thoughtful light in her blue eyes, told the story and the story was not lost to Duane Moore.

Behind them lay the city of Portland, the war-stirred base of the Atlantic patrol—an old port, accustomed to the ways of the sea and the men of the sea—but still staggering under the pressure of this new and tremendous load of modern naval forces.

Before them spread the harbor in a blue, sun-glinting dazzle. Seven gray destroyers, silent, motionless, potent, lay at anchor, a mile or so from shore.

Duane Moore's hand left the wheel and moved slowly toward Louise's in that approach of the older man, the indirect casualness which was so hard to avoid without making an issue. He spoke reminiscently as his hand closed over hers. "We've been pretty good friends," he said. And for that, and the reassuring knowledge that this was the last time, she let her hand remain under his.

"You've made it possible," she said. "I merely followed your lead, my dear." He patted her hand. "You know, I'd like to meet this man, your husband—who, even when he is away, is so near you all the time."

He had a smooth, full-blooded face, and the graying hair at the temples showed the tanned flesh under it. Paul wouldn't like him, nor dislike him. He would sum him up as "the tweedy old dodo Louise found at the country club," and forget him. She wouldn't laugh at him with Paul, nor would she defend him to the point of making him important.

DUANE MOORE was one of those acceptable, healthy, wealthy bachelors who are passed from one husbandless woman to another. His distinctions were his success, his importance as the civilian co-ordinator between the private steel mills and the shipyards, his clothes and his good looks.

There was pressure now from his hand, and Louise Stetson removed hers without flutter, and without pretending she was going to do something else with it. He buried the gesture by saying:

"Why can't we meet somewhere—say for a dinner at the hotel—just the three of us—sort of a little party? Then perhaps we could drive to Boston the next day and take in a show."

The seven destroyers were turning with the incoming tide, their sterns swinging so slowly that she had not noticed the change until now. Broadside, they looked so long—too long for their beams.

"You're generous, Duane. But, well, Paul will be so tired that I know he won't want to go anywhere for a while. Then, later, we are going to do things together—drive far back into the country—so far he can't smell the sea. He wants to go trout fishing. But in a few days he will be hopping to get back to Portland to hear what's going on. Maybe then we could persuade him to go somewhere."

That was to make it easier on Duane. She had no intention of doing anything with anybody except Paul. They had planned their own kind of fun, their own friends to see, their own little dinners. These leaves were rare now—rare and precious, with every minute counting, every minute one less before parting—a parting that held no promise.

Duane looked at his wrist watch and said, "He'll be here in a few more hours. . . . Well, Louise, now that it is over, and I have lost, I want to tell you something. When I first saw you at Marcia Dunn's cocktail party, and first talked to you, you seemed very different. I thought of you as, well, one of those Navy wives on the loose. I had no intentions of being fatherly toward you. No, none at all. But after you had made yourself clear, it was pretty late as far as I was concerned.

"I liked you very much, Louise. So I gave up the first to have the second choice. I tell you this to keep things straight—and say goodby, with the record clear. Maybe when you and Paul come back to Portland, you will give me a moment of seeing you two together—to give myself a deserved boot."

Louise heard his words but her mind had gone away. She was watching the destroyers, sensing their significance, their deadly mission, their men and their danger. When Paul would come ashore from the Sutter, he would smell of varnish, of salt water, of burnt oil. His face would be drawn, and there would be a vagueness in his eyes, the absent-mindedness of a man who has scraped death's steel somewhere, who has known the seriousness of the most minute order, who has lived for one and only one purpose—the Navy.

He would be close-mouthed by orders and loyalty—but here and there she would hear about this or that which would lead nowhere but to worry. And then he would see this, and his square young face with the deep scar on the forehead would light up with a rare wide smile. And he would tell her of something which probably never happened, something funny, which she knew wasn't so, but which she would believe with eagerness.

DUANE MOORE, the good loser, was chuckling. "Did I say a few hours? I was wrong—he's here already, isn't he? Suppose I take you to lunch and watch you think some more."

"No, Duane. Thanks so much. But I'd like to go home now. There are little things to be done around the apartment."

"Little things," he said thoughtfully, "what a lot that means," and drove her to the frame house on a small street off the Freeport road.

The telegram was on the table in the hallway, and Mrs. Ward hovered in the door, her face worried and sympathetic.

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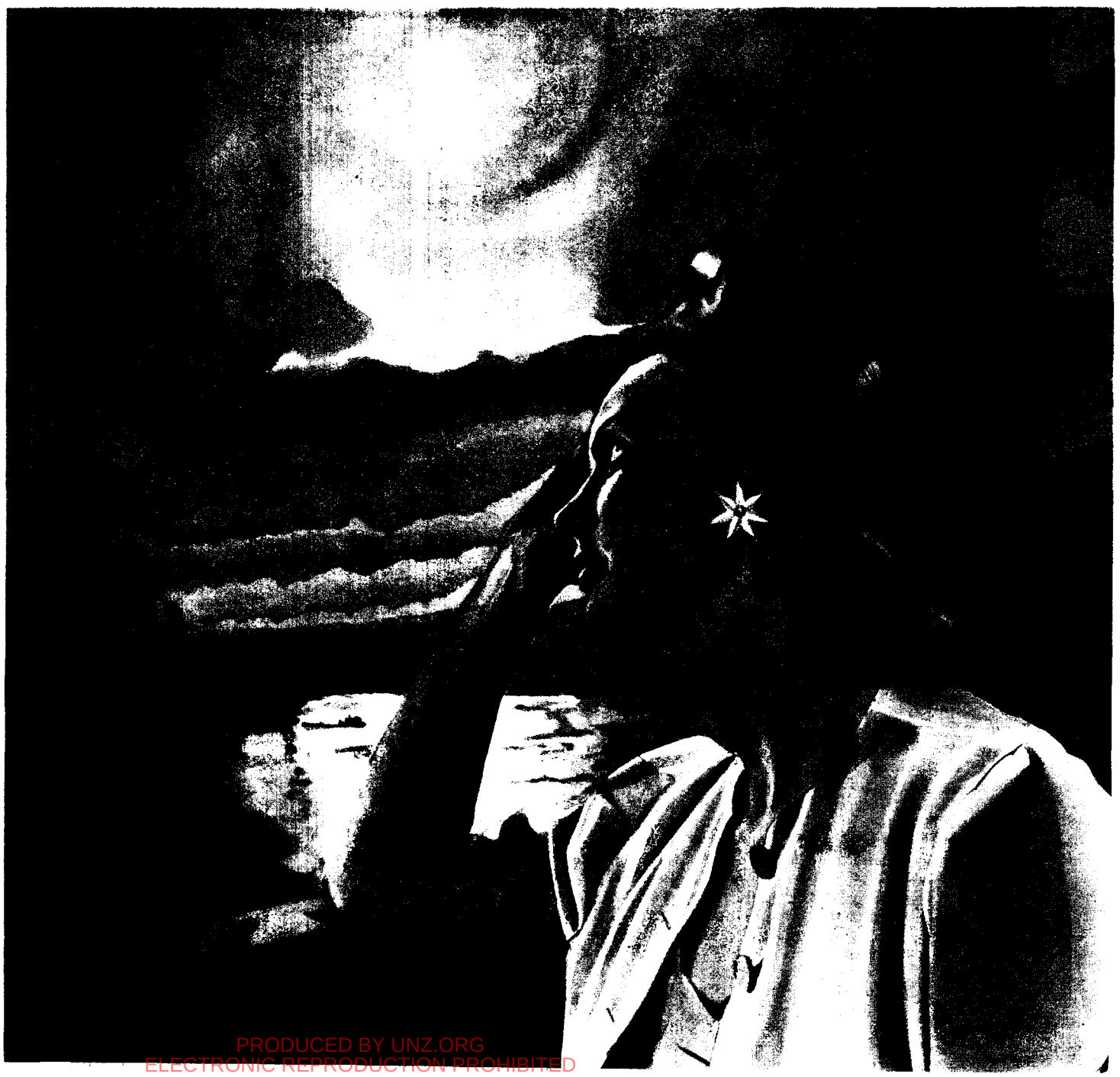
She thought of the generations of women who had paced these worn boards—her kinfolk, those waiting women



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Cou
Wre

By Jack
ILLUSTRATED

An affair of th
sumed most of
northern penin
Meet Mr. Penb
petite, and the

And when Dick had finished the pasties, he set his big teeth in the ham and beamed up at Geraldine

GERALDINE'S heels clicked against the stairs like the teeth of a busy beaver, and her taffeta petticoats swished like an angry wind.

And Andy Devlin braced himself in his chair and glared out through the big window at a stranger in corduroy pants.

Augustus Finnegan cocked a fat, flat ear at Geraldine's anger; and for her benefit he said with loud, deliberate malice, "I'm glad you're goin' to buy another race horse, Mr. Devlin. You're a sportsman at heart, and it was a sorry day when your daughter sold your others."

"Back to your saloon," Old Andy said, sliding the words over his shoulder. "Yer words are as offensive as the breath that carries them."

"Always jokin'," Finnegan said, and bowed pontifically at Geraldine coming across the lobby. "A nip of my better stock will increase my appetite for dinner." He left, hurriedly, walking goose-footed with satisfied pomposity.

Geraldine's face under her auburn pompadour was tight with anger and resentment. "I heard you," she said. "You know what: If you buy another horse, I go right into the kitchen."

Andy kept his chin whiskers pointed straight out the window at the stranger. The sign over The Devlin House read: "All You Can Eat for a Quarter;" and the stranger just stood there looking up at it. Old Andy said wistfully to himself, thinking of Finnegan's malice and Geraldine's anger, "There's a man predisposed in my favor, perhaps." To his daughter he said, "Our agreement was as to harness harses. This was a runnin' harse."

"If you'd let me do the cooking," Geraldine said, "you could afford a horse, maybe."

ANDY said, "No daughter of mine'll cook in my hotel, and it's not a question of affordin' it."

"All right, then!" Geraldine said. "No horses either!"

Stiffly, over the top of his dignity, Andy said, "If you was a man an' I wasn't a gentleman, I'd flatten that pretty little nose of yours."

Geraldine said angrily, "If you were less of a gentleman we'd both be happier!" and she stamped off, swinging her shoulders.

Geraldine was a beauty of a great redheaded girl, but she was not as demure and as sweet as—in those days—a lady was supposed to be. It was, Andy told himself consolingly, not her blood but her size. A man can't expect a girl built like an Irish hunter to mince like a five-gaited filly.

The stranger, head still tilted at the sign, was a big man with, below his rolled-up sleeve, an arm corded and muscled like a runner's leg, and shoulders that a number-two shovel wouldn't span.

"He's got the neck of a rassler," Andy said to himself. And then with melancholy: "A rassler ain't a harse."

He pondered that statement for a bit. He said then with surprise, "The difference ain't so big as a man would think at first thought," and he got up and went out.

He stopped at the porch edge and the stranger turned. "What're ye doin' in this man's town, son?" Andy said.

"Lookin' for a Couzin Jack boordin' 'ouse."

The man was a Cornishman, a Cousin Jack; and that made up Andy's mind. There never was the Cousin Jack that wasn't a wrestler.

IN THE Michigan iron country in those days, everybody wrestled; but the Cornish were the best. They'd been famous as wrestlers in the old country, and when they came to Michigan to work the iron mines they brought their wrestling jackets with them.

They used to wrestle between the dry and the shaft house, mornings before work. They wrestled underground in the noon hours. And after supper they wrestled under the swinging arc lamps in front of the boardinghouses.

"Ever have the jackets on?" Andy said.

"Aye—sommat," the man said. His eyes—blue—did not go with the size of him. They were not calm and easy as the eyes of a big-shouldered man should be. Behind them seemed to be an urgency and a hunger.

Old Andy, looking at them, said dubiously, "Need a man around here. Dollar a day, an' board and room. A little rasslin', a little trainin'."

The man's heavy face, dirty with the red dust of the iron country, wrinkled upward when he grinned. "Ah'm a strong man an' Ah eats 'eavy. But Ah'm a bloody good worker."

"I feed railroad men who want a dozen eggs for breakfast," Andy said, "and also a saloonkeeper who'll bust

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Understudy to Success

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS

The lady in the spotlight is versatile Betty Field, who practically commutes between New York and Hollywood because she was willing to be an understudy

IN THOSE years when the going was not too easy on Broadway, Betty Field got work in a simple way. She merely went into a manager's office and said:

"I want a job as an understudy."

This was very smart of Betty Field. Being an understudy on Broadway is like being an assistant director in Hollywood; it is something no decent person in his right mind would consider. The number of assistant directors who have become directors can be counted on your nose. Understudies who become stars are found only in musical comedy plots.

So Miss Field became a little favorite around managers' offices. Anybody who has cast a play knows that female aspirants are a problem. They are insistent; they are piteous; they are arch; they are convinced that only politics is keeping them out of the theater and letting Cornell in. A humble little body like Field was a relief. Hiring her and forgetting her somehow constituted a managerial triumph.

This bit of strategy had been acquired the rocky way. Formerly Miss Field had been of the haughty school. On entering an office, she had approached the girl at the switchboard and said with dignity:

"Just say that Betty Field of the American Players of Newark, New Jersey, is waiting."

Out of this experience Miss Field learned two things: (a) Newark, New Jersey, should hang its head, so little importance in America, and (b) you can wait in an office only up to the point where the janitor turns off the lights.

As some great philosopher has said, it is such blows as this that shape a person's character, and Miss Field's character is now molded to the point where nobody knows quite what sort of character she is. After a career in New York, she went to Hollywood to do What a Life, having a part so demure and cloying that producers tapped their heads knowingly and said:

"With a little handling, another Durbin."

Just Name Your Acting, Gents

They were a bit surprised on calling her in for an interview, that she wasn't accompanied by her mother, but they treated her with fatherly deference withal. One of the gentlemen said apologetically:

"I hope this cigar odor won't bother you, Miss Field."

"Not at all," said Miss Field. "I smoke them myself."

Shortly after this she was playing in Of Mice and Men, being as wicked as Fatima and bringing evil thoughts to men as far afield as the Antipodes.

By reason of this the young lady is an anomaly in Hollywood, playing Booth Tarkington's Seventeen and Sammy Lane, the heroine of Shepherd of the Hills, and being loaned to Warner's for a part in Blues in the Night, which made her a character of such concentrated viciousness that women-haters everywhere felt vindicated.

Her early days were innocent enough, including birth in Boston and subsequent residence in such places as Kew Gardens and Forest Hills on Long Island and Morristown in New Jersey, but something must have intervened to establish her as an individual. A government investigation has proved that many commuters but very few individuals emerge from Kew Gardens. Perhaps the divorce of her parents had something to do with it, because Mamma was a great one for travel and Betty was lugged through the Deep South and parts of Central America in her formative years. Her mother married again, the family moved to Morristown and then the American Players of Newark entered.

"A kid of fourteen who is (*Continued on page* 52)

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OUR FIGHTING MEN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

FLOATING ARMORY. Aboard the U. S. S. Prairie State in the Hudson River hard by Manhattan's West Side Express Highway, college men under 28 are learning—500 of them at a time—to be Naval Reserve officers. For 90 days they live and study aboard the floating armory; then, commissioned ensigns, are assigned to units of our fighting fleet. Two classes of midshipmen make up the student personnel. The first, slated for deck duty, studies navigation, seamanship, ordnance; the second learns the whys and wherefores of electrical engineering, boiler and auxiliary machines, construction and main engines. The men hit the deck at 0620 (6:20), taps sound at 2215 (10:15). In between, they work hard. The U. S. S. Prairie State (above) has had a long and honorable career. Launched in 1898 as the U. S. S. Illinois and commissioned in 1901, the 375-foot, 11,550-ton, $2,595,000 warship formerly mounted 26 three-to-thirteen-inch guns and has successively served 32 commanding officers. In October, 1921, it replaced the training ship U. S. S. Granite State, then serving the 1st Bn. of the N. Y. Naval Militia, and was converted into an armory late in 1924, at a cost of $187,000. All superstructure was torn down and the topside was enclosed with a gymnasiumlike building. On this deck are several classrooms; additional study halls are used in a New York Central Railroad building adjacent to the "beach"

FORT BENJAMIN HARRISON, Ind. Just getting under way here is the recently reactivated Chaplains' School, where clergymen of all denominations will learn to be Army chaplains (with a grade of captain) in five weeks of what most other students would call a grind. Each session limits the number of men to 75 and comprises 235 hours of study and work in 17 subjects figured out by G-3 (Plans and Training) of the War Department. Greatest number of hours (35) are, naturally enough, devoted to the study and practice of forms of worship, religious ceremonies and pastoral duties, although an equal number of hours are spent on close-order drill and conditioning exercises. The least time (five hours) covers the study of recreation, education and music.

First requirement for becoming a chaplain is easy enough: The applicant must be a male citizen of the United States between 24 and 50 years old. But he must also possess Bachelor degrees of Arts and Theology, must be a regularly ordained clergyman, must consider the ministry his principal occupation and must have had three years' experience in it. No others need apply.

The Chaplains' School was first opened in 1918 at Fort Monroe, Va., and has since been moved successively from there to forts and camps in Kentucky, Michigan, Illinois and Kansas. Director is Chaplain (Lt. Col.) Wm. D. Cleary, who heads a teaching staff of ten. Four are chaplains (Lt. Col.) with years of practical experience in Army procedure; the other six are line and staff officers who teach such technical subjects as rules of land warfare (10 hours), topography (20 hours), military law (15 hours), and defense against chemicals (15 hours).

Students sleep, eat and study in one modern brick building, which also contains basketball, badminton and handball courts for those who can take the time off for recreation. Five weeks, though, is a pretty short space in which to cram a couple of hundred hours of unfamiliar military learning, so the future Sky Pilots don't relax much.

FORT CUSTER, Michigan. Asked in a letter from his parents where he was being sent for combat duty, one private here replied: "It's anybody's guess. I've just been given yellow fever shots and a fur cap."

Custer has accommodations for 20,000 troops, but most of the former inmates moved out a couple of months ago, and the current activity revolves largely around the recruit reception center, where the mass production technique of the automobile industry has been applied. For instance, time-study experts were called in to see what could be done about speeding up the conversion of civilians into soldiers, with the result that a man now gets out of mufti and into uniform in ten minutes. A recruit can be measured for shirt, blouse, trousers, overcoat, work clothes and leggings in exactly eight seconds. Fifty-two seconds elapsed time is the record for measuring a guy for a pair of pants, turning up the cuffs and sewing same. This is an obvious opportunity to make a crack about the way the uniforms fit, but they do fit; so what? Incidentally, the new enlisted men are encouraged to give their civvies to the Salvation Army.

Attached to the reception center is Lt. James Quinn, one of whose ancestors came over from Ireland and became a U. S. soldier in 1775. But that's not all. Quinn's father is Lt. Col. W. E. J. Quinn, now serving in the Far East; his brother is Capt. W. W. Quinn, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.; his sister is 2d Lt. Doris Quinn, Nurses' Corps, Camp Wheeler, Ga.; and his uncle is Col. L. A. Quinn, of the 32d Division. "Win with the Quinns" ought to be their family motto.

FORT SNELLING, Minnesota. Economy is rife here. First, it hit four World War I tanks, which are being dismantled for sale as scrap; next, it plowed into Pvt. William Briedenstein, headquarters messenger. His motorcycle was taken away from him and he now rides a new G-I bike, complete with tire pump, tool kit, headlamp and bell. Almost as bad as being a civilian.

FORT WARREN, Wyoming. A sign, posted throughout this Quartermaster Replacement Training Center, reads: "In Case of Fire Call 300!" A rookie, on guard duty one night, obeyed the sign in his own literal fashion; he spotted a small fire outside one of the barracks and set about calling 300 men. Before he finished, he had half a battalion out of bed. The fire was extinguished without anyone getting around to calling 300.

And, begging your indulgence, here's another rookie story from the same post: "Halt, who goes there?" yelled a guard, in approved fashion. "You wouldn't know me," came a voice from the darkness, "I just got here." Could be.

36TH DIV.

NORTHWEST DEFENSE SECTOR. Some of the "housekeeping troops" at posts in this territory have been getting some bargains in console radios, three-speed reading lamps and snazzy furniture, sold in a hurry by long-established outfits suddenly called to other precincts. But the 36th Military Police Company, now a housekeeping unit at a Pacific Northwest post, doesn't need windfalls from other organizations. Commanding Officer Capt. Jack Rhodes says the 36th M.P.s never throw away anything. "Look!" says the captain, pointing to six cases of corned willie and enough hardtack to feed the 600 incumbents of the outfit. "That stuff was issued to the men during the Louisiana maneuvers. They lugged it back to Texas with them, then hauled it up here when they were transferred after the war broke out. No soldier with any regard for his insides would eat the stuff unless he was dying of hunger; but if he gets empty enough, and stuck some place, even hardtack and willie will go down all right. And with a war on, we never know when we'll be grateful for these durable victtles." Incidentally, the boys of the 36th are such loyal Texans they gave up cigars until they could import their own from the Lone Star State. As part of their campaign to convince people M.P.s are okay, the 36th Co. issues a weekly paper called Soldier's Friend.

(Continued on page 40)

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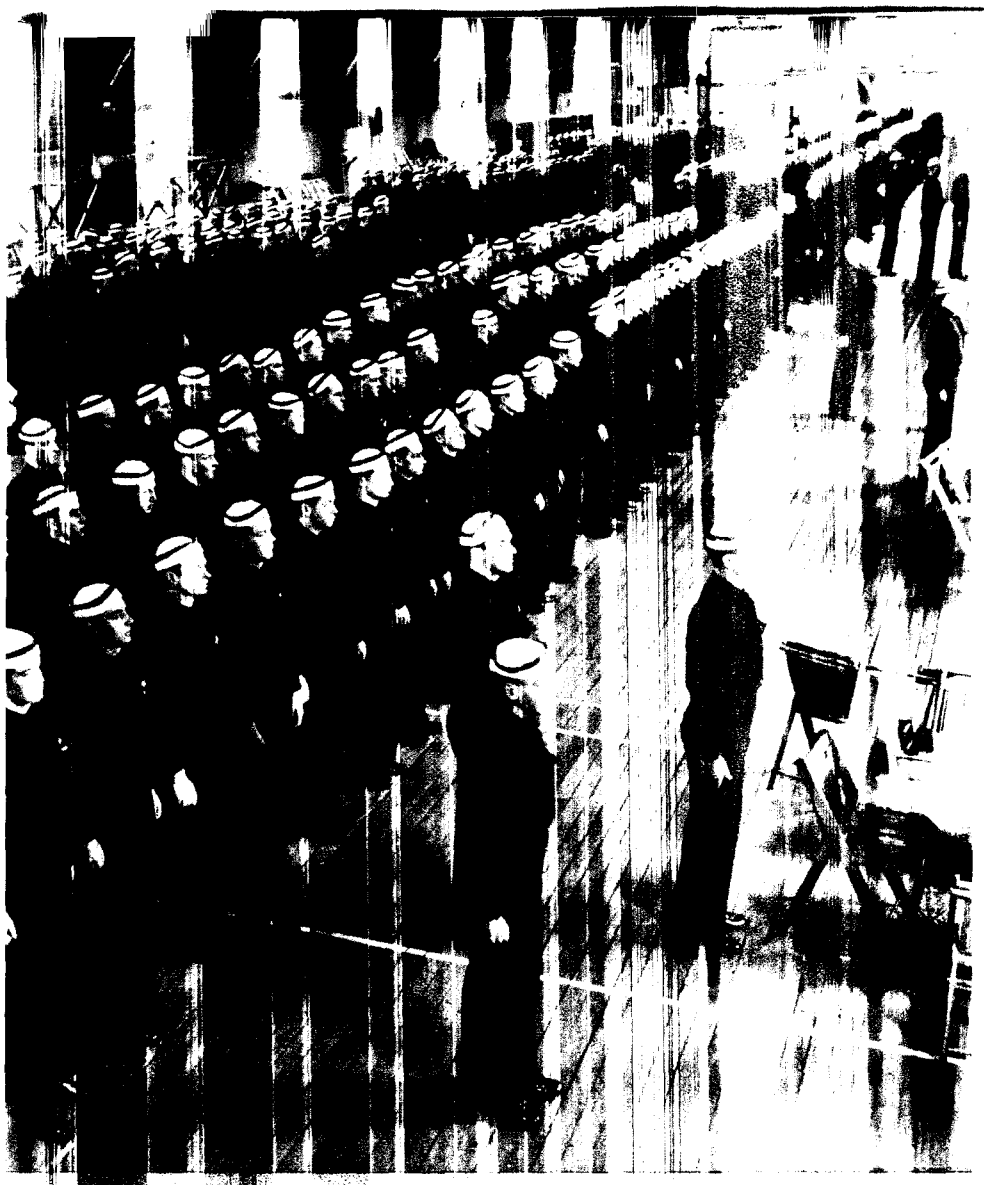
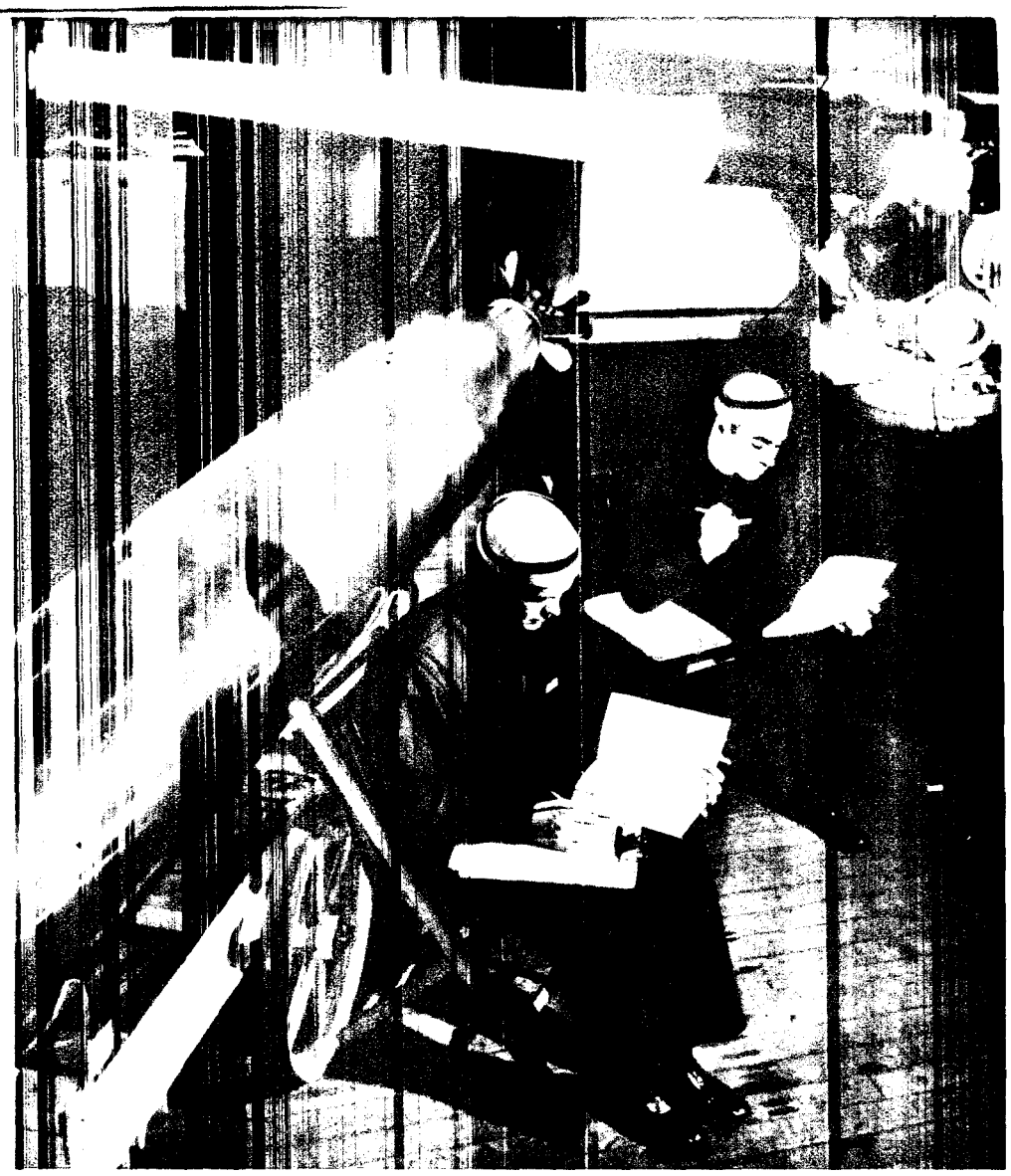
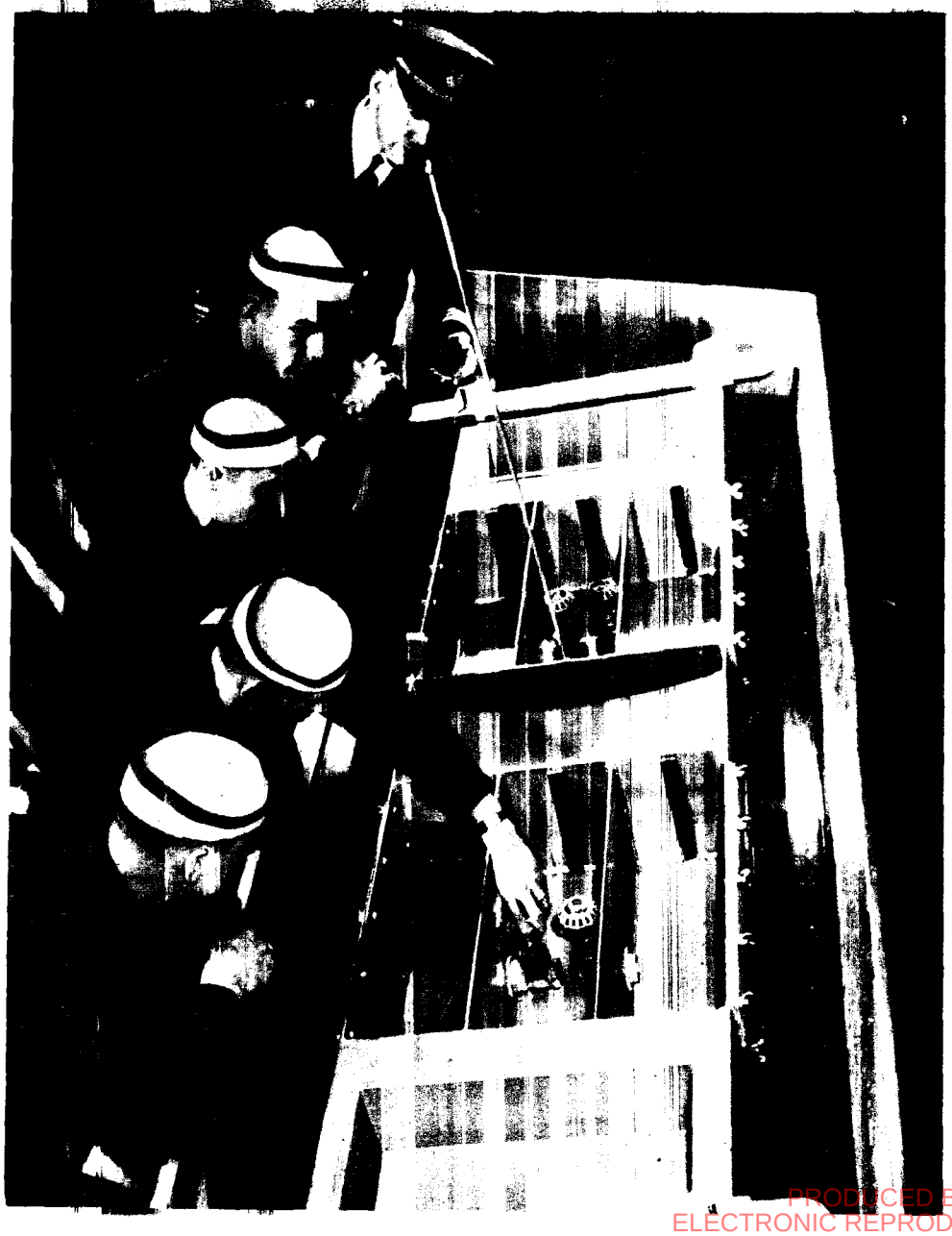


Lined ... what used to be the warship's top deck are (above) about two thirds ... men ... training on the Prairie State. Below this deck they sleep ... double-decked bunks, eat their chow from trays, cafeteria style

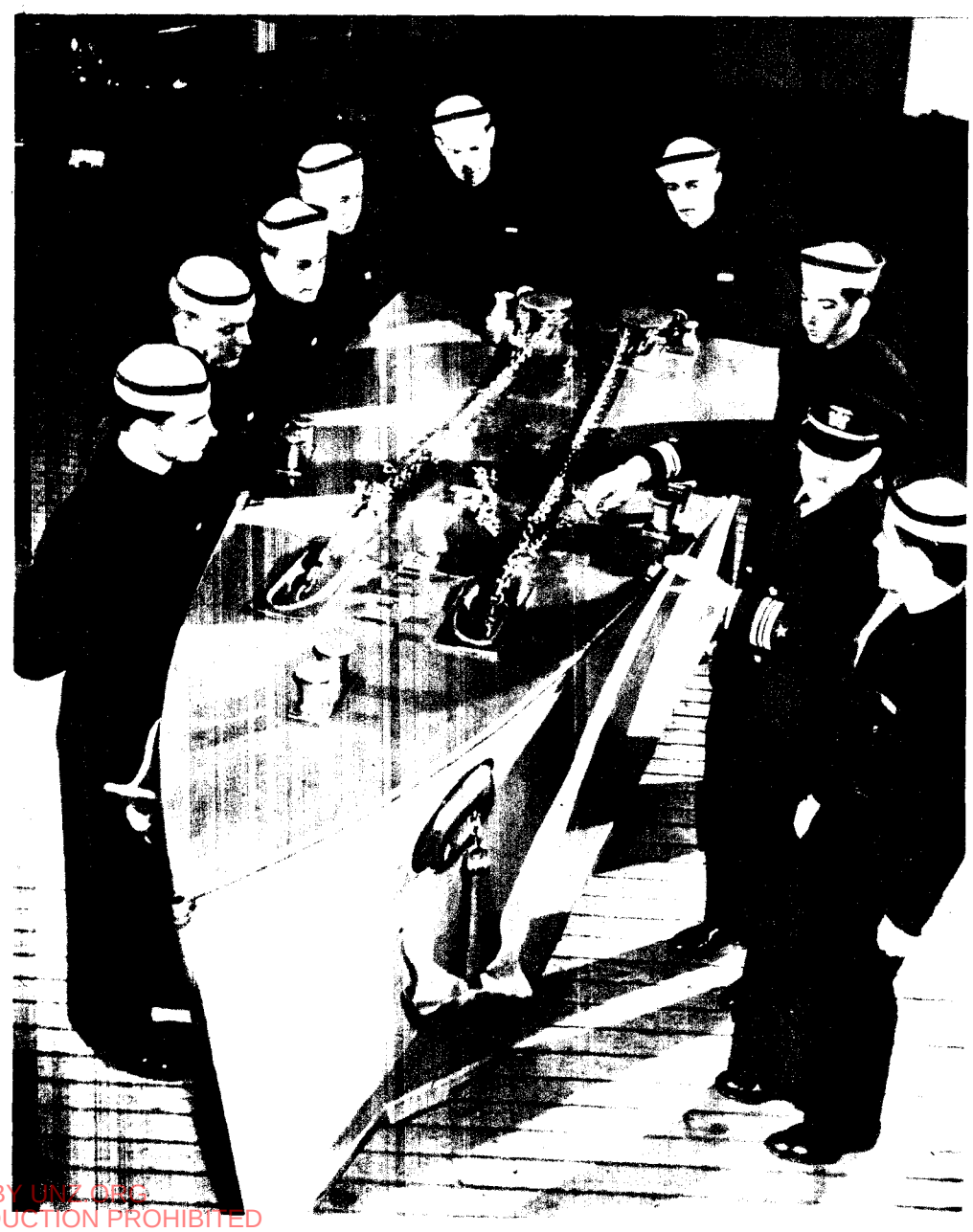


At one end of the huge assembly room two midshipmen study between classes. In the background is one of the rifles used for sighting practice. The torpedo at left is full size and complete in every detail except for explosive charge

...t. Com... W. Dusinberre (below) watches a midshipman manipulate a water valve ... working model of a ship's watertight compartments. Listing in a water ... the model shows students how a leaking ship is kept on even keel



Practice is combined with theory wherever possible. Commander Dusinberre demonstrates the workings of a mooring model, below. In the summer, midshipmen work with motor launches, cruise the Hudson in a chartered yacht



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CHINA GOLD

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Suddenly the Japanese was asleep. Mei-su knew that sleep. It was like death

The Story Thus Far:

RESTLESS and unhappy, following the death of her mother—"the richest woman in the world"—Elaine Brian leaves New York City (without revealing her destination to her father, whom she dislikes) and goes to Ta-ming, China. There she finds peace in assisting a priest—Father Valerian, who had once been her mother's dearest friend—in his mission and hospital labors.

Two men are in love with her: Larch Corpran, whom she had left behind her in New York; and Rudolf Helgel, Father Valerian's German-refugee assistant. One man (interested in her money) *says* he loves her: Elton Field, an unscrupulous American who, having discarded his mistress—Helen Kung, a Eurasian—hopes to marry the young heiress. Field, his advances repelled, finally sends a cablegram to her father, Paul Brian, in which he says that Elaine is in peril and should be forced by the State Department to return to America. . . .

Meanwhile, Helen Kung has not been idle. Adoring Field, she has made certain plans (known only to herself) and gone to Ta-ming, where (to the horror of her male servant Li-hua) she is presently preparing to open a "house of amusement"—a geisha house.

In the course of her quest for girls (whom she buys from their parents), the Eurasian meets Rudolf Helgel, in a near-by village. The German has a companion: Captain Siao, a Chinese guerrilla leader. Helen introduces herself to Helgel. Then: "If you are interested in Elaine Brian," she says calmly, "I know something that you might want to know about her. My house is the third on the Street of Flowers."

She goes away, and a few minutes later Captain Siao learns that his sister, whom he loves, has been sold to the woman! Shocked, angered, he turns to the German, who is with him at the time. "If," he says, "you bring her back, I will believe in *your plan*. I will know that you do not mean to destroy us." . . .

In New York City, Paul Brian receives and reads Elton Field's cablegram. He discusses it with his lawyer, who informs him that the State Department cannot force Elaine to leave China. Then, believing that he has an excellent idea, he sends for Larch Corpran, whom he has met.

The young man (who knows very little about Elaine) arrives. Brian greets him in his beautiful library. They exchange a few words. Then: "I am extremely anxious about my daughter—my only child," Brian says. "She ran away from home, Mr. Corpran, after her mother's death." Corpran is astonished. "Ran away!" he exclaims. "*But why?*"

VIII

PAUL BRIAN'S eyes wandered over the room. "You may well ask why she ran away. I don't know. I—she gave no one her confidence, Mr. Corpran. In fact"—Paul stirred irritably in his chair and his voice took on an old querulous note—"I may as well confess to you, Mr. Corpran, that I was very unfortunate in my marriage. I was envied, of course—everyone envied me. My wife was the former Mary Hatcher. You will remember the Hatcher fortune. But it is impossible for a man to be happy with a woman much richer than he is. I had some fortune myself, and I fondly thought I would be immune to the charge of—of interest in my wife's. I was not. The charges of others I might have borne. But my—my wife developed peculiar fancies. She was not beautiful and she—she imagined that I had married her for her money. Nothing I could do or say would persuade her that I loved her."

Larch began to sweat a little. The confidences of the old were horrible. He did not know what to say. Poor Elaine!

Paul's delicate lips trembled with self-pity. "It is only natural that now I should long for my child. You see how alone I am. Here, in this great house!" His pale hand swept up and fell despondingly upon his knee. "After my wife died, I hoped my daughter and I would draw nearer, but her mind was poisoned against me."

"Sorry," Larch muttered, driven to say something.

"I have made every effort to discover where she was," Paul went on. "Her lawyer knew, but he was her mother's legal adviser also, and his sympathies naturally were against me. He would tell me nothing. But"—a smile suddenly glimmered on his pale face—"luck has favored me. A complete stranger has come to my aid. A man named Elton Field has sent me this—from China!"

He drew an envelope from his pocket and handed it to Larch and Larch took it and read it.

"From China!" he repeated. His mobile young face revealed all his amazement. "Why China?"

"Why China, indeed?" Paul said.

"Wait," Larch said. "She and I used to talk about China—that is, I told her my mother always wanted to go there." Then his mind took in the full meaning of the words on the bit of paper he held. "Look here, it says she is in danger!"

"It does," Paul Brian said quietly, "and that is why I have sent for you. Someone must go and bring her home. Why not you?"

"Sure," Larch muttered, thinking fast. "Yes, somebody has got to go and bring her home. Why, there's a war on there! Where's this place Ta-ming, anyway?"

"I have had it looked up," Paul said; "it is in Japanese-controlled territory. It will not be easy to get there. But I have had certain influences at work, as I felt certain that you would want to go."

"Of course, I'll go." Larch's voice was a compound of determination and despair. But how would he go when he had no money to go? Where would he borrow?

"YOUR tickets are ready for you," Paul said. "You see how sure I felt of you. Here they are." He opened a drawer of the table beside him. "Air to the coast, and then clipper to Hong Kong. I am told it is quite possible to go from Hong Kong to Ta-ming by air, if you charter a plane. Here are travelers' checks enough, I think, for that and for your return. Tickets will be waiting in Hong Kong for both you and my daughter when you reach there. Within a month you should be back easily, I believe."

"I hate to take your money," Larch muttered.

"Do not feel so," Paul rejoined. "This is entirely a matter of business."

Larch took up his hat. "All right," he said abruptly. "When do I start?"

"You have a seat on the next clipper," Paul Brian said. "I have a man ready to get your passport and visa and I shall cable Elton Field to meet you in Hong Kong."

Exactly a week later Larch was in that clipper seat Paul Brian had promised him. The plane was rising with stately grace from the bright waves of the Pacific. He leaned toward the window and looked back upon the swiftly receding land. He blew a kiss in the direction of Median where his mother was at this moment making apple pie for dinner. By the same time tomorrow she would

(Continued on page 44)

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LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One in a series of notable paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists

A typical tobacco auction. Painted from life in the tobacco country by Paul Sample

WE PAID 30%* MORE IN PETERSBURG, VA., SO YOU CAN ENJOY A MILDER CIGARETTE!

THE CITY of Petersburg, Virginia, stretches Southward from the Appomattox River to a rolling countryside planted mostly in tobacco.

At Petersburg's tobacco auctions, this season, the makers of Luckies paid 30% above the average market price to get the finer leaf—yes, 30% more, so you could enjoy a naturally milder, better-tasting cigarette.

This may surprise you. But the fact is, what happened in Petersburg is typical of something that's happening all through the tobacco country. We paid well above the average market price in every one of 119 markets last season, to get the lighter, milder leaf... and the *best* we buy goes into Luckies!

To independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. With these men who know tobacco best—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—it's Luckies 2 to 1.

These experts know that in a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts. Why not choose Luckies for your *own* enjoyment?

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* *Based on average market price, U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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The General's Private Car

Continued from page 14

his feet. To think he could outsmart them, those quick, slick guys in New York. An optimist, that was Harold, without much sense or luck. He thought to make lots of money, easy money, fairy gold. And then one morning woke up to find that he owed them ten thousand dollars, and if they cared to press the charge, a prison sentence hung over him. Poor kid! She remembered how panicked he was when he realized what had happened and what a fool he had been. But that didn't mop up the milk; they said, "You must pay the money. If you don't, we can send you up. But you've got to pay the money." Then Manesco appeared, with his plans for them to dance in Europe. He did know Europe, he did, and knew about dancing, too.

Estelle's eyes floated level across the shining pool with its waves that went forth and back, then rested rather sorrowfully on the Rumanian, who was still babbling about the unexampled notices of their act in the Budapest papers. Yes, she thought, Manesco's played fair enough. He's done what he said he'd do, got us bookings all over Europe at two hundred dollars a week, which is more than most of them get. If only there wasn't this war. . . . She put her fingers up to her eyes and swayed her head to and fro. Ten thousand dollars. They'd paid back sixty-five hundred. If only . . . oh, why was Harold so silly? She knew that Manesco had helped them. They'd never have thought of the Scheherazade scene, or the whole combination, without him, but . . .

THERE are good girls and bad girls. There are artistes and the other ones, the ones who want men and money. Estelle didn't care about men; as far as she herself was concerned she didn't care about money. Of course, there was easy money, as Manesco kept on telling her. He said, "Why, a girl like you . . ." and she thought, "I wish I was home! But I can't make money that way. Why was Harold such a fool?" But Harold was paying it back; she made him do that, no matter. It didn't leave much to live on, but there were, she thought, compensations, like yesterday, with those stockings, six pairs of American stockings, all new in their pretty boxes in exchange for a Mainbocher frock.

The girl at the Arizona had just the same shape as hers, and she said, "My stockings are lost. They've run so fast I can't catch them. Have you any American stockings?" Estelle said, "Yes, I have some," and the girl looked her up and down. She said, "Your frock is not good, but I have a Paris frock, from Mainbocher, a sports costume, knitted wool, gray skirt and jumper and blue jacket. The blue will match your eyes; it's just the thing you need. And I'll swap it for six pairs of stockings."

"Look here!" said Manesco heartily. "Look here . . . or can't you listen? Look at this what they say about you! And mind you, I didn't pay anything, all this is free publicity. That shows what a hit you made."

A hit is a hit or a miss, and a miss is a miss or a hit. Estelle was tired, her mind was tired, and she wanted something to eat. But the Mainbocher frock *did* fit, and she didn't begrudge the stockings . . . if only . . .

Manesco jumped to his feet, and dropped the papers all over.

"*Herr General,*" he said, "*Herr General, Ich . . .*" Then he turned to Estelle: "Miss O'Flaherty, I have the honor to present to you the General von Renning. I have the . . ."

Her first thought was, "How young for a general, he must be under forty." Tall, slim and blond, with hard blue eyes and a straight Prussian back to his head. He bowed gracefully over her hand, and said, "Mademoiselle, I am honored. You danced your way to my heart. I have never imagined such dancing. You were perfect."

She felt the truth in his voice, and it made her shy and embarrassed. "Oh, please . . . I don't know," she said. "I mean, we try . . ."

He said, "Yes, but I *do* know, I do know well about dancing. Your dancing is superb." He spoke slowly, in perfect English, and she thought that she might have liked him except that somehow she didn't.

In a lightning flash she thought, "He's been talking to Manesco, and Manesco has told him 'Oh, yes,' as Manesco always does. Well, he hasn't beaten me yet. I know Manesco said that to the oil man in Rumania, and the other one in Warsaw. I know what Manesco is, but I'm not that kind of girl. If I wanted to be I could, without Manesco's help. But I'm not that kind of girl."

The general said, "Will you lunch with me, Mademoiselle?"

She replied, "Oh . . . I think, my manager . . ."

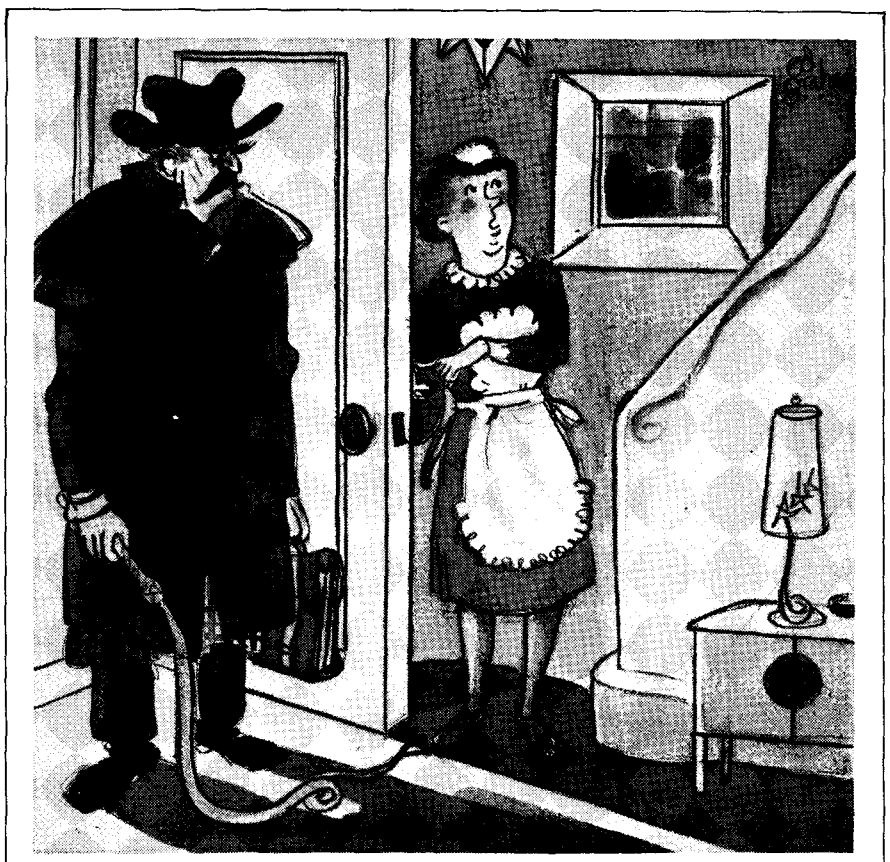
Von Renning said, "He's gone away. You are hungry? Yes? Let us lunch."

GERTRUDE VON HOVEN slid her hand softly into Harold's brown paw and squeezed the base of his thumb. "Why call me Gert?" she sighed. "It sounds so unromantic."

He jerked his hand away. "Gertrude sounds sticky to me," he said, "sort of honey and oozy. I call you Gert because I like you."

Once more she noticed the flecks of brown in his hazel eyes, and thought, "Oh, if there wasn't this war!" She thought of the Lago di Gardo, of Sermione and Capri, and the moon on the sea at Cap Ferrat with the Alps like a wall in the background. To have this boy there alone and forget there was war in Europe, which Germany must win. She bit her lip till it hurt and thrust the sweet dreams behind her. "You said you'd tell me more about your time in the Air Force. I don't see why you left it. I should think that a man would . . ."

HAROLD smiled self-consciously. "You don't understand, sweetie-pie. I mean, anyone can fly, but dancing's another thing. An artist, you see, I mean . . . I tell you, it's like this. What I want is poetry, the poetry of movement. I thought I could find it in flying, but it wasn't. Too easy, for one thing, and mechanical. Perhaps if I'd gone for pursuit planes . . . but that bombing . . . just the same thing day after day, like dropping a sack on a tennis court . . . why, my dear, I could hit a barrel, I could drop my sack in a barrel—but what was the fun of that?"



"Oh, Master Charles, the piano teacher is here!" ED GRAHAM

"From what sort of height?" she murmured.

"Oh, any old height you like. A thousand feet or ten thousand. You see, it's this sight we have, the Warbo bomb sight we call it, though it really has other names. I mean, after I won my wings I was doing this sighting stuff, and baby, we knocked 'em cold! There was an Englishman there one day; he couldn't believe his eyes, the way I blasted the target. I tell you, that sight's a honey."

She said, "If I was a man and was able to do things like that . . . you Americans are so strange! Don't you know that the noblest life is to fight for your country's glory?"

"Gert, darlin', you're all wet. America don't need glory, or fighting, either. We've had all we need of both of them. I tell you I'd sooner dance than drop bombs on the Tower of London."

"Would you like to bomb London?" she said.

"Oh, London," he laughed. "Those limeys, you know what they did to Ireland, but . . . I tell you, sister, the English . . . but that's no sand in my eye, though they say the ferry pilots are hitting the money these days. Five hundred a flight, I heard. You can do it four times a month. Now that's the real McCoy. I mean, here we don't do so bad, but Manesco catches the cream . . . oh, bingo, I wish I was rich!"

She pressed his hand again and wondered was this the moment. She thought perhaps it was, that here was a way of approach. She said, "Money can be easy. How much do you really need?"

He said, "If I had ten thou . . . no, call it twenty thousand. With twenty thousand dollars . . . oh, gee, that would sit me pretty!" Yes . . . four more thousand for him, three thousand for incidentals, the trip home and an apartment and some clothes, and some things for Estelle; then sixteen thousand to play with . . . "Oh, baby, just lead me to it!"

She sat up straight at his words and threw back her heavy dark hair with a movement of her head. "All right," she said, "you can have it, the twenty thousand dollars. You can if your memory's good, paid anywhere, as you like; we can pay in New York if you like."

Harold O'Flaherty dropped his glass. "Never mind," he said, "that won't hurt," and kicked the fragments aside. "Say, Gert, what is it you're saying? Do you really mean to tell me . . ."

She looked him straight in the eye. "I really do mean to tell you. I mean what I say and I say it. If you can remember . . . if you know enough to make a drawing of that bomb sight, the sort of drawing that will show its component parts for us to reproduce it, you can have your twenty thousand . . . no, not twenty, but fifty. We'd pay fifty thousand dollars, and all you do is remember and make us a little drawing."

"Who's 'we'?"

"Never mind, but the money will be there."

MIKHAIL DIMITROF sat alone in his little room. His mind was so crowded with thoughts that he could not get them clear. This girl, the American girl. He loved her, or did he love her? Did she interfere with his life, the purpose of his life? Would she hinder it or help it, to make Macedonia free, free of all of them, Serbs and Bulgars and Germans and Turks and the rest? To make Macedonia free, without counting pennies or blood?

He thought, "How strange it all is, that I'm here as a landscape gardener, working for Prince Esterhazy, and the salary I get is paid by little Hungarian dancing girls in Sofia." He thought how strange that was, that the treaty existed between Hungary and Bulgaria, by which the salaries of the Bulgarian gardeners in Hungary, which likes Bulgarian gardeners and knows how good they are, should be offset, and in a sense paid, by the wages of Hungarian dancing girls in the night clubs of Sofia. So typical of war-racked Europe in 1941, when even the transfer of money from country to country has become so difficult that Germany's vassals must resort to such devices.

Dimitrof thought: "Yes, I love her, but I don't trust that brother of hers. I think she's straight as a T-square, but I wouldn't trust him five yards. And there's something I don't understand —just what are they doing here? Is that boy smarter than he looks? McDougall seems to like him, the American military attaché; I've often seen them together. Is it possible that McDougall . . . Is Harold working for him, or both of them together? Then where does Estelle come in? I wonder if she could find out . . . We need the stuff so

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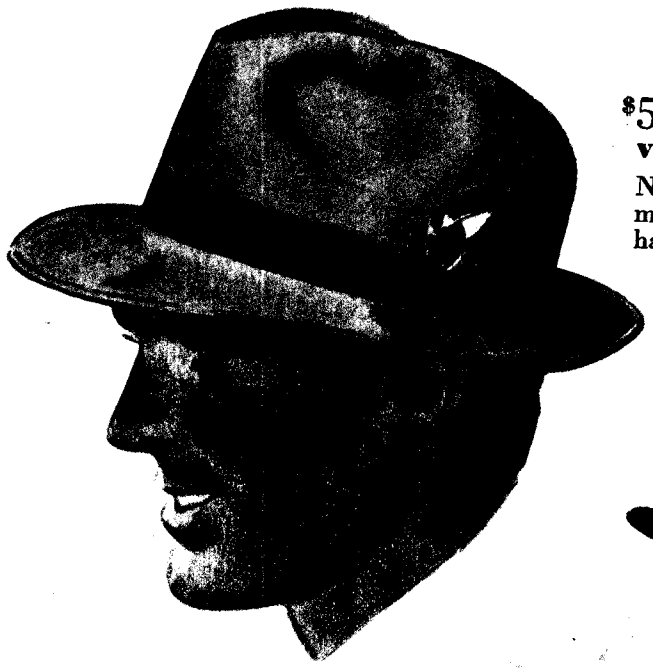

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$6.50 . $7.50 . $8.50

FIFTH AVENUE*

Knox master-style of the Avenue, shown in the new "Apache Brown."

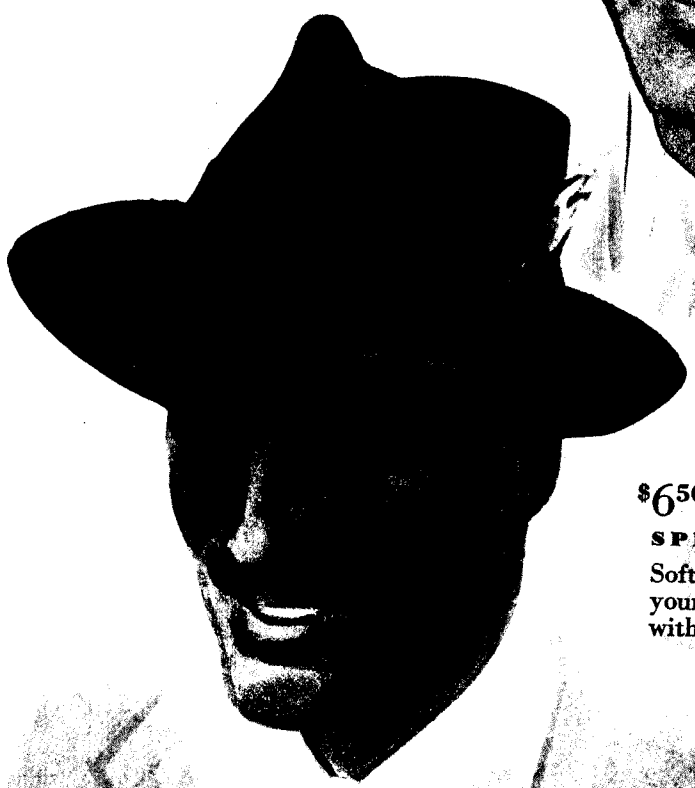
KNOX

announces the leading hat styles for spring

$6.50 . $7.50 . $8.50

FIFTH AVENUE* SPECIAL

Distinctive town hat, featuring the Knox two-tone silk binding at brim-edge.



$6.50 . $7.50

SPIRALBRIM

Soft, light felt for younger men; brim finished with spiral stitching.

Other Knox Hats
$5 to $20

$10

SAXON

New "up-brim" for informal dress; with exclusive style-preserving Custom Edge*.

*Trade Mark

KNOX HATS

KNOX THE HATTER • 452 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Now being shown by your Knox dealer

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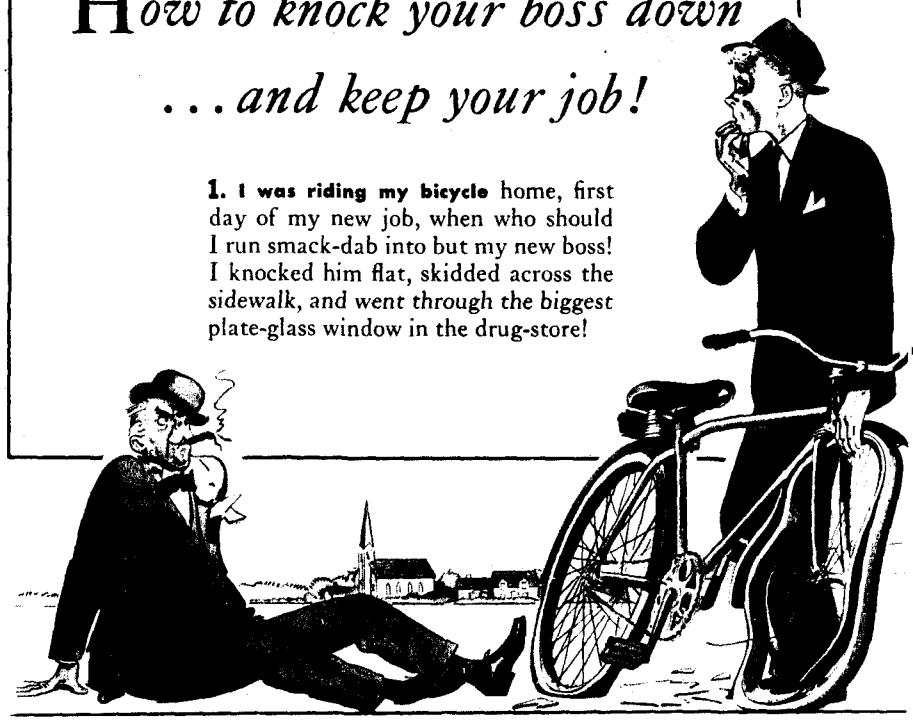
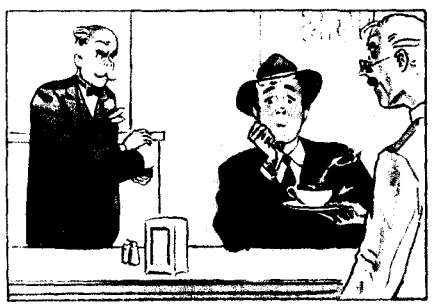
How to knock your boss down ... and keep your job!



1. I was riding my bicycle home, first day of my new job, when who should I run smack-dab into but my new boss! I knocked him flat, skidded across the sidewalk, and went through the biggest plate-glass window in the drug-store!



2. *Nobody was hurt much,* but my bike was ruined. The boss was so mad he fired me on the spot. The druggist wanted to call the police... until I promised to pay for the window. Then he gave me a cup of coffee.

3. *"One for you, sir?"* he asked the boss. "No!" the boss snapped. "Never touch it! The caffein keeps me awake." So I piped up, timidly: "Have you tried Sanka Coffee? It's 97% caffein-free, and can't keep you awake."

4. "That's right," said the druggist. "I serve Sanka Coffee myself." The boss said: "In that case, I'll try a cup." He drank it. His face brightened some. "Hum—good!" he grunted. "But are you sure it's 97% caffein-free?"

5. I showed him, on a can of Sanka Coffee, where it said: "Sanka Coffee is genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. You can drink it at any hour with none of caffein's penalties."

6. Next day I got a note from the boss. "Thanks for telling me about Sanka Coffee. It's wonderful, and it lets me sleep. Come to work tomorrow... I can't lose a smart boy like you. P. S. I paid for the broken window."

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Make Sanka Coffee *strong*. Use a *heaping* tablespoon per cup. If percolator is used, "perk" Sanka Coffee a little longer.

TUNE IN....."**Duffy's Tavern,**" starring "Archie," Duffy-on-the-telephone, and Shirley Booth. The most talked-about new show on the air... laugh-spangled and studded with fun. Every *Tuesday night*. See your local paper for times and stations.

much. She meets such a lot of people, and after this success . . . Perhaps if I asked her she might . . ."

The telephone shrilled on his desk. "Yes," he said. "Oh, yes, yes! No, I tell you I have no news . . . Of course I know it's important, but I tell you I have no news! But, Comrade, for heaven's sake . . . I *told* you I understand . . . Yes, to find when the train is going, and what is the route it will take . . . Of course I *do* understand, but the Germans don't give things away . . . Yes, of course I shall do my best, but miracles just don't happen. . . . Yes, I'll let you know if I hear—of course I shall let you know."

He slammed the receiver down, and thought, "What monkeys they are! Don't they know that I'm trying . . ."

His mind flashed back to Iowa, the state university where he'd studied agriculture, from tractor and furrowed fields and the strongest breeds of grain to the heights of landscape gardening.

Again the telephone rang, and he heard Estelle's gay voice: "Oh, Mike, take me out to tea! I need someone simple like you. Been lunching with one of these Germans, polite as you want, but so stiff. Oh, Mike, you're American, aren't you? Anyway, nearly American, and . . ."

"Yes," he thought, "I was nearly American. By now, if I'd stayed, I'd have been one." How long ago was it—eight years?—when he first applied for his papers, and only five years were needed to become a citizen and live free among the free. The Americans were good to him, the shy Macedonian boy whose English was faulty and slow, so of course he wanted to stay there in Iowa with his friends. But the ties of race were too strong, as once they said to St. Paul, "Come over to Macedonia, come to Macedonia and help us."

That was the message they sent him, and like the saint, he had listened, to leave the clean fields of Iowa and return to this dirty intrigue, to the jungle of Balkan intrigue, playing all ends against the middle. They'd known that the war was coming, the IMRO people, they knew. They'd killed the Yugoslav king in Marseilles, and the French foreign minister . . . his name . . . oh, yes, it was Barthou. The Italians paid them for that, but they did not do it for money, they did it to hasten the war, the war which they knew must come. To make Macedonia free, to break the yoke of the Bulgars and the Serbians and the Greeks, to create a free Macedonia, which had never accepted slavery but had been under foreign rule since the days of the Roman Lucullus.

"All right," he said, "lunch tomorrow. But keep that Manesco away. Bring Harold? I don't see why. And yet . . . oh, do as you wish. The German girl as well? Say, why don't you bring your general and make it a German party? All right, whatever you like, if Harold can come, and his girl . . ."

HAROLD finished the last of the drawing and looked at the carbon copy. "That may fool 'em," he said to himself, "it certainly does look real." He put the carbon back, and the upper sheet above it, and signed his name with a flourish—Harold O'Flaherty. "Yes, it does look near enough, and . . . fifty thousand dollars, oh, boy, what a lump of dough!"

He said, "Gert, I have done this for you. I don't care about the money. You asked me and so I did it, and I think I remembered it right."

She looked at the plans he'd brought her. She said, "Is this really the bomb sight?"

He said, "Near as I remember. Of course, you must understand that I'm not a technical expert, but I think that some of your folks can reconstruct from this sketch. At least," he added, "they should do. I've got the essentials there."

"God help me," he thought, "what a liar! But maybe these mugs will bite, and fifty thousand dollars . . . oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy! It's 'spoiling the Egyptians,' I remember that from the Bible. But the bomb sight isn't like that; it looks like that, but it isn't. It looks like that and may fool 'em, and fifty thousand dollars."

He thought the Germans were fools.

ESTELLE wondered about von Renning. He had stuff, like all the Germans. Oh, yes, he sure had something, but she didn't think she liked it. His behavior was ultracorrect, and the way he talked to the waiter, and everything—always right. As they lunched there on the terrace, the American military attaché McDougall came along and said, "Oh, Estelle, I'm so glad your dance made a hit! Of course you have seen the papers. That's rare, you know, in Hungary, for newspapers to rave without being sweetened. And wasn't Harold grand? I don't need to talk about you, but that brother of yours, he's good."

She presented him to von Renning, who said smoothly, "Your country and mine *don't always agree about things*, but here it is nice to see that we both of us have the same thought. Please, Captain McDougall, sit down. May I order you a Martini?"

He said the right thing, she thought, and said it the right way, but somehow she didn't like him; his eyes were too cold and hard, and the air of ownership, as if he owned all Budapest, as if he might . . . also . . . own her.

HAROLD said, "It was only a joke. I just thought . . ."

"You just thought?" said the Gestapo man. "I believe you thought we were fools. You took the money, didn't you? You received the confirmation that the money was paid in New York. Fifty thousand dollars to your account in a bank there. Did you, or did you not?"

Harold muttered miserably.

"All right, then, the plan was a fake. And who do you think *you* are? *You,* to sell us a fake like that, and imagine that we are fools. So now what? The money was paid, but now *you* are going to pay."

Harold's tongue was dry in his mouth. He said, "I can pay it back."

"Oh, no," said the Nazi, "you can't! And, anyway, what is money? There's only one way you can pay, and that, my young friend, is by death. You aren't in America now. This is Hungary."

VON RENNING looked at Estelle. "Your brother's a fool," he said. "On account of that we shall shoot him. Someone glanced at the plans he drew and thought it *was* the bomb sight. And ordered the money sent to New York. Well, that's nothing. I've dealt with him. But, of course, when we looked the plans over we saw that your clever young brother was 'pulling a fast one'—isn't that the American phrase? So we shoot him tomorrow at dawn, unless . . ."

"Unless what?" she gasped.

"Unless you come with me on my train. I have a private car and you'll be quite comfortable."

She said, "You mean that you want . . ."

He said, "Yes, precisely that. I want you, my dear, and want you; if you think your brother is worth it. I shouldn't think so myself, but then, he's your brother, not mine."

She said, "Would you do such a thing? Have you no human . . ."

He said, "No, I want what I want, and you are what I want. So?"

She didn't mind what he said. She could understand that. She didn't mind about Harold—the creature had done it before. He'd done the same thing in

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New York, got himself into a mess because he thought he was smart, and all this work and living in cheap hotels and letting Manesco run them around Europe—the pattern was just the same. Of course Harold was a fool, but she was there to protect him. It hadn't been fun for her to go dancing this way across Europe, and send four fifths of their salary back to New York to pay for Harold's folly. But she kept herself to herself, and whenever the greasy Manesco had talked about men or money she'd told him straight, "I don't play it that way, and I won't. You get your cash commission, don't you, on all of our engagements? But not that way, you see. I mean I am not for sale."

But now it was worse than a sale. She looked at the Nazi general and found no pity or hope. He didn't even seem greedy. He didn't seem gloating. He didn't seem any of the things she'd read in books or seen at home in the movies. He simply was quite certain what was going to happen, and he put his hand over hers and said, "Then it's understood. You come to the train at ten-thirty tonight, the train's number is 73, at Ost Bahnhof, and ask for my private car. It's only a freight train, but you'll find my car comfortable enough. We're going through Nish to the south . . . Now don't look so sad, my dear! I'm not so bad as all that, and perhaps . . ."

She said, "I do think you're bad, to drive me the way you drive. Yes, of course, I know I will come. But, you Prussians, I think . . ."

That froze him. He rose to his feet. He said, "All right, then, ten-thirty. You'll be there, and at ten-forty your brother will have a safe conduct to take him to Istanbul. Let him get home from there. Never mind about the money, let him use the money. What's money to us? We are going to conquer the world. But you, my dear, will be there. Ost Bahnhof station, train number seventy-three, and ask for my private car."

"OH, MIKE," she said, "I can't bear it! Oh, Mike," she said, "what can I do? They've arrested Hal, you know, and this German . . . Oh, Mike, does it happen to *me?* I thought they were things in stories. I didn't think it could happen, I mean, not happen to *me*. I don't like him, you see, this man. It's not that I dislike him, but there's something which I don't like, the way he's so sure of himself, the way he looks at me, as if . . . and, of course, it's true. That's the sad part, of course it's true! I am in a way his slave, to do what he wants me to do. You understand, don't you, Mike? But tell me what else can I . . . There's nothing," she said, "I can do, except what von Renning wants. Oh, do you see any . . ."

The Macedonian rubbed his chin. She'd laughed at him about his beard, so he'd shaved it off to please her. He'd meant to tell her about it and make some jokes about Samson or something, and be gay and laugh with her, together. But this was pain like a stab. It made his heart burn in his body to feel that the girl he loved would have to do this. He said, "Let them shoot your brother. After all, it's his fault, not yours."

She said, "Don't you be silly! I can't and they won't and they shan't." Her eyes were wan but determined. "Oh, no," she said, "no, indeed. And, anyway, what's it matter, if he gets to Istanbul . . . No, no," she said, "it's all settled. I go there at ten-thirty . . . the Ost Bahnhof . . . and ask for his private car . . . the car of General von Renning . . . attached to a freight train . . . number seventy-three . . . going through Nish to the south . . . and he said his car was quite comfortable. Yes, that was what he said . . . and, oh, but . . . oh, oh, I can't bear it!" She put her hands to her face and her shoulders were shaken with sobbing.

He wanted to hold her close, to catch her close to his breast and tell her how much he loved her, to tell her he'd fight them off and save her from . . . He wanted to hold her and save her, but quick through the beat of his love came the words "Train seventy-three . . . down to the south through Nish . . . a freight train with private car." A freight train? And the private car of a general, the General von Renning. Oh, yes, there could be no doubt. He thought what the train must mean—machine guns and ammunition, automatic rifles and grenades, maybe tear gas, and more machine guns, Tommy-guns—all the bloody mechanism to hold down a conquered country, or perhaps the means of war for a conquered country to revolt.

He said slowly and heavily, "In my country we have a proverb: 'The biggest river can be crossed by the smallest bridge.' " He put his arm around her shoulder, the first time he'd ever touched her, and kissed her shining hair. "Remember our proverb," he said. "And even the biggest river."

THEY were so polite on the train. All Germans, saluting and smart. They knew her name and said, "Oh, yes, Miss O'Flaherty. Yes! Your coupé, of course, is here, and the general said . . ."

A young officer knocked at the door and saluted and said, "Miss O'Flaherty, the general is very sorry, the general is busy, the general has work to do. But he thinks that twelve o'clock, he thinks that at twelve o'clock . . . I mean that the general has instructed me to inform you, Miss O'Flaherty, that supper is arranged for twelve o'clock, and the general is awaiting the honor of your company, at twelve o'clock. And he wished me to add that your brother, Mr. Harold O'Flaherty, left Budapest tonight at ten-forty on the Orient Express for Istanbul."

She said, "Thank you, I understand."

He saluted again and went out.

She thought, "Anyway, Harold's safe. At least I've done that for the kid. But why should I . . ." She looked then at the window, and ran to it, pulling it up. But the window was fixed and firm; she couldn't pull it open. "Oh, Mary, Mother in Heaven, I can't get away, I'm caught! Oh, Mary, our Mother, help me!"

The train rumbled on, bumping and jolting over the ill-laid line, going on across the river into Yugoslavia. . . .

THERE came a loud grinding crash, and the train halted so suddenly that Estelle was thrown across the compartment. The windows were broken and the floor was covered with glass, but she was unhurt, unscratched. A collision, she thought—with a horrible fear of fire. But then came shots in the night and the clatter of machine guns. She heard a man scream in pain, and a volley of bullets ripped the roof above her head. She crouched down low on the floor and hid her head with her arms, when the door burst open. Mike picked her up fror the floor and said, "It's all right, my dear! I tell you we've taken the train. It's all right, I tell you, all right!"

His face was grimy with dust, and he wore blue denim overalls. He said, "I got on to the train." He said, "You don't know it, we're IMRO. We bribed the fireman and I took his place, and what's more, I sent the message. My darling, you gave me the key, and this is the train we wanted. Now we'll take their own machine guns and the rest of the stuff on the train. Now we'll fight for Macedonia, with their own guns and grenades! It was you who gave me the key."

She said, "Mike, is it you, is it you?"

He held her close to his heart. He said, "Darling, I love you so much."

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

Jennie: Ta! da-da-da! Loosen up the hips, Auntie! And get a little sparkle in your eye! The rhumba is supposed to be fun.

Auntie Mae: Oh, dear! I know I'll never master it!

Auntie Mae: It's no use, Jennie! Even if Mr. Brown *does* love to dance, I'll never be able to do the rhumba.

Jennie: Fiddlesticks, Auntie, all you lack is a little *pep appeal*. And that reminds me. I'll bet you're not eating right, not getting all your vitamins. You can't have pep without vitamins, you know. Come down to the pantry and we'll make a start right now.

Jennie: And now, Auntie, right in this scrumptious cereal are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D. Yessir, right in KELLOGG'S PEP, made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat.

Auntie Mae: Hey! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, I may wind up doing the rhumba yet.

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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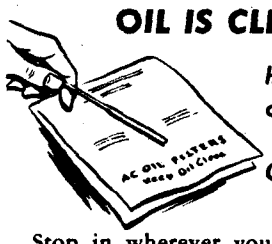
See THAT YOUR OIL IS CLEAN



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AC Oil Filters Get the Dirt

For engines not now equipped, AC makes complete Oil Filters which your dealer can install in a short time.

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OIL FILTER AC SERVICE

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AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION

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Cousin Jack Wrestler

Continued from page 20

a gut to get his quarter's worth. I see heavy eaters, son, but I don't see so many bloody good workers. You can wash up in back. What's your name?"

"Penberthy," the man said over his shoulder. "Dick Penberthy."

Old Andy went back to his seat in the lobby, and a little later the dinner horde came pushing through the front door. In the first wave was Augustus Finnegan, carrying proudly the belly of an important man.

Penberthy was a step behind.

Andy said to him, "Say nothin' about the rasslin' or the trainin', lad."

From behind them, Geraldine said sharply, "What training?"

Andy said defensively, "I'm stickin' to the agreement—which was as to harness harses."

"Which was as to squandering and gambling," Geraldine said.

Andy shifted ground: "This is the new handy man, daughter."

"Daughter?" Dick said. "Talks like your bloody wife!"

Geraldine ignored him. She said to her father, "I'm sick of this! I want to cook, but I can't because you don't want it. From now on . . ."

"'Ere!" the Cornishman said. "That's no bloody way fer a girl to talk to 'er feyther!"

"Shut up," Geraldine said, and turned back to Andy. "From now on, I want . . ."

Penberthy shook his head like a deacon at a penny on the collection plate. Very calmly, he reached out and put his hands under her armpits. Placidly the muscles rolled on his arms, and Geraldine's feet were two feet from the floor. "Where'll Ah put 'er?"

Old Andy's chin whiskers quivered like a slapped baby's lip. "She's s'posed to be genteelly behind the desk," he said, and his voice was not his own.

The big man carried her—just like that—across the lobby, and set her on her feet behind the desk. He carried her as though she were a piece of furniture, a cuckoo clock that had been rude in announcing the hour. She just stood there glaring after him, the brooch on her bosom bouncing with her breath.

Andy said in admiration, "Ye're the first man I ever seen, lad, wasn't scared of women in some way. Ye must be awful brave, lad."

"Brave?" Dick said. "Domme, scared all the bloody time."

"You scared?" Andy said. "What is it ye're scared of, lad?"

"'Unger," Dick said. "Ah'm just bloody awful scared of bein' 'ungry."

Andy Devlin laughed. "Go in an' eat," he said.

THERE were three long tables in the dining room. Penberthy jerked the chair beside Augustus Finnegan with one hand and reached for food with the other.

Jovially, the saloonkeeper said, "Eat hearty here, my friend, and drink hearty at Augustus Finnegan's liquid emporium." With both hands he offered the big bowl of potatoes.

"Well, thank'ee kindly," Dick said. And he upturned the bowl over his plate; with the other hand, he tilted the meat platter straight up and down.

Finnegan made two foodless swallows. "Some carrots?" he said. "No room on your plate, but you can eat from the bowl."

Dick said, "Don't mind if I do, thank'ee, if you got lots of it. Set 'er down. Ah'll get to 'er in a minute."

Finnegan looked around the table with his pale eyes round as a bug's. He said to Dick then, "Eat my turnips?" and slid the thick oval side dish across the oilcloth.

"Thank'ee kindly," Dick said.

Fifteen men were at the table and one by one in a thickening silence each offered his side dish of turnips. Dick accepted them gravely and calmly to the fifteenth dish. Then politely he said, "'Ere, domme! Too bloody many turnips. Trade somebody for prunes?"

The boarders almost tiptoed from the dining room with reverence and solemnity upon them. Their hushed manner was like the sanctimonious droop dutiful mourners try to wear to a funeral.

Augustus Finnegan picked Andy's hand from the chair arm and pressed it as though Andy had just buried the only wife he could ever hope to have. "That man's cubic capacity!" he said. "He'll eat you out of your house."

Andy laid a beatific look on his daughter, still behind the desk. "It'll be a peaceful house while he's chewin'," he said.

From the dining room came the steady beat of tableware on crockery, more indicative than a men-at-work sign.

When it ceased, Dick came out.

"Good dinner?" Andy said.

"Aye. Bloody good."

"I understand ye've got a healthy appetite."

The big man looked at the floor. "It's true," he said. "If ye like, Ah'll work for my boord."

Old Andy said emphatically, "*And* room, *and* a dollar and a *half* a day. I'll initiate ye to your duties."

He led him out through the kitchen where sat the surly-looking woman cook, a scowl on her big face and her fists on her wide-flung knees, to whom Dick said, "'Aw's it coomin', mam?" with excessive politeness.

Surprisingly, behind the hotel there was a little plot of grass, thick and clipped and very green. It grew softly and snugly in the cracks and along the edges of the planks laid end to end, a pathway from the rear door to the fence in back. "My daughter done this," Andy said. "She's good with growin' things—so long as they ain't harses."

Beyond the board fence to the right, Augustus Finnegan sat on a beer keg in the ashy litter back of his saloon, taking his after-dinner smoke on the clay pipe that was unbefitting to the dignity of his establishment's interior. He said, "And are you replenished now, my friend?"

"Did they ever leave The Devlin House else, ye nosy, apple-cheeked hypocrite?" Andy demanded.

Finnegan said smugly, "Pay no attention to Mr. Devlin, my young friend. He's always jokin'."

"I wish ye'd stop thinkin' that," Andy said darkly, and opened the gate in the rear fence. "Paddock," he said to Penberthy, ". . . what used to be," and walked across the pounded ground to the barn.

THE barn was lonely with emptiness and the old scent of horses now gone. Andy said with the bitterness of a father, "That meddlin' gur-rul, she made me sell the harses. . . . But you'll take the place of 'em now, lad. I'm goin' to make a rassler outa ye, an' we'll collect a little money an' a little glory on the spartin' events in an' about the town."

"Ah'm a middlin' good rassler," Dick said. "Ah know a few chips, a few tricks."

Andy held up a fistful of broken knuckles. "Pound for pound, year for year, I'm the dirtiest-knowin' fightin'-man in the county. But we won't use tricks, lad. We'll rassle 'em square."

"When?"

"When we've done some trainin'. These Cousin Jacks around here come outa the mines to rassle fulla dynamite-dust an' beer. I'll train ye in secret an' we'll show 'em some rasslin'. This way," he said then.

The small blacksmith shop was full of misty, starved shadows till he walked

BUTCH — By Larry Reynolds

"Don't you have any suits with two pairs of pants?"

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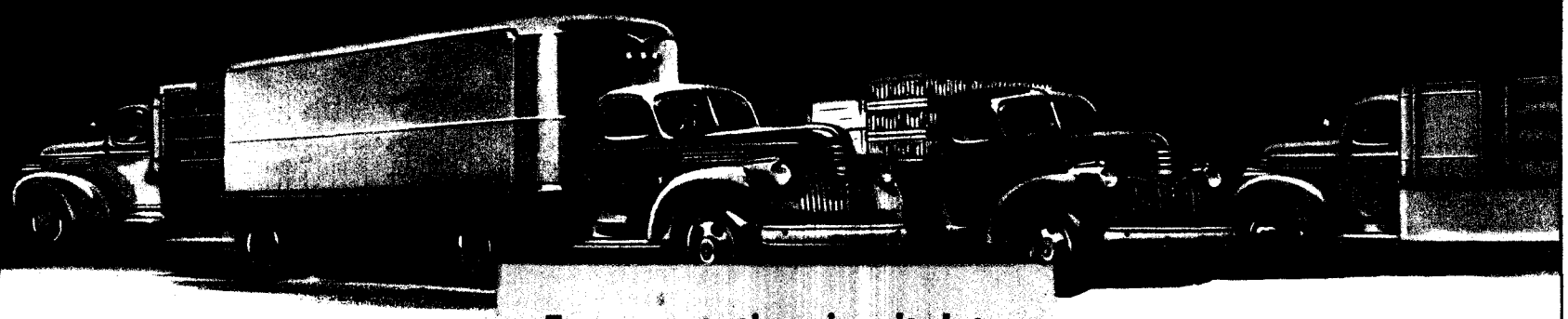
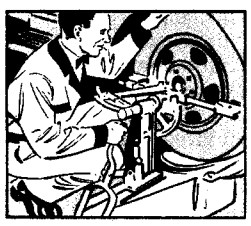
Truck Operators, Large and Small, Will Heartily Welcome

CHEVROLET'S "TRUCK CONSERVATION PLAN"





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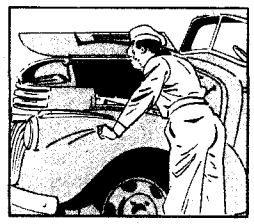

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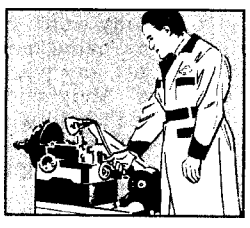

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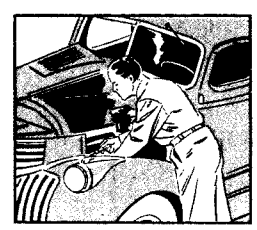

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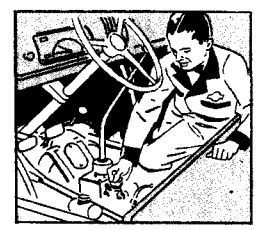

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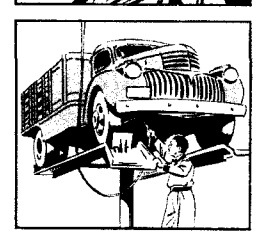

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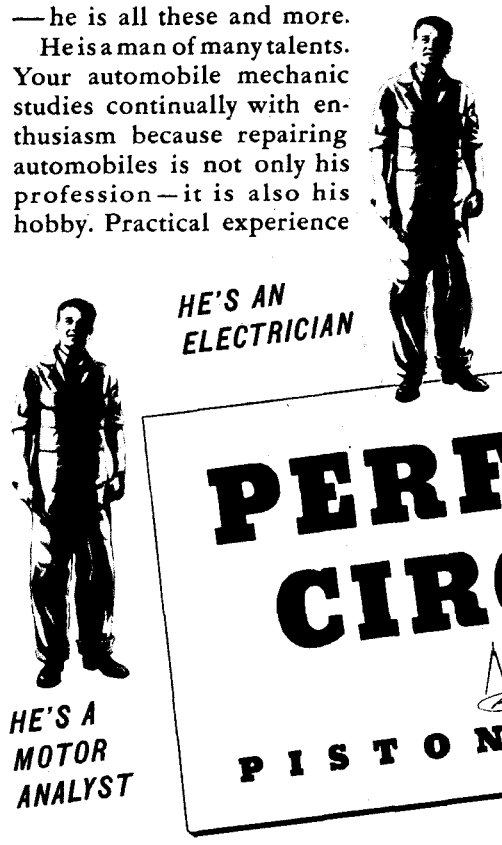

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANIES • HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA, U.S.A. AND TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

across and swung outward the door on the alley, and the sunlight came in, tangible in feel and yellow color.

"Here's where we'll do our weight-liftin'," he said. "What can ye do with that?" He pointed at the four-foot iron cone used in shaping horseshoes. "Can ye lift it by the top?"

"Aye," Dick said, and with that he caught the cone with one hand, and picked it up.

Andy wrung his chin whiskers, his face wrinkled with a grin of glee. "Ye'll turn their bones to water with them fingers," he said.

"Whose bones, Mr. Devlin?" Augustus Finnegan had only his head stuck through the door.

"Ah," Andy said. "Meet our new bouncer, Mr. Finnegan. But this job, I'll do meself."

Finnegan went back up the alley very fast. At his own gate, he shouted back, "It's a free alley! It's a public thoroughfare."

"Too entirely public," Andy said, "and I'll be takin' steps to remedy it. Mind that, now."

DICK'S first job was to fill a beer barrel with sand. And Andy borrowed, from a Swede section boss on the Northwestern, a pair of handcar wheels and an axle. Then they went to work.

Before and after the workouts, Andy spoke to the lad as gently as a father to a wealthy son; but as a trainer, he was a driving, unsatisfied devil.

What loose flesh there was on the lad came off until he had a thinned-out look. But he ate like an apologetic bear that had forgotten to wake up for two summers. The harder he worked the more he ate; and the harder he worked the thinner he got.

And Geraldine, watching him from behind the desk, saw it. She came and sat beside her father there in the lobby one day. "You're going to spend forty dollars and you won't like it," she said.

"On what?" Andy said, and kept his face stony as a good race-horse man should, and as a father has to.

"On a cow," Geraldine said.

Andy's scream of horror was sharp enough to shave a dusty pig.

"Milk would be good for him," Geraldine said.

"Good for who?"

Geraldine fumbled for words for the first time since she'd entered womanhood. "The boarders," she said. "And we can pasture it on that deserted farm you thought there was iron ore under."

"No such dirty beast will ever set foot on land of mine," Andy said.

"You're right," Geraldine said. "Four miles out to the farm is too far for Dick to go. We'll just turn her out and let her fend for herself around town like everybody else does."

"Four miles?" Andy said, and his brain went to work on the words. He said to himself, "Eight miles a day of road work! Who'd suspect a man goin' after a cow? I could harness the lad ahead of the dirty thing so he won't have the pain of lookin' at it, an' he can pull it along at his own speed. It'll be good for his legs an' his wind."

To his daughter he said, "You've got a good head for business. It'll save us buyin' butter for them wolves we feed. Though how any man that's ever had a good face-to-face or a sideways look at a cow can eat butter, I don't know. I won't lay an eye on the awful creature."

But the day the cow came he took five quick ones to steady his stomach and went down to look at her and figure out where he could hang a harness. He ignored Dick and Geraldine, both out in the paddock, and stared at the beast like a man regarding a purulent ulcer on his own leg. "Say, ain't it homely?" he said.

"She's a bloody lovely cow," Dick said.

Geraldine said, "She's a beautiful cow," and stroked the thick neck. "Who's going to milk her?"

"Milk 'er?" Andy said, and shuddered delicately.

"Ah'll milk 'er," Dick said.

Like a man discussing a loathsome disease he's afraid he has but doesn't want to admit, Old Andy said, "What'll you do with all the stuff?"

"Do with it?" Dick said. "Domme, drink it, o'coorse."

"Drink milk?" Andy's cry pealed like the challenge of a rooster on a summer's morning. "D'ye wanta curdle yer stummick? D'ye wanta whiten yer blood? D'ye want it to make ye built like a baby, all swelled belly and crooked legs an' no whiskers?"

"Be still," Geraldine said. "He can drink it."

Dick looked at her directly then, across the cow between them.

"Don't let me ketch 'im," Andy said.

"He can if he wants," Geraldine said. "He needs it. He's thin."

She took her eyes from Dick to say more; but Dick interrupted. "Let be," he said. "You're the boss in the 'ouse, an' 'e's the boss aht 'ere." And he winked at her.

Geraldine said over her shoulder, quirking her mouth prettily, "You'll get the milk, Dick."

It was probably the first time since she'd begun her tyranny over her father that she'd dropped her voice to secrecy. And she winked back at him.

THEY went on with the training then, and Andy was happier now that his man was doing road work, too. Things went along without bump or bounce until the evening Augustus Finnegan stopped in the lobby after supper to talk of this and that. "Your man," he said finally, "appears to look like a strong, hearty man."

Andy hedged suspiciously, "He ain't so strong as he looks. He's got a weakness of the stummick."

"Strained it no doubt, sometime," Augustus agreed. "But there is a strange gentleman been around my establishment talkin' about what a good rassler he is, an' I wondered if maybe that man of yours . . ."

Andy's chin whiskers drooped dubiously. "Never seen Dick rassle," he said.

"There'd be certain wagers laid, no doubt. And you, a sportsman . . ." Finnegan nudged Andy significantly.

"It may be," Andy pointed out, "that this gentleman is a real good rassler."

Genteelly, Augustus coughed behind his fist. "You take my word, Mr. Devlin: I know at least by reputation every rassler of any pretensions around here. An' I give you my word, I never heard this Mr. Smith's name mentioned as a rassler any time, any place."

"Hmmmmm," Andy said. "I'll speak to the lad. I don't hold with the brutal spart m'self, but if he does, I'll lay a small bet or two through a sense of duty—at odds."

"Do you think I didn't know that?" Finnegan said.

ANDY found Dick in the barn, milking, as he knew he would. But what Geraldine was doing there, he had no idea.

She stood with her auburn hair close to the cow's golden flank and her eyes on Dick's rope-muscled neck, bent while he milked. Andy said, "Will ye go into the house while I talk man's talk with the lad?"

"I was going," she said. As she passed, she patted the cow a foot above Dick's head. "Good night," she said.

Andy waited till he heard the kitchen door slam. "Ye're rasslin' Saturday

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night," he said. "A man by the name o' Smith that Finnegan didn't know I'd seen."

The milk went on spurting into the pail with the same uneven rhythm. Dick said, "All right. What's 'e look like?"

"Like he'd swallowed a beer keg an' it'd refused to digest. He's gotta lean forward to unbutton his shirt."

"Ah'll h'eat h'extra careful," Dick said, "so's Ah'll 'ave my bloody strength."

"In a pig's right eye," Andy said. "Very little food you'll see till after Saturday night. I'll have an edge on ye like Barber Ike's razor—a wire edge. I'm goin' to starve ye, lad, till ye're fast as an alley cat."

THE Saturday night of the bout they found Finnegan's saloon had been swept almost completely, and fresh sawdust had been spread; the Fourth of July bunting had been draped over back bar and chandelier, and the brass handles of the beer pumps and the big brass cuspidors had the rolling, happy shine of a fat Chinaman in a paying laundry.

The sporting gentry from in and about the town, in shirt sleeves and straw sailors, jammed at the bar, and the room was thick with their talk and their laughter and the excitement of anticipation.

Andy and Dick pushed through toward the back room. Opposite the free-lunch stand, Dick balked. "Just lemme look," he said. "Ah feel so bloody, 'ellish 'ungry. Ah ain't 'ad nuthin' to h'eat in three days."

"That ain't the truth," Andy said. "Ye're a little short of your customary rations, I'll admit, but ye've et enough for three men as it is."

"Andy, Ah'm so 'ungry, Ah'm weak."

From the doorway of his private office, Augustus Finnegan shouted in alarm, "Keep him away from that counter!"

He had his collar in one hand and the art-gum eraser with which he had been cleaning it in the other. "I was lookin' for you," he said, and took a position between Dick and the food. He pushed his head confidentially close. "I've persuaded Mr. Smith that your man is new at this game, so we'll have no holds barred. I trust that meets your approval?"

"Good," Andy said. "Them little niceties only handicap a fightin' man. Wha'd'ye think, lad?"

"That's a bloody beautiful 'am," Dick said wistfully, looking at the free-lunch array with his heart in one eye and resignation in the other.

Andy said, "Aaaagh! I wisht I was back with the harses. They might look at ye reproachful, but they didn't go around blubberin' how hungry they was. C'mon in the back an' get ready."

The sporting gentry came crowding into the back room with the light, bright shirts and the faces red with laughter and excitement and the liquor they'd taken. And from the ankle-deep sawdust the spicier odors of pine pushed up against and among the heavier, thicker smells the men brought with them.

Andy made a face at the heavy canvas jacket before he handed it to Dick. "A hell of a way to fight," he said, "all bound up in a coat! There'll be three falls, lad: First one, Cornish style; second, catch-as-catch-can; and, third, choice."

It was a common arrangement in those days when every man wrestled two or three different styles. The style of the third grapple, if the first two falls were divided, was the choice of the man who made his throw in the shorter time.

Augustus Finnegan came through the crowd using his voice and his abdominal protuberance to clear his way. And behind him came a thick-necked, barrel-bellied man with a head of curly hair in a Cousin Jack haircut—skinned close above the ears, but long and fluffy on top, so it would stick out under a hat or cap rakishly cocked for that purpose. He was peeling his shirt as he came.

"Lookit the belly on him!" Andy said and grinned. "A harse couldn't run the quarter in eight minutes with a barrel like that."

Dick stopped with the jacket half on. "Lookit the muscles on 'im," he said.

There was no fat on Finnegan's wrestler. His shoulder muscles hunched up to his ears and the skin of his chest and arms was taut as a drumhead with none of that crepy crinkliness that indicates flabbiness.

Finnegan, proud in his clean collar and his claw-tail coat, stepped to the center. "Mr. Smith and Mr. Penberthy will rassle a no-holds-barred bout," he announced. "Mr. Augustus Finnegan, referee." Applause bent the walls of the room. "Come to the center, gentlemen."

Dick said, "Smith nuthin'! That's Trevarthen! I seen 'im in Crystal Falls."

"A ringer?" Andy said. "Funny build for a ringer."

"Forget them bloody 'orses," Dick said, "an' you'd bloody well know a man ain't soft just cause he's big-bellied. Bloody man's *the* Trevarthen!"

"*The* Trevarthen?" Andy said. "Take the jacket off, lad. We'll forfeit the bout."

"No," Dick said. "Ah'll rassle 'im."

"Finnegan was just too smart for me, lad. Take off the jacket."

"Ah'll rassle," Dick said, and pushed Andy away and walked to the center.

TREVARTHEN was famed then—and still is—as the best wrestler ever to come out of the iron country. He'd held a dozen different championships in catch-as-catch-can, collar-and-elbow, and Cornish wrestling; and there are many who say that, given a different heart, he'd have been at the top of the heap.

They came together in a silence that hung swollen with suspended breath. Smith—or Trevarthen—was very sure of himself. He moved in, reaching for a hold on the jacket, for in Cornish wrestling, even in a no-holds-barred bout, all grips must be taken on the jacket or head.

Dick backed, sparring him off.

Trevarthen followed, as bouncy on his feet as a rubber ball, sure of what he was doing.

The jackets were not unlike overall jackets, without buttons, lapels, or pockets; and around the edges—along the bottom, up the front, and around the neck—a thin rope was threaded to help the opponent's grip. That rope in the hands of an expert was an instrument of bloody torture.

Trevarthen was an expert. He eased in till he caught a collar hold. And then he didn't try to throw the lad. He just hung on and began sawing the rope, with a savage, practiced little jerk.

Blood came through the canvas of Dick's jacket where the rope was flaying him in sliding strips.

"Don't play with the lad," Andy shouted. "Throw him."

Finnegan said grandly, "Please don't abuse the contestants, Mr. Devlin."

Trevarthen looked over and grinned, sawing the rope.

And when he turned his head, Dick gave him the back heel. Trevarthen went flat on the bulk of his dignity, hauling Dick down on top of him.

"No fall," Finnegan said. For a good fall, a man must be pitched on his points—two shoulders and a hip, or

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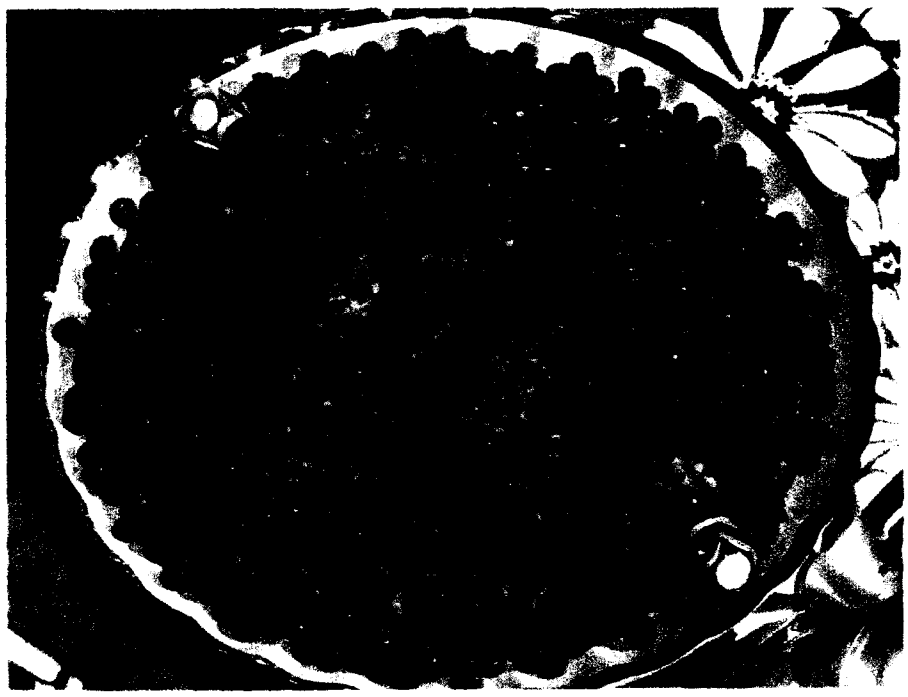

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two hips and a shoulder. The throw is all that counts in Cornish wrestling. There is no wrestling on the floor.

Trevarthen got up. "Let's go to work," he said, and the laughter of the spectators made him mad.

Trevarthen could throw the lad easy enough. Time and again he heaved him, but each time by some explosion of muscle, Dick'd flip to land on his side, or he'd bridge when he hit.

Then Trevarthen worked his way behind the lad. He caught a hold that is as good as a hangman's noose, though slower. He then crossed that canvas-covered rope on the boy's windpipe, and tightened, inch by inch. The lad's face went purple and swelled like a grape.

"Let him throw ye, lad," Andy shouted. "Let him throw ye."

DICK had little to say about it then. He was almost unconscious when Trevarthen finally threw him with a cross-buttock for the first throw.

Dick hadn't rolled to his face before Andy was on him, cat-hauling him to a chair.

"I done you wrong, lad," Andy said, "but I'll try to make up for it. Watch me, now." He crammed his handkerchief into the crown of his derby hat. "This is to keep the hat from bustin', an' without the hat, I'd yield to temptation an' kill him."

With the derby riding high on his head, he strutted across to Finnegan and tapped him on the shoulder. "Finnegan," he said, "ye've the moral odor of a skunk, an' not near as pretty."

"I take exception to that," Finnegan said.

"Help!" Andy said. "He's attacktin' me!" And like a child coming to its father, he put both arms around Finnegan's neck and climbed him. Precisely and very gently—for the sake of the hat—he butted Mr. Finnegan in the face.

The spectators intervened, wishing to save that fight till later, and while Augustus screamed that he'd been skinned and grated with a murderous weapon, Old Andy said, "D'ye see it, lad? Get your legs under ye, and your neck muscles into it. With a man like Trevarthen, ye'll have only one chance."

Finnegan trumpeted, "Let's go," through the fist nursing his nose. Trevarthen waited in the center of the ring.

The spectators grouped and shifted, getting themselves set for tension.

And while they shifted, rustling, Dick walked straight to Trevarthen and without grappling or hesitation, with great deliberation, he followed Andy's orders. He laid his head on Trevarthen's breast, got a good handful of that elegant Cousin Jack haircut, gave a double jerk to Trevarthen's head, straightened his big legs and his thick neck—and butted Trevarthen square in the face.

Trevarthen went down like a bull on wet ice, and Dick went with him and pinned his shoulders for the catch-as-catch-can throw.

Through that tight, gates-ajar collar, Finnegan's scream was a whistle. "Foul!" he shrieked. "Foul!"

"No holds barred!" Andy shouted. "We'll forfeit the rest of the match so ye can have yer money, ye dirty, dirty sanctimonious . . ."

From the back door, Geraldine said, "Watch your language in front of a lady, please." She had a tray on her shoulder.

Andy said, "Ye've been onto us all along!"

"I brought you pasties," she said to Dick, and she set the tray between his legs as he sat on the floor, and a bucket of milk beside him. "Race-horse men don't understand a wrestler."

"Geraldine," Dick said, "you're just a bloody lovely girl!"

There were four Cornish pasties on the tray, meat-and-potato pies in a very stiff crust, each a foot long and four inches deep.

"There's a bloody beautiful 'am out front," Dick said.

"I'll get it," Geraldine said.

Tough Trevarthen sat up on the floor and gawked at her, blowing blood from his mouth.

Dick paid him no attention, nor did the crowd. They watched in awe and in a deepening silence while Dick went into that pile of pasties like an outsize steam shovel into a pile of iron ore. Bucket in one hand, pasty in the other, Dick was working, smiling at the returned Geraldine with his eyes only, for his mouth was too busy to stretch for anything but a bite.

Tough Trevarthen grinned angrily, at first, with his bloody mouth, but little by little that grin eased off until he, too, watched in horrid fascination.

And when Dick had finished the pasties, he took the ham-bone and set his big teeth in the meat and beamed up at Geraldine.

"Come on," Trevarthen said. "Let's rassle."

Dick rolled his eyes at him, and tore a hunk from the meat, and went on chewing.

When the meat was gone, he got a sideward bite on the thick bone, and the bone splintered from end to end, crackling in the watching, breathing silence.

"He ain't human!" Trevarthen said. "He ain't human!"

"Let's rassle," Finnegan said. "I ain't runnin' no restaurant."

Dick licked up the last of the marrow and looked up at Geraldine. "Ah'll h'eat 'im up, now," he said.

Trevarthen said quickly, "Hey!"

"Teeth!" Andy shouted suddenly. "Them beautiful big teeth of yours, lad. By golly, he's one o' them men afraid of teeth!"

"You shut up!" Finnegan said; and then to Dick, "What's your choice?"

Dick grinned at him, and his teeth were shiny, glistening white. "No more o' that rope!" he said.

"No," Trevarthen said with the wavery positiveness of a man unsure of his exact position. "That's agin the rules."

"Sink 'em an' start tearin'," Andy ordered. "That'll make 'im whistle."

DICK hunched his shoulders and started toward Trevarthen.

Trevarthen's voice went high and he began backing. "He's gonna! He's gonna *bite* me!"

"Get in an' rassle!" Finnegan shoved at Trevarthen hysterically. "Wha'd'ye think I brought you down here and paid you for?"

"Not for no dog fight," Trevarthen said, and he caught the pompous Mr. Finnegan by his claw-tail coat and threw him at the advancing Dick. "I'm gettin' outa here."

"Substitute!" Andy shouted. "Pin the substitute, lad!"

Gently, Dick laid Augustus Finnegan in the sawdust and sat on the round abdominal mound to make sure he didn't bridge.

"You can start cookin' tomorrow," Andy said to his daughter, and his voice slid like a drunk on a tilted floor.

There was no tightness now in Geraldine's face. "I'll have cooking enough," she said.

"Ah?" Andy said, and his brain went to work. "Is that the way things lie? I'll give ye the farm for a weddin' present, providin' ye take the cow with ye. I don't want her pollutin' the air for the harse or two I'll have to be gettin' to take the lad's place."

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Norfolk Night

Continued from page 17

taxi, the membership committee (Solly) convenes and he's elected. But no drinking—even beer—in trailers. Solly says that as long as a gent is nice people and don't come to his place looped (drunk), he can hang out at The Stars and Stripes Forever forever. But Solly will tolerate no such bawdy nonsense like that boom-day rowdydow down the road where the girlies have Hollywood signs on the doors of their trailers—It Happened One Night, Boys Town, Shanghai Express, The Woman I Love, The Lone Ranger, Rebecca, and All That Money Can Buy.

If Solly had his way, places like that would be out of business in two minutes Mex. The waitresses carry blackjacks and every drink's a Mickey Finn.

Don't Worry About Your Boy

Neither Solly nor the others nor the Hollywood bangaroo depends too much on the sailor trade. If they did, they'd do what the police can't or won't make them do—close and stay closed. They're a little too expensive for the sailor income. The sailor, particularly the reservist recruited for the war's duration only, is younger than the industrial worker whose patronage keeps the out-county speak-easies, dives and girlie camps going. For the most part his benders are boy stuff, his liberty's wildest moments spent in the downtown dance halls and the beer and wine taverns of Main Street and Granby Street. He is cleaner by instinct, by training and by Navy precept and discipline than his corresponding civilian. His morale is noticeably better. He laughs more easily and at simpler things, and the few recently enlisted sailors we saw in the speak-easy dives were clearly having fresh experiences which weren't overwhelmingly amusing. We're not writing Navy propaganda. We're merely reporting what we saw and rejoice to be able to assure you that your kid in the Navy is not being ruined.

Solly, the old China hand, could tell you. Many's the time (says Solly) that he has made an old battlewagon chu-chu or blister shove off from a boot. Which is to say that he has saved many a rookie sailor from the clutches of a tough veteran of the water-front bordellos. Solly always talks like that. To the boot, or newly enlisted sailor, his vocabulary is as mysterious as it would be to you. A brief glossary of sailorese will help you:

If you're talking, you're shooting the breeze, beating your gums or choppers. A supply ship's a beef boat, an airplane carrier a birdboat, a battleship a battlewagon, a submarine a pigboat, a destroyer a can. A rigidly disciplined ship's a hotship and more than likely it will be commanded by a mustang or an officer from the ranks. Bilge means nonsense or bunk, a wall's a bulkhead, any floor is a deck. If you're fat you have chow-table muscles. Anything in a hurry is chop-chop and if it's all right with you or you don't give a damn you say it's maskee. Those two come from China, of course. To call another sailor a dog is affectionate, but if you call a woman that she may lower a boom on you—smack you down. If the sailor is living on the beach with someone, man or woman, he's shacked up. If he's living with a lady whom he wouldn't like his folks to know he's shacked up with a blister.

If your sailor's a supply clerk, he's dusty. An officer's pet or a bootlicker is an ear-banger or a greaser. If he asks you to give something the deep six he wants you to forget it. An officer is gold braid, a nice person good people. If a sailor is married he's an Airedale or lashed up, and if he is sitting pretty with no entanglements or debts he's squared away. To clean up is to crumb up. An air station is a bird farm. If he says a thing is Four-O it's okay, one hundred per cent, swell, perfect. If the sailor wants to get a girl's goat he throws a hook at her, if he has a faraway gaze he has a Shanghai stare. A forty-eight is two days' liberty, a seventy-two is three days and leave is any liberty over three days. If he has a mamacita he has a girl in Panama. Anywhere ashore is the beach. Pogybair is flattery and if he asks you to break it out he wants you to produce your money, your bottle, your cigarettes.

Catsup is red lead, bread is punk, coffee is mud or Joe, salt is seadust, water is angel wine, a maverick is a non-Annapolis officer. To a marine a sailor's a swabbie, to a sailor a marine's a flatfoot. Topside sailors know the engineer or black gang as bilge rats and to the bilge rat the topside man's a deck ape. If the sailor fails of promotion he crashes. Electricians and radiomen are sparks; carpenters, chips; signalmen, flags; yeomen, feathers or pencils. The sailor's underwear is skivvies. Locker sandals are go-aheads. If he has fouled out he's in lots and lots of trouble.

That's How News Gets Out

Get the idea? China Solly bought a drink. When he does that everybody gets patriotic and cheers and sings. Also, every time Solly breaks out his own bottle they say that something memorable is about to happen. Solly said that it already had happened. He had been downtown for a few words with his old shipmate, Bumboat Carter, who runs the Pegleg Rest over in Portsmouth. Bumboat calls his place a Beer Shoppe. Bumboat told Solly that a tanker had been looped by a pigboat so close to Cape Charles that you couldn't light a cigarette (a fag), there was that much oil in the air. Moreover, twelve cans had left The Roads two minutes Mex to run down the U-boat. Bumboat had got it from a CPO (a chief petty officer) who was ear-banging a maverick who was a sparks at the base. Moreover, suddenly the town was full of Limies. That meant that a couple of British warships had steamed in for repairs or refueling or had been chased in. Solly was full of news. Bumboat had told him that the town was reeking with G-men from the F.B.I. And they were wearing blues, enlisted-man blues, making out they were sailors. They were trying to run down information leaks. Ten minutes after a convoy arrived in The Roads everybody on the beach knew all about it—how many ships in the convoy, what troops were aboard, where they were going. Solly said that he could tell them how the information got out—by telephone. And he could tell them who spread the news—Navy wives and sweethearts who had received the telephone messages.

"It only takes one call," said Solly. "One guy, maybe on the mail detail, phones his wife or some twist. She phones her girl friend that she's just heard from her Mac and that her Mac says this. And pretty soon every gal from Ben Morreell (the government apartments for enlisted men's families) to East Main Street knows it and is writing to her folks.

Solly gave us another tidbit. The night before, a couple of Limies were

EVEN MY BEST FRIENDS TELL ME

"There is no better bristle than Pro-phy-lac-tic PROLON!"

Du Pont chemists have outdone the hog by producing long-lasting synthetic bristle!

The only Tooth Brush in the World with . . .

1 ROUND-END BRISTLE

PROLON "ROUND-END"

ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photo-Micrographs

2 SIX MONTHS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

No doubt about it! Today's finest synthetic bristle comes from du Pont.

And "Prolon" is Pro-phy-lac-tic's name for the most costly grade of du Pont's (nylon) bristle.

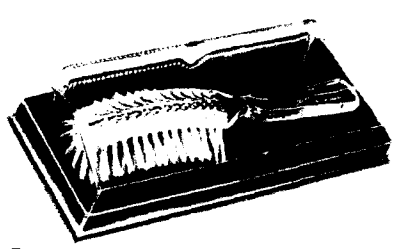
So, when you hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself how the *same du Pont bristle in another brush under another name* can last longer than it does under the name "Prolon" in a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. The answer is obvious . . . *it can't!*

"Prolon", on the other hand, has a mighty important *plus* over any other synthetic bristle sold under any other name . . . *only "Prolon" is rounded at the ends!* See for yourself, in the photo-micrographs, the difference between the rounded bristle-ends of "Prolon" and the harsh, jagged points of ordinary bristle. *Think of the difference on your gums!*

Every Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush carries a money-back 6 months guarantee—a clear-cut guarantee of complete satisfaction for, at the very least, 6 full months of use! *That's* how sure we are of the dependability . . . and durability! . . . of the new Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic with round-end "Prolon" bristle!

Hair Brushes in Gleaming, Gem-like Plastic!

Another Pro-phy-lac-tic triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in clear plastic . . . in a choice of four gleaming, jewel-colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant bristles of du Pont Prolon. $1.50 to $10.00 —at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*



Jewelite Brushes *by* **Pro-phy-lac-tic**

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12 WAYS
YOUR CAR L

Famous Friendly Means Even to Car Owners in

1 CHECK TIRE PRESSURE...ONCE A WEEK. Overinflated tires wear at the center. Underinflated tires wear faster on the shoulders. Incorrect inflation can increase wear 25%.

2 CHECK WHEEL ALIGNMENT...Ea. 5000 MILES. Incorrect wheel balance and alignment are important sources of tire wear that should be watched for and corrected at once. Tread cuts and bruises should also be promptly repaired to prevent separation of the tread from the cord body.

3 SWITCH TIRES . . . Ea. 5000 MILES. The right rear tire, for example, wears twice as fast as the left front. Switching evens the wear. Makes the set last longer.

4 INSPECT BATTERY... EVERY 2 WEEKS. See that the battery is filled to safe level. Also check to make sure connections are tight...that a faulty generator is not overdraining the battery ...and, most important, that battery is kept charged to full capacity.

5 CHANGE MOTOR OIL...AT REGULAR INTERVALS. Buy good motor oil. And don't wait for the oil to become grit-filled, gasoline-diluted. Regular oil change aids long engine life.

6 FLUSH COOLING SYSTEM...TWICE A YEAR Accumulated dirt and oil in the radiator prevent heat from being carried away from red-hot valves and combustion chambers. A clean cooling system helps the engine of your car deliver long, thrifty mileage.

7 LUBRICATE CHASSIS . . . Ea. 1000 MILES Careful, thorough lubrication does more than any other service to prolong the life of your car. Have an expert, who knows the requirements of *your* car, do this important job.

8 SERVICE SPARK PLUGS...Ea. 5000 MILES Dirty spark plugs can decrease gasoline mileage as much as 15%. Your spark plugs should be inspected, cleaned, and regapped regularly.

9 WAX AND POLISH BODY...Ea. 3 MONTHS The finish on modern bodies lasts many years if properly treated. This is an all too frequently disregarded step in making cars last.

10 CLEAN AIR FILTER . . . Ea. 2000 MILES This cleaning job should be done more frequently in dusty

GIVE YOUR CAR A FRE

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TO MAKE AST LONGER

Service More 1942!

riving. A dirty air filter strangles your ngine...wastes gasoline...and permits rit to enter your engine.

11 CHANGE GEAR OIL...TWICE A YEAR. Modern gears operate under pressures up to 300,000 pounds er square inch. It is important to se- ure the right type of oil for your par- icular kind of gears. Have oil level hecked every 1000 miles.

12 CLEAN OIL FILTER...Ea. 8000 MILES. A dirty, clogged oil filter is worse than none at all. It acts as a ource of grit and grime that works ack into your motor...promotes ex- essive engine wear.

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Magnolia Petroleum Company
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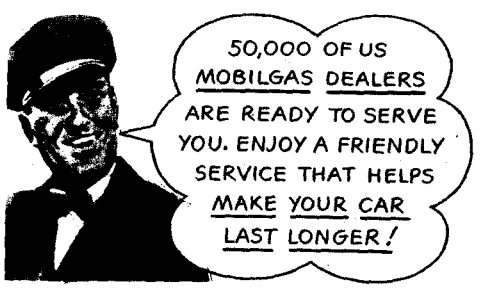

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SH START AT YOUR FRIENDLY MOBILGAS DEALER'S

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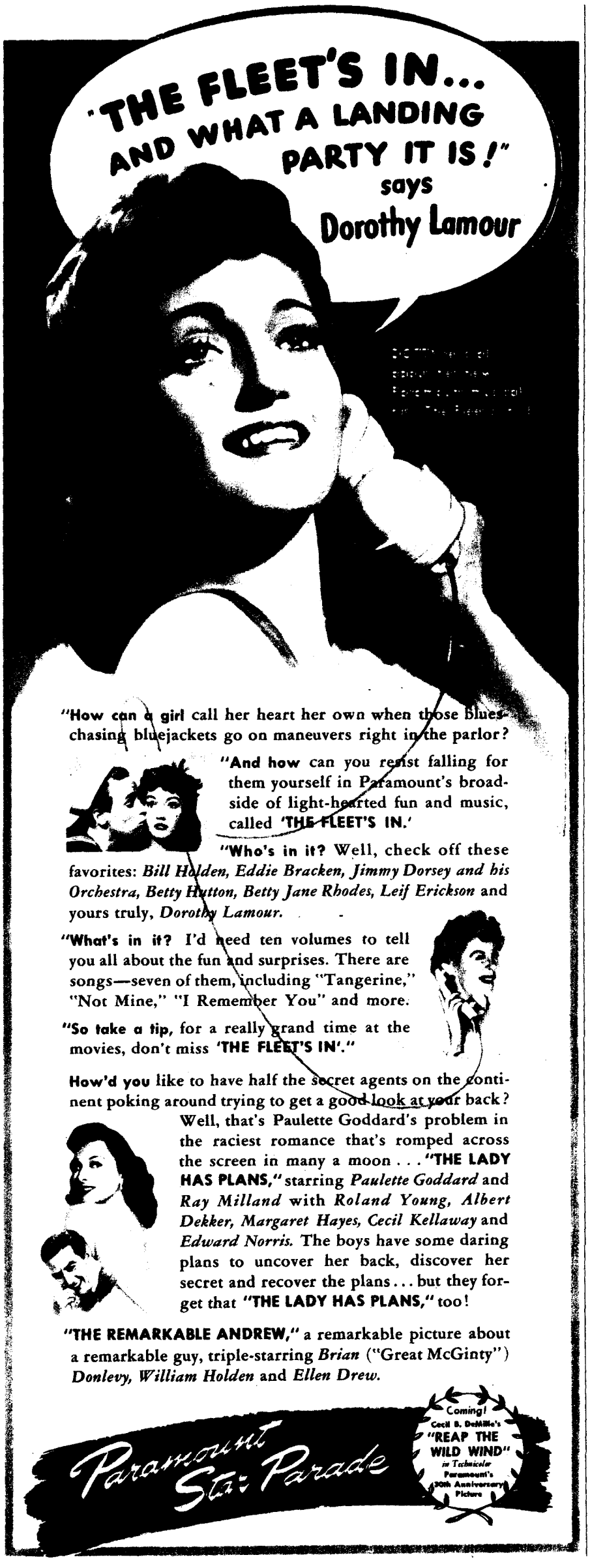

"How can a girl call her heart her own when those blues-chasing bluejackets go on maneuvers right in the parlor?

"And how can you resist falling for them yourself in Paramount's broadside of light-hearted fun and music, called 'THE FLEET'S IN.'

"Who's in it? Well, check off these favorites: *Bill Holden, Eddie Bracken, Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra, Betty Hutton, Betty Jane Rhodes, Leif Erickson* and yours truly, *Dorothy Lamour.*

"What's in it? I'd need ten volumes to tell you all about the fun and surprises. There are songs—seven of them, including "Tangerine," "Not Mine," "I Remember You" and more.

"So take a tip, for a really grand time at the movies, don't miss 'THE FLEET'S IN'."

How'd you like to have half the secret agents on the continent poking around trying to get a good look at your back? Well, that's Paulette Goddard's problem in the raciest romance that's romped across the screen in many a moon . . . "THE LADY HAS PLANS," starring *Paulette Goddard* and *Ray Milland* with *Roland Young, Albert Dekker, Margaret Hayes, Cecil Kellaway* and *Edward Norris.* The boys have some daring plans to uncover her back, discover her secret and recover the plans . . . but they forget that "THE LADY HAS PLANS," too!

"THE REMARKABLE ANDREW," a remarkable picture about a remarkable guy, triple-starring *Brian* ("Great McGinty") *Donlevy, William Holden* and *Ellen Drew.*

Paramount Star Parade

Coming! Cecil B. DeMille's "REAP THE WILD WIND" in Technicolor Paramount's 20th Anniversary Picture

walking down Main. A marine had asked them what they were doing in port—whether they had come in to take a bath. That's standard—that bath crack. Yankee sailors say that the British always need a bath, that they never take one on board and that they never wash their ears anyway. But the Limies replied that they hadn't come ashore for a bath but to see whether the Yanks had sewn that additional stripe on their flag—the yellow one. And that started it. There was a hell of a fight and Limies weren't getting any more liberty in American ports.

Thus primed, we left The Stars and Stripes Forever, Inc. and went into Norfolk. Solly was right about there being no love lost between the British and the American sailors. To go into the reasons would be dull futility. Besides we haven't the time. Just take it for the fact it is that they don't like each other. And if you have any doubts ask them. Or better, spend a few days in ports where they mingle.

There is one thing that will strike you first off: British shore patrolmen never travel alone or even in pairs. They always patrol accompanied by the Yankee SP—a Yank on either side. Actually this is because the Britisher is supposed not to know his way around, being in a foreign port and unfamiliar with the spots wherein sailors are likely to get into trouble. But the Yankee sailor ascribes it to a safety first policy. Occasionally the Limey will do something defiant about this and we were lucky to be sitting in the Shamrock when one of them did.

A Matter of the King's Honor

He's a big, stolid guy with a large oblong face that is never quite clean. Like most of the British sailors, he seems much older than the Yanks. He looks like British navy traditions—the tarry wig and the varnished hat and all that. An old Nelsonian. His attitude toward authority is different too, being stiffly deferential in the presence of his superiors, even his noncommissioned superiors. He knows his place. But the Yankee sailor takes his superiors in an easy stride, manifesting no inferiority whatever. It's all a matter of class consciousness, the Limey sailor being packed with it and the Yank having little or none.

This Limey SP was reeking with it. His bearing, his manner, his scornful attitude had won him the title of His Lordship. Too, they had won him many personal indignities which even his watchful flankers, the American SP's, weren't able to prevent. Liberties were taken with his person when his back was turned. Beer was spilled down his neck as he strode majestically through crowded beer halls. The girls asked him questions that would embarrass any man—sailor or civilian, British or Yank. He stood it as long as possible. To him it had become a matter of the honor of the King's Nay-vee.

So we were sitting in the Shamrock shooting the breeze with a bunch of sailors when His Lordship came in unescorted. A sudden hush fell on the crowded place. The Shamrock is one of the more popular wine and beer joints in Norfolk. It's as big and draughty as a roller skating rink. It has four-place stalls around the walls. Its floor is a soft reddish brown that you'd spend a fortune in wax for, and not get, on your own home floor boards. Only floods of spilled beer danced in by thousands of sailors and their twists can give a floor that umbery hue. The walls are a fury of patriotic mural, painted, Mac said, in the dark by a nine-bells pigboat wreck with a swab and a bucket of blood. In the event that you're not clear about who painted the Shamrock's walls we explain that Mac (any sailor) meant that they'd been done by a screwball veteran of the submarine fleet. The rest should be simple enough.

Anyway, the Shamrock's a swell free-and-easy with nothing west of the bar to break. That, you understand, is as it should be, something that beer-joint and dance-hall owners have learned in all Navy base ports. When a thousand sailors gather together and turn on the juice something is apt to get pushed around a bit. So we were sitting there drinking our beer and winning the war when His Lordship entered, looking as usual as if we all smelled bad. You could tell by the set of his shoulders that he wasn't quite sure what he was going to pay for his bravado from step to step.

A Victory for the British

The sailors in the place clammed up as if the Admiral had stepped in. The girls squealed a little, half apprehensive and half admiring His Lordship for his nerve. Zonie, our waitress, who was having an apple wine on us, standing at the end of the booth, put down her glass, stepped back two or three paces and addressed the United States Navy something like this:

"The first one of you sweethearts to lay a hand on that Limey, I'm going to lower a boom on."

Zonie weighs about a hundred and seventy-five and it doesn't do to get her sore. Before settling down in Norfolk as a beer-joint waitress she, like Solly's wife, was a sea gull. She has been married four times in the Navy and the marines, and her enemies say (and only a bitter enemy would say this) that at sixteen she was married to a soldier.

Anyway she put down her drink and stood well out on the floor, warning all and sundry to lay off His Lordship. It wasn't that she cared for him particularly; she had merely set up as a protectress of H.M.S. for auld lang syne. His Lordship mutton-footed it down the length of the floor after the manner of a slow truck chugging its way through traffic. His horse face was set and haughty, his thumbs were hooked in his belt like a Whitechapel bobby. Almost stately, he plodded through the ribald throng of Yank sailors and marines, suffering with lofty scorn their Bronx cheers and similar assurances of low regard. When he had quarterdecked it as far as the back wall, he gave the painting of a cockeyed Uncle Sam a brief patronizing glance and wheeled, sweeping his bedevillers with ponderous disdain. Slowly and beefily he made for the door. He spoke only once—when he passed Zonie.

"Atta boy, Limey," she had cried. "Ya good old fathead. Atta boy."

"Evenin', m'gel, evenin'," replied His Lordship. "Yer lookin' hextrodinary fine. Evenin' to you."

And that broke the spell. The Yanks let out a resounding roar of approval. They'd switched to His Lordship's side, bawling for him to come back and have a beer. Zonie became the moment's heroine. They called her "m'gel" and until His Lordship was hopelessly beyond hearing they bade him toodle-oo, pip-pip and cheerio. But His Lordship had kidney-footed up the street, his eyes still focused on the tip of his red nose, his mouth still pursed with unutterable and unuttered scorn. To celebrate his memory, beer was ordered all around and Zonie and the other waitresses charged to the bar playing their trays like tambourines. The Virginia law limits such legal places as the Shamrock to beer and wines. Of the latter, apple wine is the favorite. Try it sometime when you're feeling reckless.

Zonie came back to finish hers and to tell us about her job. She gets six dol-

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lars a week and a percentage on everything she sells. Beer costs ten cents, two cents going into her pocket. The best wine in the house costs twenty-five cents a shot. She gets six cents of that. If she puts your dime in the juke box she gets four cents. Before the war, with the whole fleet in Hampton Roads, Zonie might make from forty to fifty dollars a week in salary, commissions and tips, particularly after pay-day. As it is, she's lucky to make twenty-five. She knows more about a given ship's personnel than its executive officer does. She knows more that happens in the base and in The Roads than the Navy Intelligence does. She's not for sale and neither are the vast majority of her sister waitresses. But she knows all the professionals and all about them.

A kid sailor was passing us with a money-frail at his side. Zonie looked them over coldly, then hooked her large, strong hand into his arm. He was a nice-looking kid—fuzz-cheeked.

"Boot, ain't you?"

"Yeah."

"How long?"

"A month, six weeks," he grinned.

Zonie turned to the girl, shoved her off a little and, putting her face close, talked low. The professional's face got red, her right hand drifted back a little. But she didn't move it forward.

"So take you out of here—alone," said Zonie. "Pick on somebody your size."

The girl left and Zonie turned to the boot.

"Listen, boot. Give yourself a break."

Zonie has done that lots of times.

"So what?" she asks. "I got a kid of my own. Eight years old."

This Isn't Norfolk

We left the Shamrock and did the rest of the spots—the Arab's Tent, the Royal Palm, the Mickey Mouse, the Krazy Kat and all the rest of them. They're all pretty much alike. We resisted Professor LaPaz's offers to tattoo Rock of Ages on our chest. We didn't take up a lady's bet that she could take off her jodhpurs and put them on again in two minutes flat. We didn't care. But it was surprising that so many ladies of the Norfolk night wear jodhpurs—plus come-and-get-it sweaters, and pumps. We saw a marine corporal make the nasty mistake of shoving a rookie soldier from Fort Story off the pavement. The soldier gave him a horrific pasting and then, wisely, vanished because marines were pouring out of the near-by halls of Montezuma.

We'll be accused, of course, of giving the impression that all Norfolk's like this at night. And that will be foolish, because it isn't so. Outside the beer joints, the dance halls, the speaks and the bordellos, Norfolk at night is as respectably dull as any corresponding section of any other town. . . .

What was it that we were doing before dropping in at The Stars and Stripes Forever, Inc.? Ah, yes; the housing situation. Perhaps you've heard something about that. To relieve the housing shortage, the government and private operators—the latter with Federal Housing Administration funds and under federal supervision—have spun up nearly ten thousand neat, little, low-rent dwellings. At least 2,500 more will be necessary to catch up with the demand in the Hampton Roads area. Within the naval base they're erecting fine dormitories for unmarried workers.

Landlady's Gold Mine

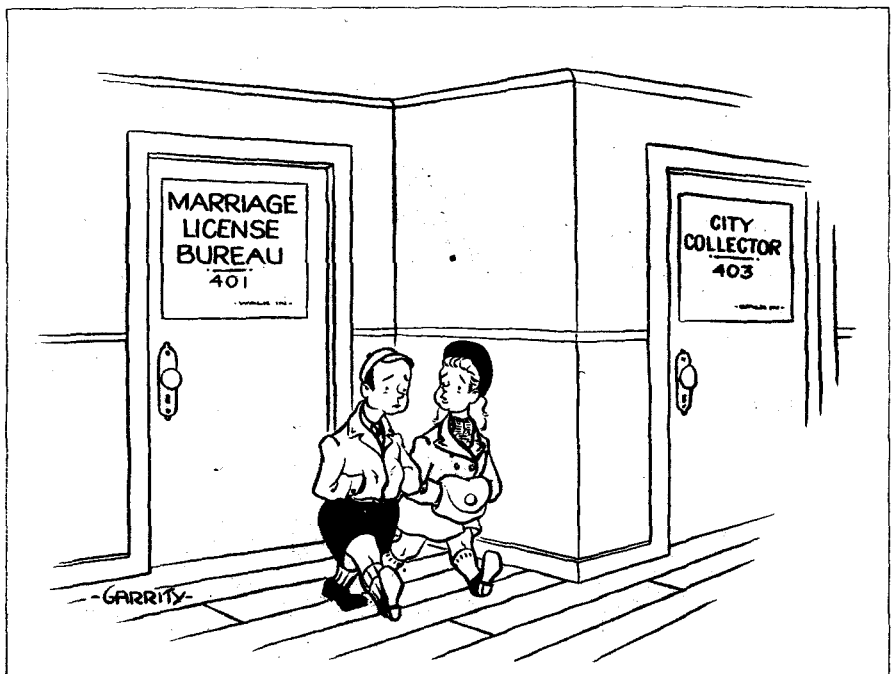
But Norfolk's, Portsmouth's and Newport News' landladies are still packing them in, six, eight and ten to the room, sleeping them in shifts. That way they're getting as much as sixty and eighty dollars a room per week. We heard of one landlady who has three rooms of her six-room home bringing in money like that. That is, she was doing it until the city authorities, struggling through the government debris that the boom brought down upon them, invoked the health laws upon her.

"I'm a free American citizen," the outraged woman protested. "You can't do this to me."

"Okay," replied the health officer, "you're a free American citizen. Only for a while try being free some other way."

P. S. . . . Things happen fast in Norfolk. Our scout has just telephoned us. He says that the Hollywood place has just been raided and that one of the trailer-camp landlords has raised his rent so he can buy more Defense Bonds. Solly lost control one night soon after we were there and his place was almost wrecked by hoodlums who accused him (wrongfully, we're sure) of setting the law on the Hollywood place. His Lordship's ship has sailed, taking His Lordship with it. Our agent told us several other things about troop transports, torpedoed tankers and bashed-in battlewagons and birdboats. But we can't write about that. But the thing he told us that gave us most pleasure was:

"Zonie sends her love and says, thanks, she'll have another apple wine."



"Don't feel bad, Morton. I admire you for trying!"

MARTIN GARRITY

The
ENERGY VALUE
of bread is high. One slice yields about 65 calories — sufficient to enable a man to walk a mile or to think for an entire day.

Better Breads are baked with Dextrose Sugar

THE PRINCIPAL INGREDIENT of modern bread is selected wheat flour. It is reinforced with liberal quantities of milk, malt, Dextrose, sucrose, shortening, salt and yeast. The finished loaf, fragrant and colorful, abounds in essential nutrients, processed under the most scientific controls.

THE MOST PROGRESSIVE BAKERS in America use Dextrose because this pure sugar gives their breads the color and bloom, the texture and eating quality the public prefers.

YES, BETTER BREADS *are* baked with Dextrose. Fortunately, you can buy them almost *everywhere* in America.

★

Each year, more bakers are adopting Dextrose as a prime ingredient of their breads, rolls, biscuits and crackers.

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One of the Producers of Pure Dextrose Sugar
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CHIEF KROOT BLOODY WORKS, FEARSOME CANNIBAL CHIEF, SAYS...
"WOOGY RAH RAH COOLER-DOOLER AIR-CONDITIONED WRIGHT AIR-FLOW HATS"

YOU: *"Swell, chief, but what . . ."*

CHIEF: "Simply this—Wright Air-Flow Hat is *air-conditioned!"*

YOU: *"Look out now, chief . . . you don't mean to tell me there's such a thing as an air-conditioned hat!"*

CHIEF: "Woosk! (Absolutely.) You see Wright Air-Flow Hat contains patented construction feature (U.S. Patent 2,218,590). This causes air to circulate continually inside hat, keeping wearer's head cool and comfortable."

YOU: *"Say, that sounds good."*

CHIEF: "And here's something else equally good—the smartly styled, hand-finished *100% waterproofed* (for the 'rainy season') WRIGHT MIRAKAL HAT."

(The chief's not joking. Reliable sources report that he's so sold on Wright Hats that he traded eight of his wives to get exclusive rights to these great hats on his island.)

Note that the Wright Air-Flow Hat is tops in *good looks* and *long wearing* qualities too. And you'll like the Wright Mirakal Hat also, because it, too, brings you smart styling . . . fine quality . . . and *100% water proofing.* See both of these great hats at your Wright Hat dealer's.

Wright Air-Flow Hats . . . $5.00 *and* $6.50
Wright Mirakal Hats $5.00

THE WRIGHT HAT
ROTHSCHILD BROTHERS HAT CO.
Since 1859
ST. LOUIS Manufacturers CHICAGO

Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 22

FAVORITE crack at one Pacific Northwest airport was pulled early one morning when the post was blacked out, and the men on special duty were sleeping on cots in the office barracks where they worked. The phone rang and Tech. Sgt. J. D. Kane of Riverside, Cal., leaped out of bed and headed in the general direction of the phone. *Wham* went his toe on the edge of a desk, and the sergeant gritted his teeth in pain. "I don't know how," he moaned finally, with admirable restraint, "they expect the Japs to find this place in the dark when I don't even know *my* way around."

COMBAT COMMAND

PAINE FIELD, Washington. This is no longer the mudhole tent encampment we described here last January 3d. A good many men, in fact, have moved from the tent city to frame barracks. To a layman, steam-heated quarters with floors, ceilings and other civilized trappings seem much more desirable than tents, but a lot of soldiers will take the latter any day. For one thing, tent life makes them hardier; sickness reports jump when men move into barracks. More important, there's comparative privacy in a tent; a guy can come in late, or turn on the radio and disturb only four or five bunkmates. In a barracks, a guy has maybe thirty men yelling at him to pipe down, or kibitzing his efforts to write a letter to the gal back home.

Col. A. C. Strickland, who commands the post, likes to wander around and find out how the boys fancy the going. Not so long ago he happened upon a new batch of recruits and stopped to watch one of them sourly eying his mess kit. Noticing the colonel, the recruit spoke his piece. "Do we," he asked, "have to eat off these things? I never could stand the sound of a fork scraping on a tin plate." The colonel almost smiled. "You'll get used to it," he said, "beginning tomorrow morning."

WAR DEPT. OVERHEAD

FORT LAWTON, Seattle. Ring fans know Oscar Palucci, who, under the name of Mickey Paul, fought Tony Canzoneri a couple of times. Oscar's a corporal now, and one of his jobs is to teach the boys how to handle their dukes. Lt. William J. Bowerman, Lawton's athletic director, hatched the idea of using Palucci in this capacity, and the first session was a lulu. Sixty guys showed up for a lesson and spent three hours skipping rope and executing fancy footwork. After they'd worked themselves drippy, the corporal reported to Lt. Bowerman. "Fine," said the lieutenant. "But where are the men now?" "Oh," explained Oscar, "I headed them down the road and told them to take a three-mile run. . . . The lieutenant had to relax the training standards considerably before any of the sixty reported for further exercise.

ANOTHER guy with a civilian specialty was, last we heard, practicing it at Lawton, but under somewhat strained circumstances. His name is Harvey Long, a professional magician who has done the Orpheum circuit and has a press book half a foot thick. Long, with a wife to support, wasn't due to be drafted for some time, so he decided to offer his services free to one of the traveling camp shows. Not knowing how to go about it, he moseyed down to the nearest Army headquarters and ended up in the recruiting office, where a top sergeant, with an eye to the day's unfilled enlistment quota, said, "Sure, buddy, I understand ya. We'll fix it up." As they tell it, the next thing Long knew, he was in khaki and assigned to a tent at Lawton. Since it's obviously easier to get into the Army than out of it, the case is quite a problem for fort authorities; but in the meantime, Magician Long amuses the boys if not himself with a bunch of nifty illusions.

FORT BENNING, Georgia. Remember George Hopkins? He's the gent who landed a parachute atop a mesa in Wyoming some months ago and got himself all over the front pages and into considerable trouble, since it cost something like $3,000 to get him down. Right now, he's a private at Benning and a recent graduate of the parachute school. "I don't care much for publicity," he said, "because it can hurt. I wasn't after publicity in Wyoming; I was trying to prove you could steer and land a parachute anywhere you wanted to under almost any sort of conditions. I've made 2,531 jumps since I was twelve, but I've had to learn the Army's way. It's swell."

PARRIS ISLAND, S. C. The original home of the Marines is a bustling installation, these days. Besides the Marines in training, there's a large number of men in the 31-to-50-year-old group who are learning to serve as guards, to relieve younger men for duty elsewhere. Most recent addition to the many branches of the Marines Corps is the formation of a glider unit. It isn't in operation yet, but experienced glider pilots are preparing the course and acquiring the necessary equipment. Keep poised for further announcements.

NEW RIVER, N. C. You wouldn't know the old place; it's developing into the largest Marine Corps base in the world. Most of the guys have been living in tents, but another camp is almost finished on the other side of nearby Jacksonville, and the Leathernecks ought to be moving into new brick barracks about now. There's a new one at Cherry Point, too. It'll be the biggest Marine air base going when it's all nailed together.

NAVAL TRAINING STATION, Norfolk, Va. Thrifty sailors with an eye to future financial security gave considerable thought during the past couple of months to an offer received by the Navy Department. From a City Mission in a small Tennessee town, described on its letterhead as "a place to uplift the fallen, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked and to preach the Bible every night at 8 o'clock," came the offer: "Wishing to express our interest in helping to defeat our enemy (the Japs), we offer the price of one Defense Bond to the first boy who will destroy the first Japanese battleship in the month of January, 1942. We may offer another prize in the month of February." All returns haven't been filed, but it begins to look as though the City Mission will have to wait until the end of this month.

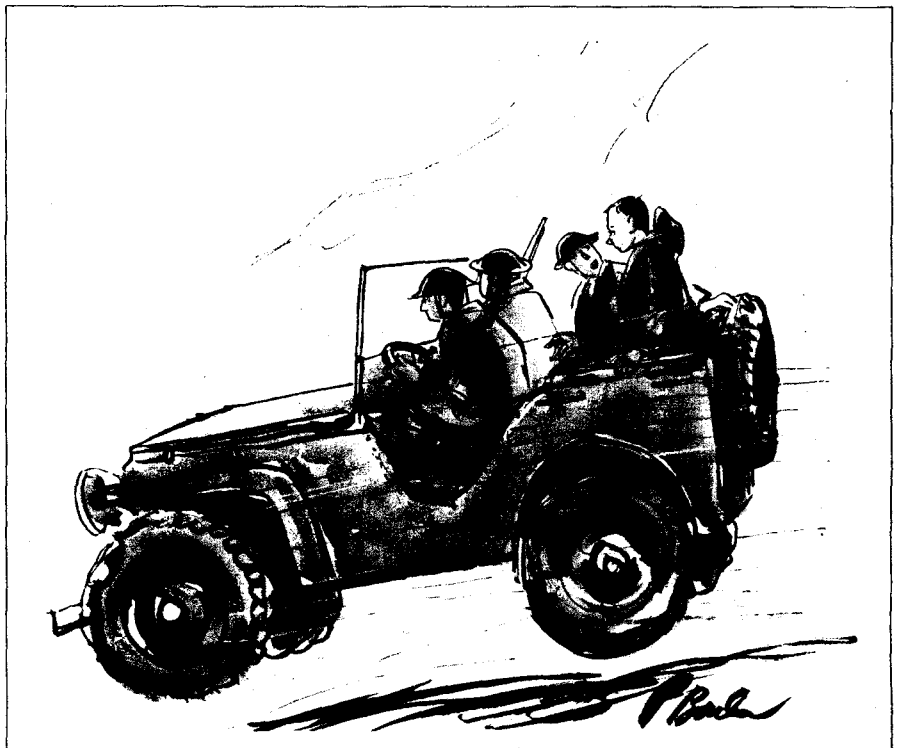
A FEW of the thousands of recruits pouring into this station come from landlocked, mountain-bound communities where the prevailing sentiment is that somebody better do something about General Grant, and quickly. One of these, drawling softly to his master-at-arms about Naval affairs, remarked that his grandfather had been a sailor. "Uster swab out er gun on one o' Jeff Davis' ships with er chimney broom," said he. "That's interesting," commented the master-at-arms. "We don't have any of those guns any more." The recruit eyed him in disbelief. "You mean," he asked finally, "we're absolutely unprepared?"

GENERAL

OUR own Bureau of Unlocated Persons is pleased to report a result. In this corner for February 21st, we asked if anybody knew the whereabouts of the long-lost sister of Camp Shelby's Pvt. Ray Reimer. The long-lost sister herself read the item and rushed an air-mail letter to us, which we rushed to Pvt. Reimer. He was glad to get it, he says. "Now I have my family together," he writes, "and hope to keep it that way."

ANYBODY else looking for anybody?

G. W.



"Distinguish yourself, old boy, and who knows—some day Gary Cooper may act out your story" PERRY BARLOW

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First-Class Fighting Man

BACK of the American soldier is a tradition of valor that extends unbroken from Lexington and Saratoga to the mountains of Batan. Give him training and equipment and you can trust him to lick anything that moves on feet or wheels or wings.

The United States Army has a secret weapon . . . secret only because it can never be comprehended by dictator nations. *It is an army of free Americans,* willingly serving the land that made them free.

Today your country needs this spirit in its fighting men as never before. Here is *your* opportunity. Men 18 and 19 years old, with keenness, enthusiasm and daring, are especially desired. Thousands of patriotic young men are entering the Army through voluntary enlistment and the Selective Service System, and you can be one of them, sharing the comradeship and the splendid training of Army life. On the ground or in the air, there's a place where you are needed, *now.*

Call at the nearest Army Recruiting Station and get full details on how you can best serve your country.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED FOR PARACHUTE DUTY

Qualified men may now enlist direct from civilian life for service with the Army's parachute troops. Volunteers must be from 18 to 30 years old, alert, active, aggressive fighters, with strength and endurance. You can obtain full information from your local Army Recruiting Officers.

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to: "The Commanding General," of the Corps Area nearest you:

First Corps Area.....Boston, Mass.
Second Corps Area.....Governors Island, N. Y.
Third Corps Area.....Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Corps Area.....Atlanta, Ga.
Fifth Corps Area.....Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area.....Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area.....Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area.....Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or write to:

Enlisted Division F-4, A.G.O., Washington, D. C.

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

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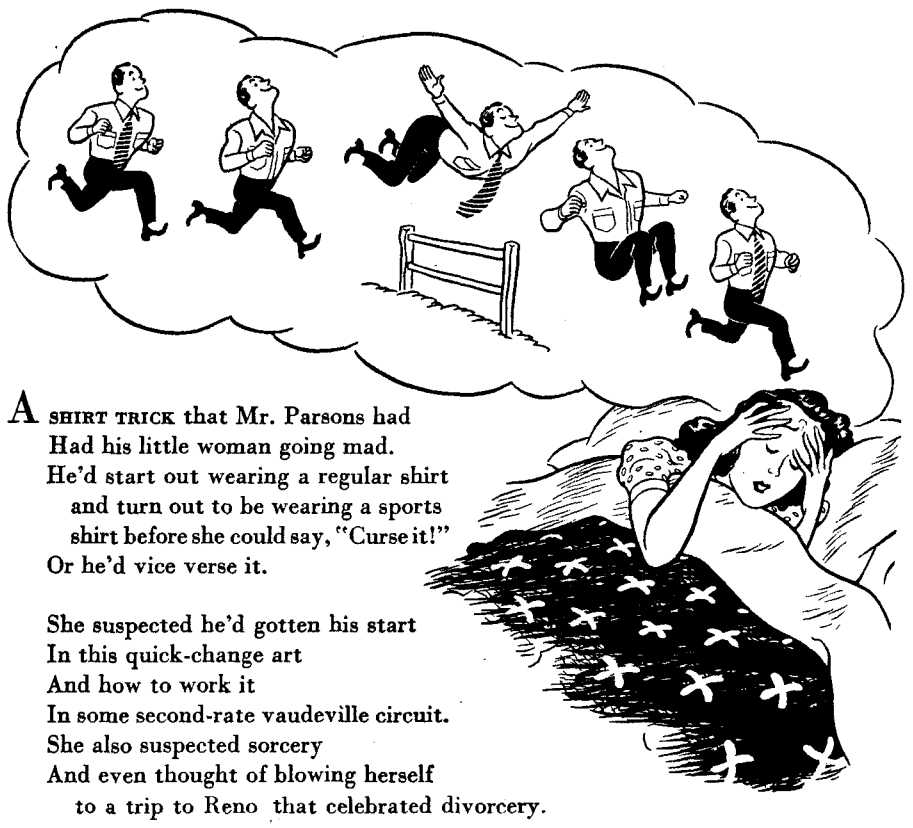

A SHIRT TRICK that Mr. Parsons had
Had his little woman going mad.
He'd start out wearing a regular shirt
and turn out to be wearing a sports
shirt before she could say, "Curse it!"
Or he'd vice verse it.

She suspected he'd gotten his start
In this quick-change art
And how to work it
In some second-rate vaudeville circuit.
She also suspected sorcery
And even thought of blowing herself
to a trip to Reno that celebrated divorcery.

One day, when he got home from work,
Mrs. P. decided to lurk
Quietly, so as not to unnerve him,
And observe him.

What she saw made her face fall:
He didn't change his shirt at all!
It was easy as pie:
He simply took off his coat and tie,
And opened the top button of his shirt
as any husband (slightly weary) 'ud.
Period.

Hearing your wife's face fall is not a
pleasant sound;
So Mr. P. gave ground
And decided no longer to trouble 'er.
"This shirt, my dear," he said, "is an
Arrow Doubler.
It can be worn as a sports shirt or a
regular shirt with equal ease
Primarily because its wonderful Arrow
Collar has points like these . . . "
(He alluded to the length of them.)
". . . also because of these anchored buttons . . ."
(and he commented briefly on the
strength of them.)
He indicated the two pockets,
Suitable for combs, pencils, tees, lockets.
He referred to the "Mitoga" figure-fit
And how the waist didn't bunch a bit.
He pointed to the Sanforized label
Which proved that shrinkage would
be less than 1%, in other words,
the size was stable.

And while he was telling her what we've been quoting
He reconverted his Doubler back from a sports shirt to a regular shirt
without her ever noting.

ARROW SHIRTS

A new shirt free if one shrinks out of fit!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y. ★ BUY U.S. DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Bite of Death

Continued from page 15

Howard Taylor Ricketts of Findlay, Ohio, and Stanislas von Prowazek of Germany.

It is passed from man to man by the body louse. This fact, suspected for two hundred years, was nailed down early in this century. First, a Russian worker proved the transmissibility of typhus by injecting himself with blood from a sick man. He promptly got the disease. Next, Charles Nicolle of the Pasteur Institute passed typhus from one monkey to another by means of a louse.

Among humans, the louse fastens itself to the skin and drills its way to the blood stream. Then it shoots saliva into the opening—to keep blood from coagulating while it feeds. If the louse is infected, this action gives the bitten man a hypodermic shot of typhus microbes.

The Invisible Terror

This has undoubtedly happened to thousands of German soldiers huddled in frigid misery on the Eastern front. The reactions of all are about the same. At first the bite causes no more concern than a mosquito bite. Ten days pass without any outward symptoms—but sudden death is brewing in the body. Then a raging fever appears, perhaps 105 degrees. Outside temperatures don't matter. The thermometer may hang at 40 degrees below zero, but the man feels as if he were roasting alive.

His heart pounds at a furious rate. Teeth crust with mucus and there is intense thirst. About the fifth day a mulberry-colored rash appears—mostly on the abdomen and sides. Gradually these splotches darken, turning to a deep brown. For a while there is a maddening headache—then coma. Men lie, their eyes open and staring, in low, muttering delirium. The number of deaths depends on the epidemic, figures running from 20 to 60 per cent.

This is the disease Germans have been facing all winter and must face with increasing fury this spring. This is the sudden death they have been living—and dying—with in Odessa, Kharkov, Warsaw.

The Russians, having lived longer with typhus, are better able to care for themselves. They have devised elaborate sanitary precautions and it is possible that they have a protective vaccine. The Russians, notably tight-lipped, have said nothing about this, one way or another. But they have released a few facts about some of their combative efforts. They have elaborately equipped delousing trains. Soldiers enter at one end, strip, and their clothes are taken to a car for cleaning. Meanwhile the soldiers pass through steam rooms, showers and disinfectant baths.

Lacking these facilities, the Germans are making a frantic effort to protect themselves. Two typhus laboratories have been hastily set up—in Cracow and Lwów, both in Poland. But the weapon they have available to fight the disease is feeble indeed. It is a vaccine developed, ironically enough, by a Pole: Professor Rudolf Weigl of the University of Lemberg.

Weigl, pioneer typhus researcher, now a prisoner of war, made a significant discovery in 1920. He found that typhus microbes were concentrated in the intestines of lice. He reasoned that if he could recover these microbes, kill them and shoot them into men he might have a vaccine which would prevent the disease.

This thinking was the basis for one of the most elaborate vaccines ever made. To manufacture it, Weigl found it necessary to inject lice rectally with the virus of the disease—an incredibly delicate operation performed under the microscope. After this they must be fed on human beings. They are contained in a small cage with a gauze cover, which is strapped on the body. At first, Weigl and his wife acted as hosts in this revolting ritual. They could do it safely because both had survived typhus attacks and were immune.

After this feeding, during which microbes multiply, delicate surgery takes place. Again with the aid of a microscope, intestines are removed from the lice, ground up and made into a vaccine. Intestines from 100 lice are needed for a single shot of vaccine, and three shots are required to produce immunity.

This elaborate technique naturally holds production of vaccine to a minimum. Best estimates at the moment indicate that the Germans, who are using this method, are able to produce about 4,000 doses a month. This minute amount can't hope to stop the onslaught of typhus. It isn't enough to protect the German army from the sudden death loosed by its Fuehrer. Vaccinations are being limited to select personnel: prison guards, nurses, doctors. It is particularly important that medical men get protection. Typhus killed a third of the doctors in Serbia in 1915!

American researchers, meanwhile, have developed a vaccine that holds infinitely more promise. The man chiefly concerned in the work is Dr. Herald R. Cox, worker in the Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever Laboratory, maintained at Hamilton, Mont., by the United States Public Health Service. Cox, young, pleasant and billiard-ball bald, knew of the difficulties medical research men had encountered in attempting to grow typhus virus. Weigl had grown his in the intestines of lice. Nicolle at the Pasteur Institute had grown it in the brains of guinea pigs. From this material he made a tragic vaccine. He injected ten children. Six of them, instead of being protected, actually got the disease from the vaccine!

Working at Harvard, the late Hans Zinsser harvested virus from the abdominal cavities of rats. Ruiz Castañeda, a Mexican researcher, used the lungs of mice. All these methods had drawbacks: some were dangerous, others were worthless, all were difficult to prepare on a large scale. Then—this was in 1938—Cox had a happy hunch.

A Monumental Experiment

Workers at Vanderbilt University had demonstrated that certain viruses would grow in fertile eggs. All that was necessary was to drill a tiny hole in the egg, drop in a little virus and incubate the egg for a few days. The virus would multiply at an incredible rate. To Cox this looked like a possible way to get the huge concentrations of virus needed for vaccine. It was simple and safe. And safety was a big point, since typhus has the ugly habit of killing lab workers.

Everything worked beautifully. The egg cultures were a hundred to a thousand times as potent as those produced in animal tissues. They were only a little under those produced by Weigl in his lice. Here was the basis for a vaccine that could be made in million-dose lots. Possibly this egg juice could, once and for all, whip the greatest of all disease terrors.

Cox ran preliminary tests in guinea pigs. The new vaccine gave 80 per cent protection. The rest of the time, cases

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were mild and of short duration. After these experiments it was decided to try the vaccine on human beings.

The scene for the first test was set shortly after war started. Polish refugees were pouring through the mountain passes of northern Hungary —bringing typhus with them. Twenty-five hundred doses of the Cox vaccine were rushed to this area by American public-health workers. Five isolated villages were selected for the test: part of the people would get the vaccine, part wouldn't. Checking one group against the other would tell the story.

Everything was carefully and perfectly planned—then the test blew up! Germany invaded the Balkans, Hungary joined the Axis procession, and all records were lost beyond recovery.

Last year another opportunity for a test appeared. Spain had a small epidemic—10,000 known cases. Two men of the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation were at the scene: Drs. John H. Janney and John Snyder. They had about a thousand doses of Cox's vaccine.

Janney and Snyder hoped they could get a controlled experiment by using prisoners: half to get the vaccine, half to go without protection. Once again significant results were elusive. Populations in Spanish jails are too unstable. Prisoners would be released and disappear. Still, the work did reveal one interesting fact: Snyder and four lab assistants got typhus despite the fact that they had been vaccinated! On the surface this seems to indicate that the vaccine is valueless. Actually, it indicates nothing of the sort.

The disease that they had was meek and mild. Lab workers usually die when they get typhus. Snyder was slightly ill for a week and no rash appeared. So if the vaccine can give protection even of this order it can be considered a success. On top of this consideration note another fact: There is a certain amount of evidence that the louse cannot transmit mild typhus; that it must have a full-blown case to work on.

Both these first tests failed to give accurate evaluation of the vaccine. But one is now under way which may give the answer. It is one of the most ambitious field tests ever given a new weapon against death. It was set up by Dr. R. E. Dyer, veteran typhus researcher and head of all research with infectious diseases at the National Institute of Health; and his right-hand man, Dr. Norman Topping.

As locale for their test they chose the Altiplano region of Bolivia—the 12,000-foot plain hedged in by the Andes. This isolated segment of the earth, which contains some of the richest remnants of Inca civilization, is inhabited largely by Indian herders. As a rule, typhus makes a grisly visitation each year.

Dyer and Topping spent several months here last summer. Working with Bolivian health men, they administered something like 10,000 doses of vaccine; left another 10,000 people as checks. All that is needed for a final test is for typhus to strike. If it does, Dyer and Topping will rush down to Bolivia by plane. Anticipating good results, a number of laboratories are already at work manufacturing this vaccine.

There is very little likelihood of a bad epidemic breaking out in the United States. There was a small outbreak among Navajo Indians on the San Juan reservation in New Mexico in 1920, but it was quickly extinguished. Our first line of defense is the bathtub—one of history's greatest medical discoveries. Frequent bathing, a laudable American habit, prevents lousiness. And without lice there can be no typhus.

The other side of the Atlantic presents another problem. People are cold, hungry, huddled together in misery and degradation. "The necessary epidemic-producing factors are being assembled," says Dr. Dyer.

"He thought he'd go back a different way" CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

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Whenever wheels are changed front to rear they should be re-balanced. While proper balance is more necessary with front wheels, in bad cases of unstable car performance
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DRIVE IN TO YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

BEAR

STEERING SERVICE STATION

LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF THE BEAR

China Gold

Continued from page 24

know where he was. "Excuse me, Mom, for going to China first," he murmured. He had forgotten that this was a business trip. He was going to find Elaine.

RUDOLF HELGEL stood for a moment before he entered the new café on The Street of Flowers. It looked strange and out of place in the quiet, dusty street. The house had once been a shop, and the open front had now been made into glass windows. Looking into these glass windows, as some scores of Ta-ming people were now doing, one saw a few small red-painted tables, plenty of bright-colored paper streamers and several cheap pictures on the freshly white-washed walls. Bright red curtains were at the windows, and through the door opposite the windows there was the vista of a tree-shaded court with an occasional glimpse of a pretty girl. Large glass lanterns of the Peking variety hung from the beams of the main room, but these were not lighted, for it was midmorning.

Nor was there any business being done at this hour. The doors were closed and upon them was an announcement that the café opened at five o'clock in the afternoon and stayed open until five in the morning. The people of Ta-ming pressed against the windows, however, their noses flat on the glass, and stared unwinkingly into the room.

"Let me pass, please," Rudolf said pleasantly.

They parted with startled faces at the sound of his voice and he knocked sharply upon the closed door. An old Chinese manservant came slowly from the inner court, coughing and knocking the ash from his water pipe. He opened the door wide enough to allow his face to peer through.

"Is the mistress of the business in?" Rudolf inquired.

The old man opened the door wide enough to allow the German to enter, then beckoning with a thrust of his chin, he led the way into the inner court. Two girls sat there on small bamboo stools embroidering satin shoes. They looked up with shy smiles as Rudolf passed, but did not speak. He neither spoke nor smiled but followed the old man into a small room furnished in a foreign manner. Helen Kung sat at a desk. She rose as Rudolf entered.

"Good morning," she said. She spoke in German and once more Rudolf had that wave of homesickness. When would he hear his own tongue again in his homeland? Perhaps never—never certainly, if it were known there what he was doing here.

"Sit down, please," she said.

He sat down, resolute upon the two purposes of his coming. But Helen Kung behind her desk looked at him without seeming to see him. She had known men of many countries, and she had known them well.

"This man," she thought, "is simple and good. He is sentimental and he will do what I wish."

"You mentioned the name of Miss Elaine Brian," Rudolf said. His voice was harsher than usual in the excess of his discomfort in this woman's presence and the golden red hairs on the back of his thick neck rose. He thought of his mother in a little town in Bavaria. She was still alive and she was one of the reasons why he did not go back to Germany. If he should get into trouble, as certainly he would if he went home, that trouble might be visited upon her. But how she would hate this woman with these long, half-Chinese eyes!

"How is it you can know anything about that young lady?" he asked harshly.

Helen Kung gave him her melancholy smile.

"I do not know her, it is true," she said gently. "I have only seen her once. But I have for ten years been—the—the—friend of Elton Field, the American who is now in love with Miss Brian. You will understand—that I have my own reasons for not wanting him to marry another woman."

Rudolf Helgel swallowed twice and the veins in his red face began to swell. He rose. "If this is all you wish to tell me—"

"It is not all," she said with sudden sharpness. These simple men were always stubborn!

He did not sit down. He stood, barely looking at her in his distaste. "I do not like to hear her name mentioned in this place," he said in a low voice.

"Nevertheless, it is better that you hear what I have to say," she replied. Strange that she could still be wounded after all these years by a man's unwillingness to speak another woman's name in her presence! But she was wounded. "What would you say if I told you Elton Field had cabled to her father to come and get her? Yes, he has cabled through the Japanese military headquarters here that she is in danger in Ta-ming and that she must be taken away."

"How do you know?" he asked.

"There is nothing I do not know," she said wearily. She meditated whether or not she would tell him that the Japanese captain himself had told her when he was drunk.

RUDOLF stood hesitating between doubt and belief. Why should the woman tell him this if it were a lie? Yet if it were true, what of it for Elaine? It seemed to him now that actually he knew very little of Elaine. He had avoided her for many days, ever since he knew he loved her and had told Father Valerian so. But if it were true that the cable had been sent, then Father Valerian ought to know of it. There might be more in its meaning than he himself understood.

"Is this all?" he asked Helen Kung. He perceived again and unwillingly and without liking her any better for it that she was an extremely beautiful woman, for whom, if a man allowed himself to love her, he would desperately do anything. He was thankful that he could not love her. No, even if he had not come to love Elaine, he would not have loved this one. There was no place for a man's roots in a woman like this. She could be disturbance in his blood and wine to his flesh, but there was no earth in her into which his roots might be put down. In spite of all the strangeness of his life, he was still old-fashioned about women.

These thoughts were written plainly upon his red face and in his small clear blue eyes, and she read them with almost entire accuracy. She changed her mind suddenly. She would tell him everything.

"No, it is not all," she said negligently. "I will not go into details, but I will tell you more that I know. I know that you plot with the guerrilla Siao and I know that a guerrilla attack upon the city is planned and that you are advising the leaders upon the attack."

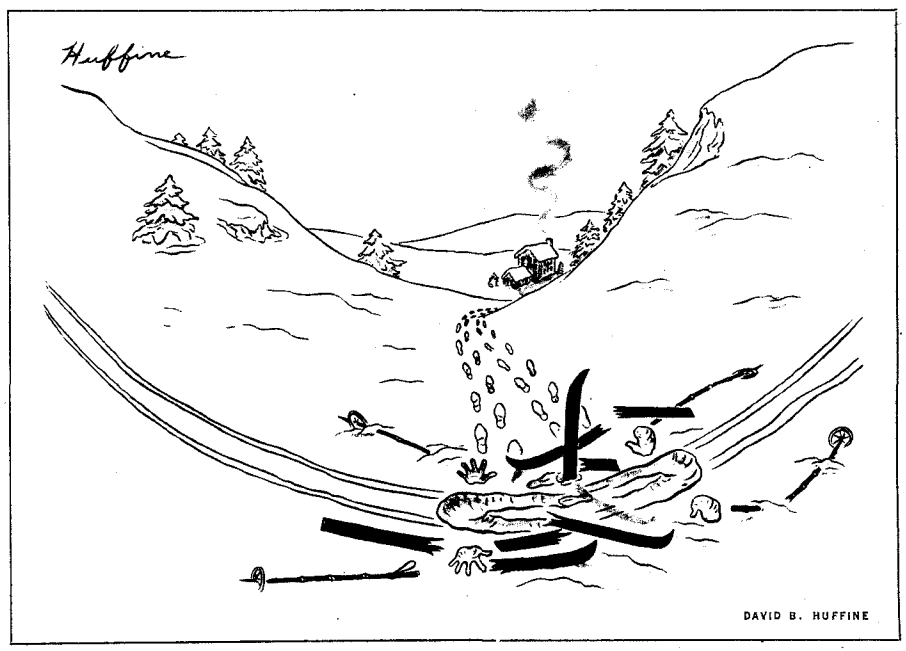
SHE had learned of this from the pretty girl she had brought from the village, the sister of the guerrilla captain. She had not known that day that the young girl who had first offered herself was his sister. It was only later that she found it out. She was good to her girls, and they had come to like her and to chatter freely in her presence. But this had not been chatter. The young girl Mei-su had come to love her with one of the sudden adorations which a young girl gives to an older one. It was a touching adoration and, half-ashamed that she could love anyone, Helen Kung had responded as to a child.

Thus from Mei-su she had learned of the terror of that day when the Japanese had entered their little village and had dragged out ten of its young girls. Of the ten, only the four had lived through the three nights and days while they had been kept. Helen had listened to the girl's sobs as she retold the horrible story. Her face had been cold and still as she listened. But she had not forbidden the girl.

"Tell me all that you wish to tell me," she had said. "It will ease you." To herself she thought, "Here is one young girl who has suffered more than I did."

It was from Mei-su that she had learned of the plot to retake the city. Fury had suddenly dried the girl's eyes. She had leaned forward to whisper: "But it will not go on forever! My brother—he is the captain of the Hill and Water men. They are planning to take the city back!"

Helen had understood why the German was in that earth-walled room with the young Chinese. Now she saw that



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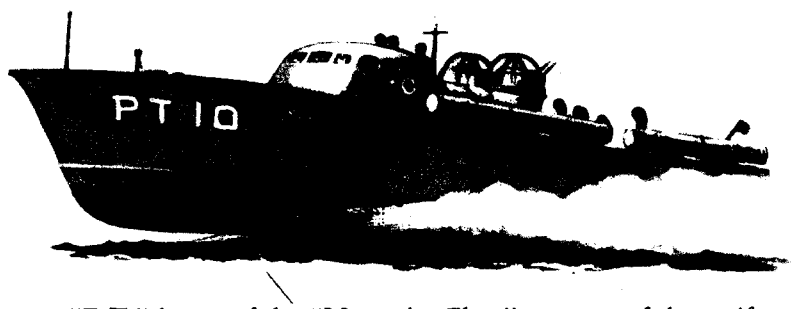
CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



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this knowledge might be a weapon to her.

She went on half idly to Rudolf: "I know this, but I have told no one. The Japanese do not know—not yet."

She did not seem to look at him. She seemed to be playing with her tea bowl. But she saw the astonishment in his eyes. He did not answer for a moment while he dealt with what she had told him. Someone had told her, he thought, some one of the girls, doubtless, whom she had brought here—yes, it might even be the sister of Captain Siao. He sat down again. He kept his voice very quiet, his eyes level upon hers.

"I have almost forgotten my other purpose here. I am commissioned to bring back to her family the daughter of the Siao."

"This German is not quite stupid," Helen Kung thought. Her eyes flickered away from his and she lit a cigarette.

"I shall not keep here a girl who wishes to go home," she said, "but neither will I force her to go if she wishes to stay. I will send for her."

She clapped her hands and from outside the door where he had been waiting lest he be called Li-hua came into the room.

"Bid Mei-su come to me," she said.

"Ha," he said obediently, and went away.

They waited, neither speaking. Each was trying to discover in this silence what the other was thinking. The door opened again and a young girl came in. Rudolf did not remember ever having seen her before, but he knew now who she was because she looked like her brother. It was a bold young face, but the eyes were too sad.

"Mei-su," Helen Kung said in Chinese but did not introduce her. "This German foreigner comes from your brother, and he says your family wish you to come home. Your brother is not willing for you to stay with me."

Mei-su did not sit down. She listened until Helen had finished speaking and then she answered quickly, standing where she was, the words pouring out of her:

"Tell this foreigner I will not come home! What is there for me to do there? What man will marry me? You may say that now people do not think of marriage. My brother says women should think how they can fight against the enemy. Then tell him that is why I am here. Tell my brother I have my own ways to fight against the enemy. I will wound and kill more of the enemy here in this house than I could if I came home or if I went into his armies!"

"You understand Chinese?" Helen Kung turned to the German to ask. She knew he must understand some Chinese else he could not be plotting with the guerrillas, but did he understand all that this young girl meant?

"I can understand," he said. "I will tell her brother."

He was anxious to be gone and he rose, bowed and clicked his heels and went away.

Behind him the young girl fell on her knees. "May I ask something of you, Elder Sister?"

HELEN KUNG drew back from the worship in the young face. Mei-su looked very different at this moment from the dusty-haired young village girl she had been. She had learned quickly how to make her hair smooth and black with fragrant oil, and how to tint her cheeks and lips the proper shades of rose and scarlet. Adoration was only more startling in the beauty of this face. It made Helen quiver and feel humble, and she disliked feeling humble.

"What is it you wish to ask?" she replied.

"Only this," Mei-su said eagerly,

"Postage, defense, sugar, gasoline or automobile?" ROLAND COE

"when you go away, if ever you go away from this place, will you take me with you? I want to be with you always—your younger sister, your daughter—"

No one in all her life had asked to stay with Helen forever, no one except the old Li-hua, and what was he? The thought of this devotion, this childlike love, was suddenly sweet. She put out her hand and touched the girl's cheek with true timidity.

"I promise," she said.

IN HIS big house in the French concession of Shanghai, Elton Field read again a cable from Paul Brian: "My personal representative Larch Corpran reaches Hong Kong by clipper the seventeenth. Suggest you meet him there and proceed by plane to Ta-ming and return with my daughter. All expenses paid."

The cablegram had come this morning. He had barely time to get to Hong Kong. He smiled to himself and put the cablegram into his pocketbook. It might be useful to him as a credential, not only to Corpran, but to Elaine herself. It was not going to be easy to persuade her to leave Ta-ming, and he would have to help Corpran.

Meanwhile he felt very cheerful. His affairs were clearing themselves. He had succeeded in smuggling through a quantity of furs from the north, thanks to his excellent relations with the Japanese, and in return had been able to secure for them some shipments of oil, diverted from other destinations. The Japanese were having a hard time getting motor fuel to their widely separated garrisons, and what he had diverted would mean a good deal to them without meaning much to the cargo that had given them up—for a price. Everything was in excellent shape, he thought. He had not heard from Helen in weeks. She had come to her senses at last and had seen that he meant what he said. He was relieved when he saw his check returned from the bank and cancelled. She had taken his money and by that she had freed him.

He was a little less cheerful a few days later in Hong Kong when he first saw Larch Corpran. He had been prepared somehow for an oldish, or at least a middle-aged man to represent Paul Brian. Instead while he waited at the airfield, he saw a young fellow, all too good-looking, and obviously searching for someone. He could not believe it was Larch Corpran. Still, on the chance he went up to him.

"Do you happen to be Larch Corpran?"

He was horrified to see a hearty smile break across the too handsome face.

"I am," Larch said. "You're Field. I had nothing to go on."

"Nor I," Elton Field murmured. He was suddenly jealously aware that beside this young man he must look old, and that his suit made by the best tailor in-Shanghai still did not have quite the look of the ready-made American suit this fellow wore. He always had trouble with his shoulders. They sloped a little too much. But this fellow—his shoulders were absurd!

"I suppose I don't have to ask for—for credentials," Field said somewhat bleakly. "Still, here are mine." He took Paul Brian's cable from his pocket. "I had this the other day in Shanghai."

"Oh, that's all right," Larch said carelessly.

Elton Field grew austere. "Still, you might show me some papers," he said. "We may as well be businesslike."

Larch took his first hard look at the gray-haired, middle-aged man. It occurred to him that the fellow did not like him. Then he put the notion out of his mind. Why should a man dislike him on sight? He drew an envelope out of his pocket.

"Here's my passport."

Elton took it and, opening it, read carefully the description of Larch Corpran. "Height six feet one, eyes brown, complexion dark, hair black, age twenty-five."

He closed it and gave it back. "We might as well get on our way," he said. "You'll want to wash and have something to drink. I've taken rooms at the hotel."

But Larch said, "When do we start for Ta-ming?"

They were walking side by side across

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the airfield. Elton intensely disliked having to look up when he spoke.

"Tonight, well before dawn," he said.

Then he stopped. It had become suddenly unbearable to him to walk beside this young man who kept springing along as though energy danced in his legs. It made him remember that he had himself been a long time in a bad climate and that he had to struggle against fat.

"I hope you don't mind if I simply put you in my car and send you along to the hotel," he said abruptly. "I have an engagement. But I'll meet you there tonight."

"I don't mind," Larch said cheerfully, and thought to himself that this fellow was a queer duck. But he shrugged his square shoulders and climbed into the car and was driven to the hotel and spent the rest of the day wandering around the strange city and wishing it were night.

Yet that night they had a strange delay, and it did not make them pleasanter companions for the journey. Larch had reached the airfield first and found there a spectacled Chinese who came up to him as he entered the waiting room.

"Excuse me," the Chinese said in poor English. "I am Dr. Tang, from the Red Cross offices here. We have received an urgent call from Ta-ming for anesthetic. I came here to find if any planes were going through, not Japanese, and I am told that yours, sir, goes straight to Taming—a private plane. Also, I am told that you are American. Is it too much to ask that you take a small crate packed with anesthetic? It is very important, because they are performing operations at the mission in Ta-ming without anesthetic."

"Without anesthetic!" Larch said. Did that mean Elaine? No, she knew nothing about such things. "Of course we'll take it!"

"Thank you," the Chinese said, "give it, please, to Father Valerian." He disappeared.

Ten minutes later Elton Field came in. He had been thinking hard ever since he left this fellow but he was no nearer cheerfulness than he had been. Indeed, the sight of Larch Corpran now at this unreasonable hour looking very fresh and obviously eager and gay, made him angry. A great box stood beside him.

"What've you got there?" Elton Field growled.

"Anesthetic," Larch said and explained

Elton's anger burst out. "What a simple fellow you are!" he cried. "You should never believe a Chinese! How do we know it isn't some sort of explosive? The rebels are simply seething in occupied territory. I won't take it."

Larch's face dropped its cheerfulness suddenly. "I promised," he said.

"Well, I won't, nevertheless," Elton repeated. His thick lower jaw took on a stubbornness which aged his face.

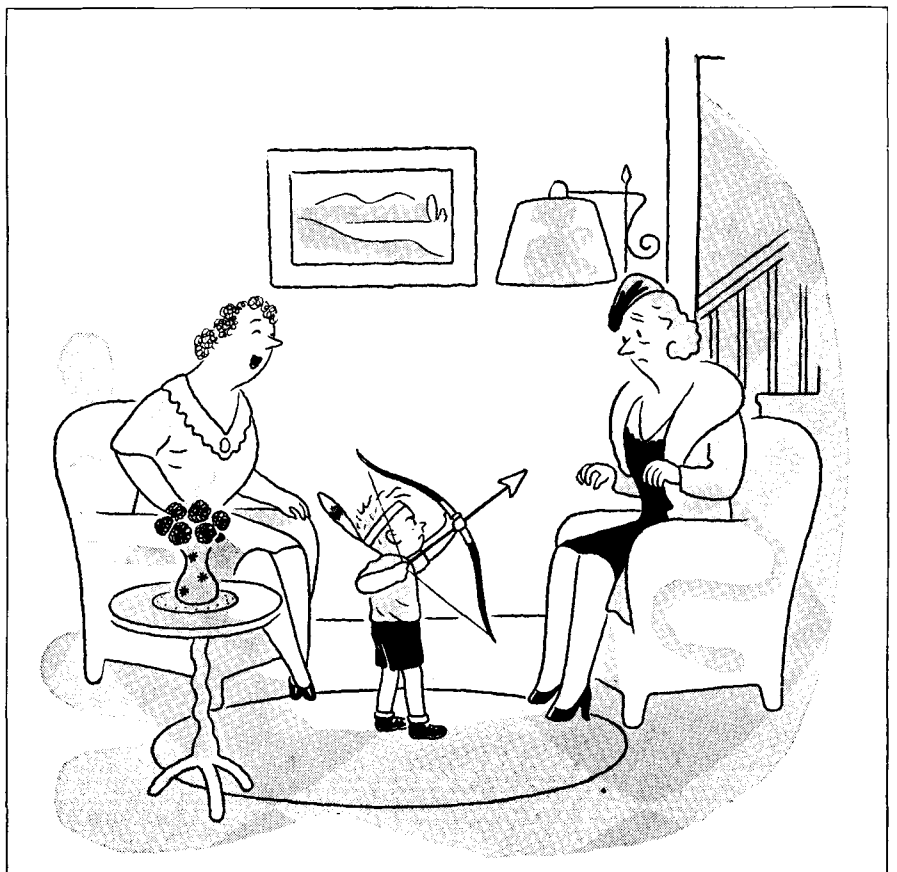
"He's an old man," Larch thought, "and I've got to go easy in getting my way."

He took his jackknife out of his pocket and began to rip open the box. "We'll soon see if this is what it's supposed to be," he said pleasantly. He tore open the inner brown paper and took out a box. Inside was a bottle. He broke the seal and smelled it. "It's ether, all right," he said. The strong, volatile smell of ether floated into the room. He corked the bottle and put it back and hammered the box shut again. "I guess we'd better take it," he said firmly.

He towered over Elton Field and squared his shoulders and stared down into the hostile gray eyes. Then he stooped and hoisted the box to his shoulder and marched with it toward the waiting plane.

THE Japanese captain was very drunk that night. He was so soon drunk that Mei-su saw early that she would be able with no difficulty at all to slip into his cup of wine the increased measure of white powder. She was too clever to put simple poison into an enemy's cup. If a captain died too quickly, there might be a clamor. She did not want to see her beloved mistress against a wall and shot, nor did she herself wish for death until she was fully revenged.

Nevertheless, tonight she did not at once put in the powder. She was curious, with a sort of vengeful curiosity, to see how drunk this little bandy-legged man could become. She sat near him at the table, avoiding his touch skillfully



"Don't be alarmed—his aim is terrible" CHON DAY

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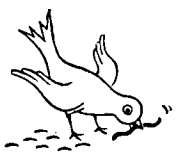

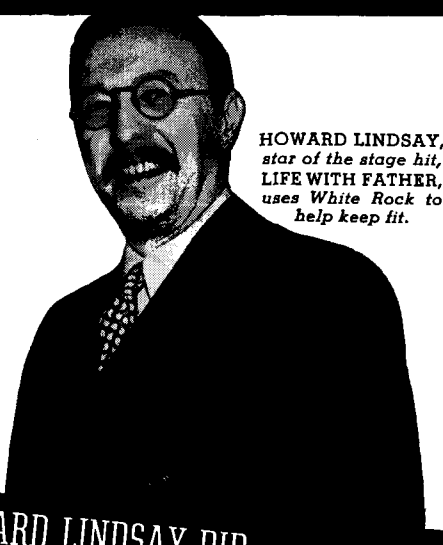

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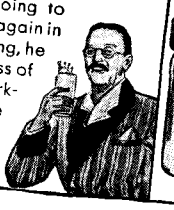

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by pretending it was necessary to fan him, by feeling his wine to see that it was properly hot, by putting up her hand to her mouth to laugh prettily behind it. Her little hand which had been rough and brown when she came had soon, under Helen's teaching, come to be a smooth and creamy gold.

The Japanese had been very silent all evening but that was his way. He was always silent until at a certain point his guard broke, and then words babbled out of him. He was late reaching the point this evening, drunk as he was. She rose and fetched a strong Cantonese wine instead of the milder Shaohsing she had been using. Upon his hot wine she would now let him drink this cold.

"Then I will see what happens," she thought.

HE DRANK the cold wine, seeming not to notice the difference. His face was red and the small black eyes under the low brows were glittering. He seemed scarcely to notice her. She had not had much trouble with him this evening. He had come in excited and moody and not thinking of her or of anyone. She filled his cup again and yet again. An hour ago she had taken away the small wine bowl and had put in its place a larger one. He had not noticed.

Now suddenly as she watched him he tore at the collar of his uniform and bared his dark hair-covered chest. He laughed loudly and his lips bubbled, and suddenly he began to mutter:

"Ha—now—we will begin to fight the Americans. This is what we want—we have planned it. My grandfather planned—he said, 'Togo, we must—fight the Americans.' "

He sat with his head hanging, not looking at her. She leaned forward and spoke very clearly: "Where will you begin to fight the Americans?"

He struggled with his own mind for a minute and tried to shake his head sagely and then kept on shaking it foolishly. "No—no—no—no—" he muttered.

"Will you go to America and fight them?" She pressed him with her clear soft voice. "I think you cannot do that." She had only newly learned a little Japanese. All the girls had learned Japanese. It was necessary in these times, Helen Kung had told them. But she could still understand only what was said simply. She listened carefully for his answer. When he only kept on shaking his head she taunted him again:

"You cannot fight the Americans—they are the strongest people in the world. The Japanese cannot conquer the Americans."

He lifted his head at the taunt and stared out of his red eyes, not at her but across the room. "We will bomb their ships—in the harbor," he muttered.

"What harbor?" she pressed him again.

BUT it was too late. His head sank on his breast. His eyes closed. He put out his hand blindly for his cup. She shook the powder into it and he drank it down. Then he trembled and snorted and suddenly he was asleep. She knew that sleep. It was like death. She rose and went from the room, her velvet-shod feet silent upon the brick floor. Through the corridors she went to an inner room. Then she stood before the door and coughed delicately.

"Come in," Helen's voice said.

She went in and closed the door behind her. Helen Kung sat before a small earthen pot of coals. The late November air was cold in the thick-walled house. She was warming her long hands over the coals, and her eyes when she turned them to the young girl were melancholy.

"What, Mei-su?" she asked. She had been thinking bleakly of the year that lay ahead for her and wondering whether or not the struggle for Elton Field was worth making. She knew him so well, all his weakness and his essential smallness. And yet she was used to him, and if she did not have him she would never have anyone else. She was not quite ready yet to have no one.

"The Japanese is drunk," Mei-su said. Her eyes were large with the astonishment of her news. "But in his drunkenness he has said something."

"What is it?" Helen asked.

"He says that Japan will fight America with bombs—he says, upon their ships in a harbor."

"What harbor?" Helen asked sharply.

"He did not say that," Mei-su replied. "Before he could give a name to the harbor, he fell into sleep."

"Go to your own sleep," Helen said. "As for the Japanese, tell Li-hua to see to him." She rose, as the girl hesitated, and pushed the hair back from her face. "Go away and let me think what this means."

Mei-su obeyed and Helen was alone again. What did this news mean and whom would she tell? Whom did she care to tell except Elton Field? She sat gnawing her thumb, thinking whether or not she should go back to Shanghai to find him and warn him. Did she want to warn him? She was not afraid for herself. She could slip back into her Chinese blood and be a Chinese woman. These Japanese did not care so long as one was a woman.

Her business was doing very well here. She had taken on three more girls. Why not be independent, for the first time in her life, of any man? She was comfortable in this room. No man came here. Her girls worked for her. She wavered, and all the fate of the world was to her only her own single fate. She perceived, for she was not stupid, the huge and possible meaning of the few words a drunken Japanese had said, but she did not care. No one in the world had ever thought of her, and now she would think of no one—perhaps.

She sighed and rose again and undressed herself and prepared for sleep. Sleep would tell her what she might do.

Often in the morning she rose with her mind clear and her purpose ready. And so that she might sleep she prepared a little opium in her silver pipe and she lay down on her bed and lit the dark stuff and drew it into her body and so she slept.

SHE was awakened next day at high noon by a scratch on the door and Li-hua came in.

"Go away," she muttered out of her sleep.

But he continued to stand at the door. "Your big-man has come back to Taming," he said. "This time he has brought with him a young man—an American."

She was so confounded by this news that she woke. "He has come back with another man? Who told you?"

"I heard it on the streets from those who saw the plane come down on the airfield. And I know more. They bade the pilot stay by his plane, for they would return at once."

"Where are they now?" she asked.

"They walked toward the mission," he said, "and if you like I will go back on the street and hear what I can hear and see what I can see."

"Go back," she told him. She was suddenly wholly awake. "Go back quickly and make sure that your ears and eyes are open."

"They were open before you were in your mother's womb," he retorted.

She lay thinking and after a few moments she got out of bed and washed her face in rose water and brushed her long black hair.

(To be continued next week)

"I should think you two would have met before somewhere"

GARRETT PRICE

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Widow's Walk

Continued from page 19

"It just come, Mrs. Stetson," she said, "I just come from answering the doorbell."

Louise Stetson picked up the yellow envelope and looked at it. Her desire to tear it open, to see the words in capitals across the sheet, was controlled. She said, "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Ward," and tapped the end against her other hand.

"I hope it's not bad news, Mrs. Stetson. My father was to sea. Yes, he was a captain, and once he owned his own ship. We are all seafaring people, the Wards are. I just don't like telegrams. They always remind me of bad news."

Louise said, "If you don't mind, I think I'll read it upstairs. I'll let you know."

SHE began walking up the carpeted stairs with forced casualness, but the telegram was like a small time-bomb in her hand. She ran up the last flight and down the hall to her apartment. Her mind was racing. It couldn't be from Paul. The Sutter wasn't due in until tonight. It couldn't be from Headquarters—or could it?

She was opening the envelope as she unlocked the door. She had the message spread out as she kicked the door closed behind her. She went to the window, holding her heart still—actually feeling herself control the beating of her heart.

It was from Paul. She saw his name before she saw anything else. That meant that he was still all right, ashore, alive. Then suddenly, she felt sick. The date line was Norfolk, Va., 10 A.M. and the words in capitals said:

HELLO DARLING HAVE EXCELLENT CHANCE TO GO UP TO LIEUTENANT COMMANDER STOP OLD MAN ADVISES I USE THESE TEN DAYS FOR RESEARCH STOP SO IT IS NO LEAVE FOR US THIS TIME LOVE PAUL

Louise dropped the yellow sheet and let it lie where it fell. The first moment of sheer disappointment had passed and in its place there was growing a resentment, slowly at first, and not directed at anyone or anything. Sometimes it seemed to her futile—this waiting. And as she thought of the dreary days ahead of her, she felt sunk—completely dismayed. All the pride and care with which she had worked to prepare their home!

Home—where was home? She and Paul had been married four years, and, of all the places they had lived, she knew that more than any other this had been home. Not that she had been here any longer, not that there was any greater feeling of permanence here in this shabby room that held her belongings, but because in a curious way her heart had come home to this place.

Ten years ago when her mother had brought her here for a brief visit, she had felt it. Her mother's people had had their roots strong in this soil, and her mother had told her then of the men who had gone to sea among her kinfolk, and Louise had been glad to come here again.

Now she hated it. Forever after, because of this moment, Portland would mean emptiness and frustration to her. She could bear it, she told herself bleakly, if it were *necessary*. If it were orders. She could bear it because she would have to, knowing Paul was suffering too. But he had made a choice. He had chosen to use this leave, his time with her, their time together—to follow his ambitions, to gain promotion. It seemed to her then that the Navy had always come first in his thoughts. Wherever they lived, whatever they did, was for the Navy. . . .

When the telephone rang, she thought instantly: If it's Duane Moore, I'll ask him to take me out to dinner tomorrow night. I can't stay home. I'd go crazy.

She picked up the receiver and heard Marcia Dunn's voice, high and rapid and excited:

"Want to go over to Joyce Moody's tonight? It's bridge and tall, beautiful, potent gin rickeys. It will give you something to do. I mean it will kill a few hours anyway."

Louise said slowly, "I just heard from Paul—" but Marcia broke in:

"Oh, my dear, how could I be such a dimwit? I must be losing my mind. Of course—this is the day Paul gets home. Oh, you lucky, lucky girl! I suppose you'll completely forget our existence while he's in port. Paul's wonderful."

She paused, then before Louise could explain, Marcia went on in a lower voice which trembled a little: "Oh, Louise—there's been no report from Ted's ship for several days. I don't suppose that means anything, does it? I mean—being on patrol this way—they might be delayed in contacting her, don't you think? But it isn't fun the way the old mind goes around. *You* know. Well, by by now, darling. Give Paul a big kiss for me."

Louise put down the phone. She was glad now she hadn't told Marcia. One thing she couldn't bear in this mood was sympathy.

She stared absently through the window and saw a young woman leave the wooden steps of the house across the street, look up and down the lonely block, and then turn without enthusiasm toward town. Navy wife. Going to the knitting club. Going to roll bandages. Going to the movies. Going to the Memorial cemetery to read the gravestones, her big purse hanging listlessly at her side.

She picked up the phone again and called Duane Moore's number.

SOMETIME during the long night when reading failed, and sleep was on the far horizon, she had caught herself up short. There was at least one blessing for her. During these ten days when Paul was ashore she would know that he was safe—even if she could not be with him. Suppose, like Marcia, she didn't even have that.

It was that thought which stayed with her, and sent her around to Marcia's after an early breakfast the next morning.

She got there a little after eight and expected to find Marcia still in bed. When the landlady informed her coldly that Mrs. Dunn had gone out last evening and had not yet returned, Louise was bewildered and alarmed. She went out again into the early sunlight and walked quickly the five blocks to Mason Street, to the red-brick house where Joyce Moody lived on the ground floor.

There were two familiar-looking cars parked outside and the shades of the front room that opened onto the wooden porch were tightly drawn. As Louise came up on the porch, she heard faint laughter inside.

Marcia came to the door holding a cigarette in her hand away from her dress. Her dark eyes looked strained, haunted, and her manner showed that she had been dreading the message that might be at the door.

"Darling," she cried. "Oh, it's good it's you. I was afraid for a moment." She looked up at Louise. "That hat! It's perfect. Did you get it at the little shop I told you about? Come in." And she pushed the door wider open.

"What's happening?" Louise asked.

"Bridge."

"At this time of the morning?"

"It's been on all night."

At a table in the center of the room three women were playing out a hand. A lamp still burned weakly above the table, although the shade of the east window had been raised.

Joyce Moody, a small dark girl, the youngest in the room, threw down her hand and sprawled back in her chair. "'Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,'" she began, and then looked up and said, softly, "Well, if it isn't bright-eyes, herself!"

Louise felt Marcia regarding her as they walked into the room together, and she thought, nervously, She's wondering what I am doing up so early with Paul home.

But when she saw Marcia's heavy eyes again, and heard her husky voice, she knew she held no remembrance for Paul.

MARCIA waved her hand at the others, "Let me introduce you to a bunch of very swell women. White women. They know when not to send a lady home."

Joyce said, in that little girl's voice, "We couldn't stop. We've been playing for such dizzy stakes we scared ourselves."

"You mean," Deborah Case said, dryly, "we're fourflushers. For three hours I have owed more than poor Lieutenant Bill Case makes in a year."

Peggy Eaton shoved back her chair. "Well, I'm tired enough now so that I may actually sleep—if I try. Come on Deborah, going to drive me home?"

Louise thought, they all know. They've all sat up with Marcia because they all know what it's like to lie awake through a black night, alone. Wondering. Thinking. It isn't fun the way the old mind goes around.

She sat on the arm of Marcia's chair. "Look," she said, "I am taking over the district Red Cross class today. Why don't you go home and get some sleep and then I'll call for you about two?"

"Maybe," Marcia said. She leaned her head back against Louise's shoulder and closed her eyes.

Marcia got up restlessly and walked to the window. Louise knew that this talk irritated her. She also knew they were dishing it out to help distract her mind. As Marcia stood there at the window, the telephone in Joyce's bedroom rang.

Marcia turned. "Let me take it," she said, softly. "I just have a feeling that—I'd like to take it, Joyce."

Nobody said anything while she was gone. Joyce went back to her shuffling; Louise silently opened and closed the clasp to her purse; Deborah and Peggy Eaton stared at the rug.

Marcia wasn't away long. The next minute she was standing there in the door of Joyce's bedroom and her face was tight and hard.

She breathed, "Well—it was for me. It's—it's happened."

Louise said, "Ted? You mean Ted?"

Marcia nodded. She looked blindly around the room for her coat.

Louise went to her. "I'll take you home."

"No—if you don't mind. I'd sort of like to be alone. You've been swell—all of you." She was getting into her tweed jacket and pushing up her hair under her hat. "A cigarette—Louise, dear. You light it."

Louise struck the match and suddenly saw the face of each woman there, as if

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the match, in spite of the sun's brilliance, had been a photoflash, and had caught them in this picture, never to be forgotten. Deborah, thin, dry, bitter, her lids drooping, her mouth in a hard line that almost held a sour smile; Joyce, her childish black eyes wide and staring, her mouth half opened; Peggy, biting her lower lip, leaning over the table, making marks on the bridge score with a red pencil. And Marcia, standing up straight and tall, puffing angrily on her cigarette, her eyes staring ahead of her, bright and blind.

Deborah said, "You ought to have someone with you, Honey."

Marcia turned to them: "Why? You've all got your own troubles. I guess you don't need to borrow any."

Joyce looked at the door through which Marcia had gone. Then she stood up and said, with forced briskness, "Shall we have some breakfast?"

No one spoke. Joyce went to the kitchen and they heard her putting coffee on the stove. When she came back she was carrying a pitcher of orange juice. There was some gin left in the bottle standing on the bookcase and she poured it into the pitcher.

"Here's to Marcia," she said, holding up her glass. "Navy wife."

They all drank quickly and without comment.

DUANE MOORE brought orchids and Louise said to herself, "Watch it, young lady!"

It was the way he helped her into the roadster, the way he looked at her when he settled himself behind the wheel, which told her that Duane Moore understood what rebound meant. He knew that she was disappointed, that there was bitterness in her, and that in that bitterness she had turned to him.

"It's too bad," he said, slipping the easy gear into high and turning the car west on the Freeport Road, "but you mustn't worry tonight. I'm going to try to make you forget the war. Everybody has to forget it, once in a while, if they want to hold on to sanity."

"Yes," she agreed. But inside her she was thinking that Paul never forgot. Not for one moment. And he was the sanest person she knew. Too sane!

She slid lower into the leather seat beside Duane, listening to his soothing, understanding voice, trying to forget everything but the speeding car, the dark shore road and the fog-fresh wind sweeping in from the Atlantic.

"First," Duane Moore was saying, "two Martinis at Barker's. And then dinner. Then let's shake Portland and go out to Deuville's. Guy Grayson is there with his orchestra."

"You're a darling, Duane—bless you." She put her legs out straight under the deep dashboard and leaned her head back. But it was no use. The fog made her think of Marcia. Marcia made her think of Ted, and that made her think of Paul. Fog—war. War—death. Death—Ted. Ted—Paul. Paul—war. It isn't fun the way the old mind goes around.

She had spent two hours that afternoon with Marcia. They had talked as Marcia wanted it—brittle, hard—like a play about Englishmen by an Englishman. Marcia had sat there on the sofa, her long legs drawn under her, her hand holding the inevitable cigarette, fingers nervously tapping ashes on the rug. She had, with dry, haunted eyes staring at Louise, told about Ted and the way he had lived. And she had pictured him the way she wanted always to remember him—dashing, good-looking on shore—a hellion of an officer on duty—a strict Navy man, living for nothing but the Navy.

Marcia had said once, "Why don't you go see Paul? He's on shore."

"He would have asked me, if he had the time," Louise said, calmly.

It had all sounded so sane, so like Paul. And yet, all that time she had been saying to herself, "He didn't ask me. He didn't want me."

Then Marcia said, suddenly standing up, "You must go now. I'll call you tomorrow." She had looked at Louise and Louise saw that she had not seen her, that her eyes had gone through her, through the wall behind her, through the city streets, the water front, across the bay and out to sea into the wind-rolled waves. . . .

Duane Moore said, turning to her, "I said to forget the war, Louise. Does Deuville's sound good to you?"

"It sounds just right, Duane."

The blackout came at eleven, a little while after they had arrived at Deuville's. The headwaiter spoke quietly to Duane Moore, almost apologetically, "We have heavy blinds and it takes a few minutes to put them up. We'll have lights just as soon as we can."

No one rushed around. Waiters continued to serve, their small flash lights on their foreheads, like miners' lamps, cutting through the dark of the room.

Louise sat very still for a moment, feeling the comfort of Duane's presence, his calm, worldly view of things. Before the lights had gone out, he had said, leaning nearer her, "You're a very beautiful woman, Louise. And you've made me very happy by calling on me this way—very happy."

He was distinguished-looking in those dark clothes—not an old dodo at all. And this new subtle air of assurance was becoming. She rested her chin on the palm of her hand and looked at him deeply, trying to see how much of this he meant—how much was the practiced flattery of the bachelor. Practiced or not, she knew he was halfway in love with her, and tonight that knowledge was as pleasant and warming as this big room.

The orchestra was now playing, still in the dark. Suddenly above the piano's solo, she heard the high, hysterical laugh of a woman. There was something about that laugh which was familiar.

Duane said, "Did you hear that? It was Marcia Dunn, wasn't it?"

Louise said, almost angrily, "Of course not! Marcia wouldn't be here. I saw her this afternoon. She wasn't thinking of going out."

A moment later the room was lighted.

It was Marcia Dunn. Louise saw her at a large table in the center. There were several civilians at the table, and Marcia was swaying a little, leaning forward, talking in a slow, intent way to a woman who was nodding smilingly at each remark.

MARCIA DUNN was drunk. Instinctively Louise wanted to go to her, to take her away from the eyes of people who might laugh at her, not understanding. Louise wanted to protect Marcia—to hurry her home.

She half stood up. "I'm going to her," she told Duane.

"Don't," he said. "She's with people she doesn't care a bit about. You'd only make it hard for her—and for yourself."

His words caught her, held her there, half out of her chair, irresolute. Perhaps he was right. Perhaps Marcia was better off here than she would be at home alone. She knew now that death had been too big for Marcia—that she had run away from it. She had been like a child who believes that if you put enough people between yourself and something that hurts you—you can forget that it is there. And the reason Louise knew this was because in that moment she had realized that she had no right to interfere with Marcia, no right to bring her back to face reality. Paul's not coming had been a little death, too. And she had run away, just

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as Marcia had. Only, instead of drinking, she had run to Duane Moore.

She felt Duane's hand on her own, resting on the table. The pressure was for encouragement, to change the mood he knew she had fallen into. And yet, at the same time, she knew that this was his first tentative gesture to establish the new relationship he considered there now existed between them.

She said, "I don't feel like staying now. I'd like to go before Marcia sees us. Do you mind?"

Ready sympathy showed on his round, healthy face. "Of course not. I understand perfectly. There isn't anything that you can do, but it's rather unpleasant, under the circumstances."

THEY had to drive slowly, without lights, along the road, and twice they were stopped by M.P.'s who advised them to go home and stay there.

"It's too early to kill the evening," Duane said, as they approached the city. "How about having a bite at my place? We will be comfortable, and we can have lights. I have excellent blackout curtains."

She had known he would ask her—it was almost the same thing he had said to her on the night when they had first met at Marcia's. She had put him off then, as she should put him off now. But she held back her answer.

She began to think of the emptiness of her room, the dreariness of an unfinished evening. Would it matter to anyone but herself whether she went with Duane tonight, or not? Perhaps there was no such thing as right or wrong any more—perhaps in a world of hardship and suffering, the only right was making things a little easier and pleasanter when you could.

"Is that all right with you?" Duane asked, more insistently.

She let out her breath slowly. "Sure," she said, "why not?"

He didn't speak again until he brought the car to a stop in front of a small, dark delicatessen store. There was a phosphorescent light on the door which said OPEN FOR BUSINESS.

"What do you like to eat? Never mind—I'll pick out something."

Louise watched his figure blur out the sign on the door, and saw a dim light come through as the door opened. Then she leaned forward and turned on the car's radio. Most of the programs were coming from Pennsylvania and upstate New York. All the familiar local stations were off the air.

The announcer paused, and then said, his voice tighter and faster, "We've just received a confirming bulletin from the second Naval district. It is definitely established that four enemy destroyers, three light cruisers and a heavy cruiser were sunk somewhere in the Atlantic by our operating forces. This has been confirmed. This is a comfirmation of the unofficial news we announced previously. The official communiqué says, and we quote, 'The larger part of a squadron of enemy warships was annihilated by a smaller detachment of our Atlantic fleet.' This supreme feat speaks for the audacity and courage and seamanship of our Navy's fighting men. It is another great victory for our Navy."

Louise was trembling, her hands clenched on her knees. A strong tide of pride swept through her, and her eyes filled. She thought of the men she knew, her friends, Paul's friends—out there somewhere, carefully charting, plotting, studying. It was the climax of all the cool planning of men who had lived for that supreme moment. What if Paul had ever had the thought that what he did didn't matter!

When Duane came out of the shop, she was standing beside the car. He said, "What's up?"

"I'm letting you down, Duane. I'm walking out on you. Just understand this—it isn't you—you've been swell to me. But I'm going home alone."

"Something happened while I was inside there?"

"Yes. I heard something over the radio. It was about the Navy—so you see, it was about Paul, in a way. Goodby, Duane, don't worry about me. I know every street in Portland now. Goodby. . . ."

She walked hurriedly through the dark streets, no direction in mind—except the one she would not take—home. Gradually she found herself getting nearer and nearer the bay.

Then she saw on the right the dark shadow of the old observatory. There was comfort in its bulk, and she remembered seeing it when she had passed by this district a few days ago. Against the sky she could see the platform and the railing around it. She turned to the steps which led to this platform. She went up, feeling the strong wind from the sea whipping at her dress. From the top she saw the dark harbor, its curved shores reaching out like protecting arms. In the pale light of a moon behind the low, swiftly moving clouds, she could see the dark hulks of the ships crouching at anchor.

As she stood there, trembling a little in the cold wind, she began to feel less lonely—as if others were standing there beside her. She thought of the generations of women who had paced these worn boards of this tower. Her kinfolk—those waiting women.

They must have looked out to sea, at the dark emptiness, and she realized that they, too, must have felt that there was no future worth building for; that there was little use in burning a candle for men who never came. And yet, in the end, those men had always come—they, or their brothers—bringing with them the future.

She began to understand what love of country could mean—the joy there could be in giving yourself to something so much bigger and stronger and more lasting than flesh and blood could ever be. Those waiting women were nothing but dust and memory now. But the dark shore from which they had watched was still there—vital, alive—the vanguard of a great, sprawling country behind it.

Paul saw it. He had never forgotten that there were things that mattered. She leaned into the wind and said, "Paul—Paul, I will wait. But I will wait knowing there is a future."

SHE heard someone walking up the steps. It was a woman climbing those steps. She staggered against the wind, reaching for the rail, gripping it. Her bare head lifted, challenging the wind. Then Louise saw who it was.

"Marcia!" she shouted across the wind and went toward her.

Marcia Dunn turned, startled. "You frightened me, Louise. Why are you here?"

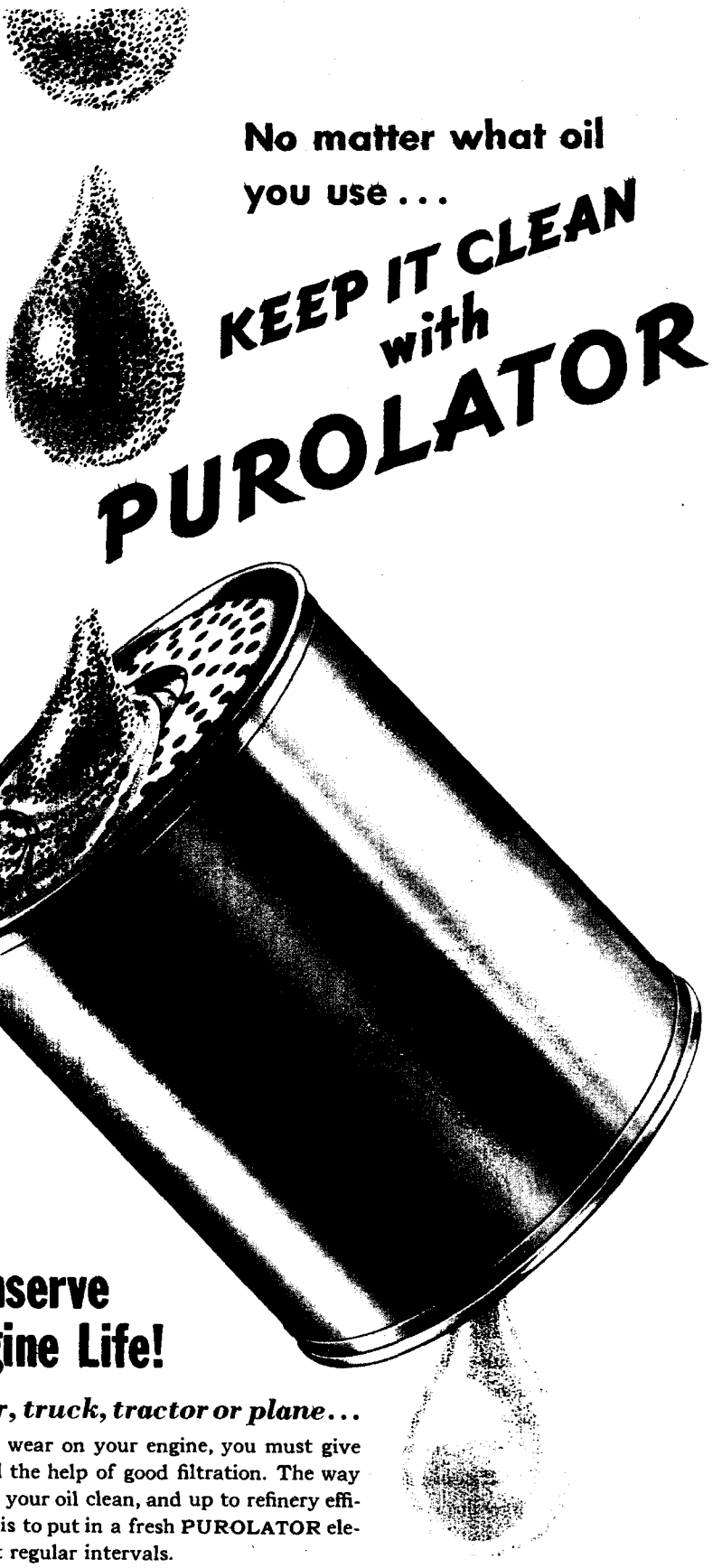
The gust which carried the tingle of sand kept Louise from speaking. When the gust had passed, it was Marcia who said, "Skip it. We both know it's for fresh air."

Marcia looked toward the bay. Faintly through the wind, now a thin sound, now a wail, came the all-clear siren. Gradually, in ones and two and in vast blocks, lights appeared in the black space which had been the city.

Marcia said through the wind, "You can see a long ways from here." Her voice sounded calmer and more peaceful than it had for days.

"Yes," Louise agreed quietly, "a long ways."

The two women stood there for a moment without speaking. Then, together, they turned and went down the steps to the street below and walked slowly toward town.



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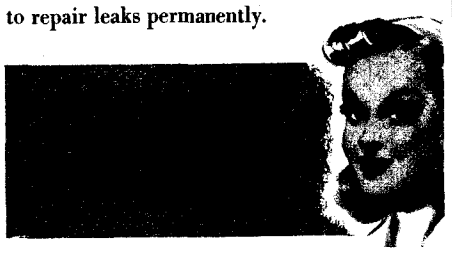

WARNER-PATTERSON COMPANY
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Understudy to Success

Continued from page 21

a nuisance will eventually get a job with any stock company," says Miss Field, flatly.

Bert Lytell was the hero of that company and such people as Florence Reed appeared as guest stars. In Shanghai Gesture, Betty's first part, she was the Chinese girl sitting mute behind a lattice. In the last week she played with the company, she had worked up to something important. She was the maid who ran into the room, discovered the murdered man and screamed. What settled Betty's fate, however, was Gale Sondergaard's performance in A Fool There Was. Gale was the vampire.

"Do you vant the white rose or the red rose?" she plagued the hero, Mr. Lytell, evilly. "THERE!" she cried, throwing it down with scorn.

"I knew then I was stuck," says Miss Field. "That was for me, that acting stuff. That was life."

The family allowed her to quit Morristown and go over to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, where she stayed two years but was not on hand for commencement because, the proud faculty announced, "Miss Field is rehearsing." Cheers. She was rehearsing to be an understudy but there was too little time to mention that in the rush to pass out the diplomas.

First Part, First Flop

She was understudy in Sing and Whistle, and then understudy in She Loves Me Not and every summer she got stock work—no pay but lots of hearty food, fresh air and bum actors. When She Loves Me Not was sent to London, she went along with a real part, and everything would have been fine except that the English didn't know what it was all about. They were willing to concede that Princeton was a weak imitation of Oxford but the idea that chorus girls might be found galloping through the sacred premises was too disconcerting.

"Oah-aw," they said politely and stayed away.

But things were better for Betty because she got a small role in Page Miss Glory when she returned and after that she was with George Abbott in a series of successful productions. She appeared in Three Men on a Horse, Boy Meets Girl, Room Service, What a Life and The Primrose Path. She was in and out of Room Service five different times, leaving it for more promising ventures and then scurrying back to safety.

In Room Service she ran into the great Eddie Albert, who at that period was acting like one who had lost his way in a tunnel. He was vague, he was distant. Because of his preoccupation, he managed to spoil his scene with Miss Field three nights in a row. Miss Field pinned him in a corner and berated him for his attitude. "What's the matter with you, anyhow?" she cried irately.

He looked at her with wide, sad eyes. "I'm hungry," said Mr. Albert.

It turned out that Mr. Albert was occupied with matters other than the theater.

"Come up to my dressing room and see my aunts," he said to Miss Field.

"Oh," she said, politely interested. "When did they come in?"

"Been here a week," said Eddie. "They're building a hut tonight."

It seems that Miss Field had misunderstood. What Mr. Albert referred to was his ants, a lively group of little beasts he had purchased at an animal store and had encased in a wooden box. He spent all his spare moments, to the detriment of his art, watching his friends at their construction work.

After her Abbott successes, the movies began making gestures and Betty eventually landed at Paramount, with the results aforementioned. But she would agree to a contract only if it allowed her a chance to return to Broadway and she became a lucrative transcontinental account shortly thereafter, coming back for Elmer Rice's Two on an Island, returning to Hollywood for Victory, with Fredric March, and then favoring Mr. Rice anew in Flight to the West.

The result of these peregrinations is that she is fairly well known in New York, fairly well known in Hollywood and sensational nowhere.

As an actress she doesn't care what they do with her so long as they give her a part. Spectators who cried, "Oh, that horrible woman!" when they saw her in Of Mice and Men will go creeping out of the theater in quest of an ax when they view her in Blues in the Night. In that one she is really a no-good. That work however got her the part of Cassandra in King's Row, one of the fat bits of the year. In this she is by turn distraught, vindictive and strange. Also, for the first time, she is beautiful. She saw the rushes after James Wong Howe, the cameraman, had worked on her and came away boggle-eyed.

"Pardon a very slight joke," she said. " . . . Chinese Relief."

She has never forgotten the Spanish she learned in Central America and works hard on her French. Like many another actress who, in her childish days, waged a valiant struggle against education, she is surprisingly intelligent. When in Hollywood she lives with her mother in a house up a canyon and keeps a civil tongue in her cheek. She rides a horse and likes to dance, but nobody has ever accused her of being domestic. In New York she lives in an apartment on Central Park South and if you visit her there you will be disturbed by draymen lugging in paintings. She runs to the moderns and will be pleased if you notice a very cockeyed and wonderful abstraction by Klee, the German whose work is not admired by that Austrian sensation Schicklgruber, also a painter.

Currently she is back in Hollywood doing Mr. and Mrs. Cugat at Paramount. She is also insinuating herself in various ways with the object of getting the part of Maria in For Whom the Bell Tolls. The fact that she is a mite blond for a Spanish heroine worries her no whit.

"What do they want—black face?" she asks challengingly, leaving the impression that if they want it, they'll get it. What she wants is the part.

Proof of Something or Other

Lately she was joined in matrimony to Elmer Rice, the playwright, and simultaneously boosted to star rating at Paramount. These events were said to have no connection.

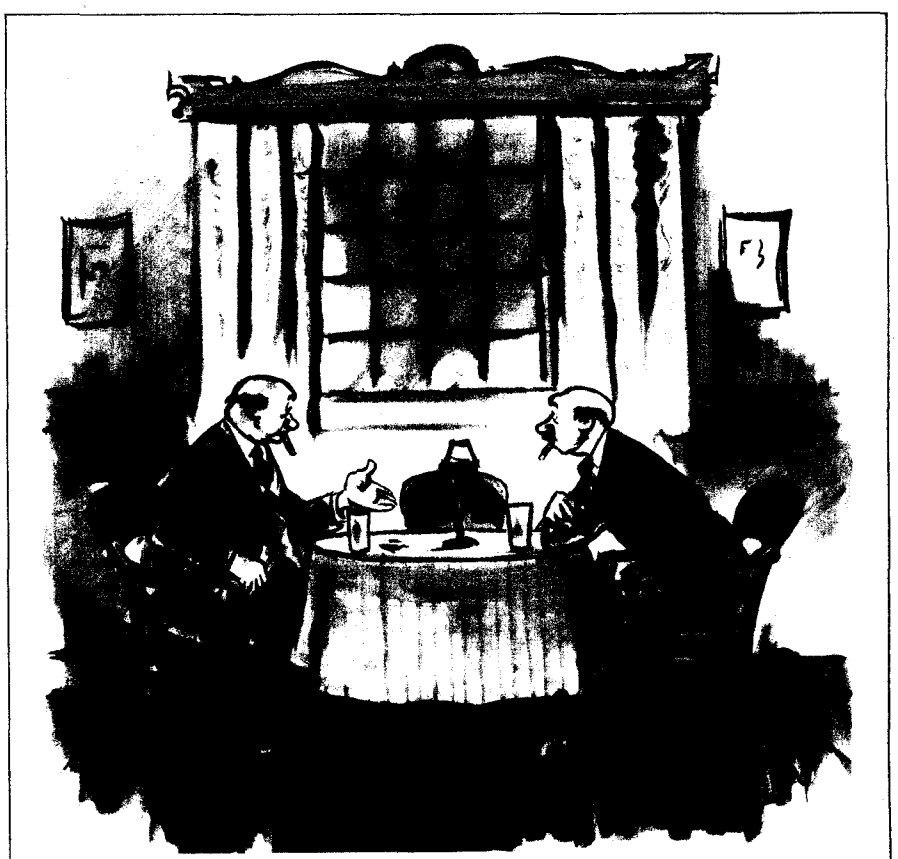
She takes life lightly, being aware that her Broadway reputation will always be there to rescue her if the flickers get too fresh. However, when she fears that confidence is bubbling too warmly within her, she recalls the evening Gar Kanin took George Abbott to a Yiddish theater on the East Side in New York and was somewhat amazed when Abbott, who understands no word of the language, proceeded to wax ecstatic over an actor in the cast.

"What a comedian, that young fellow!" cried Abbott. "One of the greatest senses of joy I've ever seen on the stage."

"A very interesting analysis," said Kanin, "but what you don't seem to realize is that the young fellow isn't a young fellow at all but a man of sixty playing the father. Before the curtain rises, he has killed his wife and is going through the agonies of remorse."

"That's just what I'm saying!" cried Abbott. "Did you ever see such acting?"

This has some sort of symbolic meaning for Miss Field.



"I keep tellin' her the Jap women won't be able to get girdles either, but it don't relieve the tension much" PAUL WEBB

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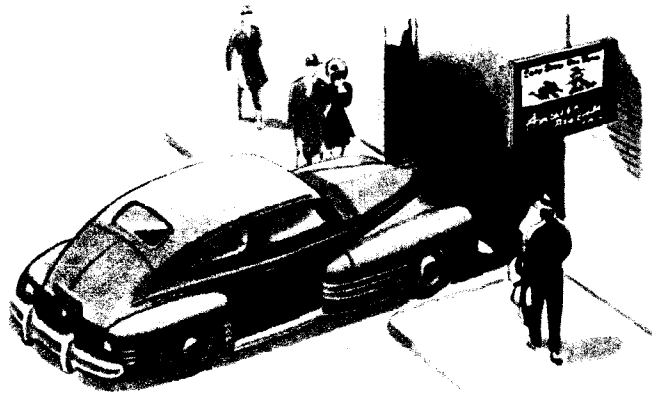

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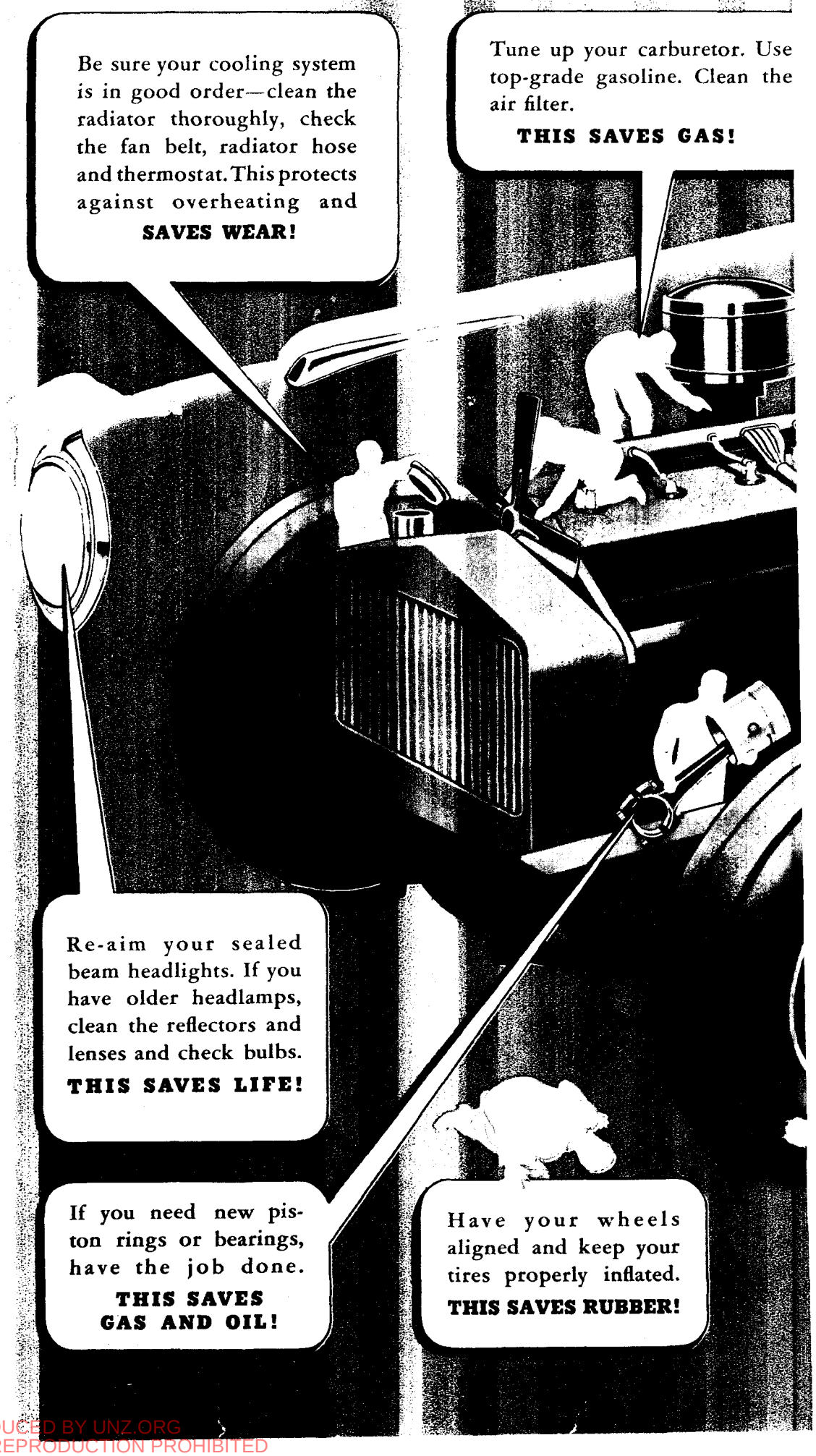
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What Riom Won't Hear

Continued from page 18

organized and that there was inadequate preparation for war.

But the preparation for war is not the work of one man, not even of the Prime Minister, but rather of the Superior War Council, of which the Minister of National Defense is only the nominal president. As a matter of fact, from 1918 to 1934, Marshal Pétain and then General Weygand, in their capacities as successive vice-presidents, were the real directors, the administrators from whom all the experts took their orders. After 1934, Marshal Pétain remained as the principal military adviser of the Prime Minister. Moreover, it was he who recommended Gamelin as successor to Weygand. Why are not Pétain and Weygand both accused instead of being accusers? If Edouard Daladier did not perform his duty, Marshal Pétain, sitting at his side, should have observed it. Where, when and how did he manifest his vigilance? Where are his criticisms, his proposals, his demands? Did he hand in his resignation, send out an S.O.S., threaten to make a scandal? Today Marshal Pétain is dictator. That does not absolve him before the conscience of France from rendering an account.

The General Makes a Statement

There exists a testimonial to the condition of the army in 1939—its preparedness for war, equipment, commanders and staff—which Edouard Daladier has a right to use, provided the man who gave this evidence is not first brought to trial. In July, 1939, two months before Hitler's aggression against Poland and consequently against France and England, General Weygand, former generalissimo, declared at the Exposition in Lille:

"You ask my opinion of the French army. I will tell you frankly and with concern only for the truth, which will not inconvenience me at all. I believe the French army has greater strength than at any time in its history; it possesses equipment of the best quality, fortifications of the first order, excellent morale and a remarkable high command. No one in this country desires war, but I assure you if we are obliged to win a new victory we will win it."

Two close collaborators of Edouard Daladier are being persecuted with him—Guy la Chambre, former Minister of Aviation, and Pierre Jacomet, general secretary to the Minister of War. The former, who was in the United States, voluntarily returned to render his accounting and to make his defense; that is not the action of a guilty man. Who will be led to believe that a politician, still as young as he was, could have gone counter to the directions of the Superior War Council and of GHQ in administering an important post so closely linked to national defense? It is clear that the faults committed had their origin higher up, among those who use their military prestige and technical competence as shields when it is to their advantage to do so.

Likewise, Pierre Jacomet a functionary subordinated to his minister, is covered by the ministerial responsibility, as is the rule in all democracies. One cannot condemn these two without including many of their colleagues of all ranks and grades, who are neither less nor more blameworthy than they. And how can one omit from this accusation the Marshal, the Admiral and the generals in whom France placed her confidence and her hope?

Generalissimo Gamelin, successor to Marshal Pétain and General Weygand in the Superior War Council and appointed by the Premier, simply continued their work from 1935 with the collaboration of the Marshal. Everything that has been said of Daladier as Minister of War is valid for Gamelin too as his principal collaborator. The dithyrambic eulogies bestowed on the French army by General Weygand apply in large measure to him. All those who assail him today exalted him to the skies at the time of the declaration of war. I venture to say, nevertheless, with our great tragic poet, that Maurice Gamelin merited "neither this excess of honor nor this indignity."

If anyone were justified in criticizing him it would be General Charles de Gaulle and not Marshal Pétain or General Weygand, his predecessors and his teachers. In 1935 Gamelin inherited a state of things and traditions which only General de Gaulle in the army and Monsieur Paul Reynaud in Parliament had the clarity of vision and the boldness to wish to change from top to bottom. Gamelin's principal error is that of having remained too long in accord with those who now accuse him and who will never forgive him in reality for his loyalty toward the Republican regime which the military men of Vichy have struck down and wish to enslave.

Gamelin was defeated, to be sure, simply as his former chiefs, put back in the saddle by the disaster, would have been defeated in his place for the same reasons and for the same causes. No more than Weygand after him did he have the time or the forces or the space to reestablish a compromised position. But if Joffre had been dismissed on the day following the defeat of Charleroi, he would not have gained the victory of the Marne. After all, the reverse Gamelin suffered did not differ from the reverses suffered by all the other nations attacked by Germany. The initial advantage in a war of this sort necessarily falls to the aggressors, who have the benefit of preparation, initiative and a formidable accumulation of offensive material.

In 1914, the Germans invaded France and advanced without check as far as Paris, but half of their divisions were retained on the Russian frontier. In 1939, they could concentrate all their forces on a single front; that is the fundamental explanation of their temporary victory over a country of less than half their population, a country that did not want war, that did not believe in war but that had accepted it with determination. Gamelin at least had the credit of wanting to create a second front by delivering to Italy an ultimatum at the beginning of hostilities. His attempt was checkmated by politicians like Pierre Laval, Georges Bonnet, Anatole de Monzie and Marcel Déat who had personal ties with Fascism. The most urgent trial is the one that should bring to justice those ultramontanes who made bargains with the enemy while the latter was openly preparing to assassinate European democracy.

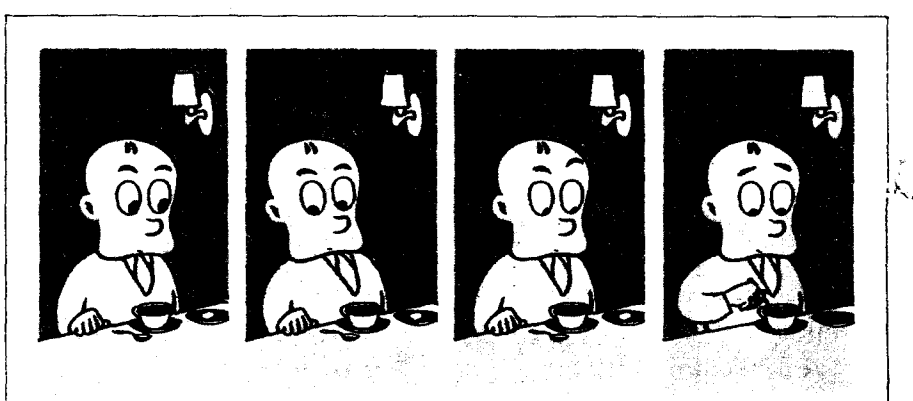
One Defeated, All Defeated

During the whole war, the generalissimo was the butt of an unspoken opposition on the part of his second in command, General Georges, a courageous man but much crippled by the wounds he had received in Marseille at the time of the assassination of the King of Yugoslavia and Louis Barthou by the "Oustachis" in the pay of the Fascists. Gamelin was rendered helpless by the sterile competition for authority among the various offices, which consumes so much fruitless activity—and not in France alone. But he applied himself unstintingly, conscientious to the smallest details, and I myself have often seen him come to verify with his own eyes the quality of the films that were to be shown at the front as a part of the moving-picture service of which I was the director for the Ministry of Information. It must also be noted that a whispering campaign, instigated by representatives of the Right, exploited at his expense the military reputation of General Giraud, at present a prisoner in Germany.

Thus the defeat of General Gamelin, regarded from the technical and strategic point of view, appears as that of the whole general staff and of its mentors, most of all, of the Marshal who took advantage of it to secure personal power and impose his dictatorship.

My friend Pierre Cot, who has had the honor of being violently singled out by Hitler, is accused of having failed while he was Minister of Aviation, during twenty-one months from 1936 to 1938, of having neglected "to give France an air force that would dominate the situation," and of having furnished airplanes to the Republicans in Spain. But on the contrary, it was he who insistently proposed financial and industrial measures designed to re-establish French aviation. The proof is easy to demonstrate. As to the airplanes delivered in Spain, his only regret is at not having been able to send more. On this point he needs no defense; the outcome has already spoken for him. As Mussolini has admitted, the war began for everyone in Spain.

On December 30, 1936, Pierre Cot submitted to the permanent Council of National Defense a report entered under the number 10-913 R/EMAA, approving two new plans for aerial armament: Plan III, which dealt with defense against airplanes and provided for the increase of antiaircraft batteries; and



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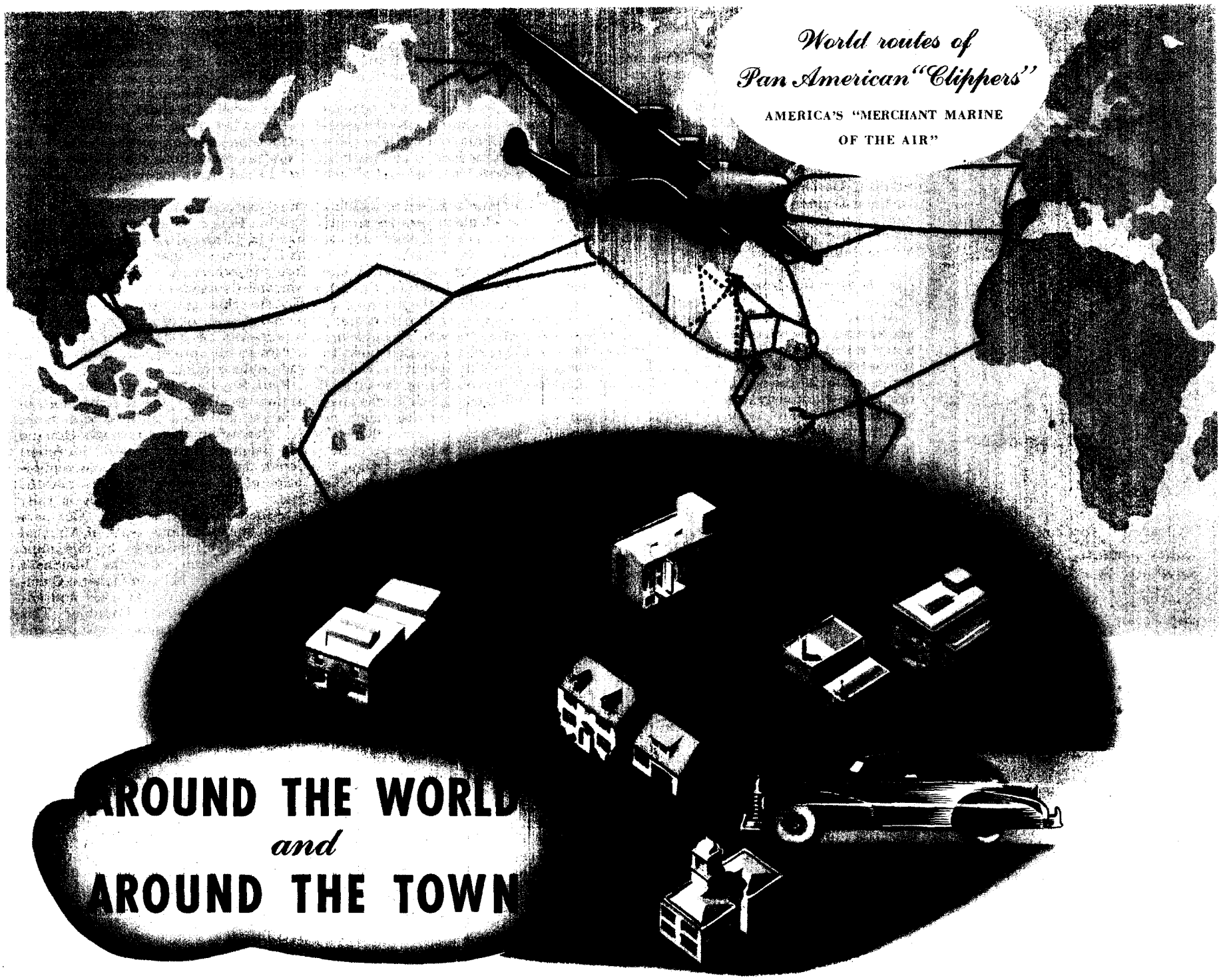

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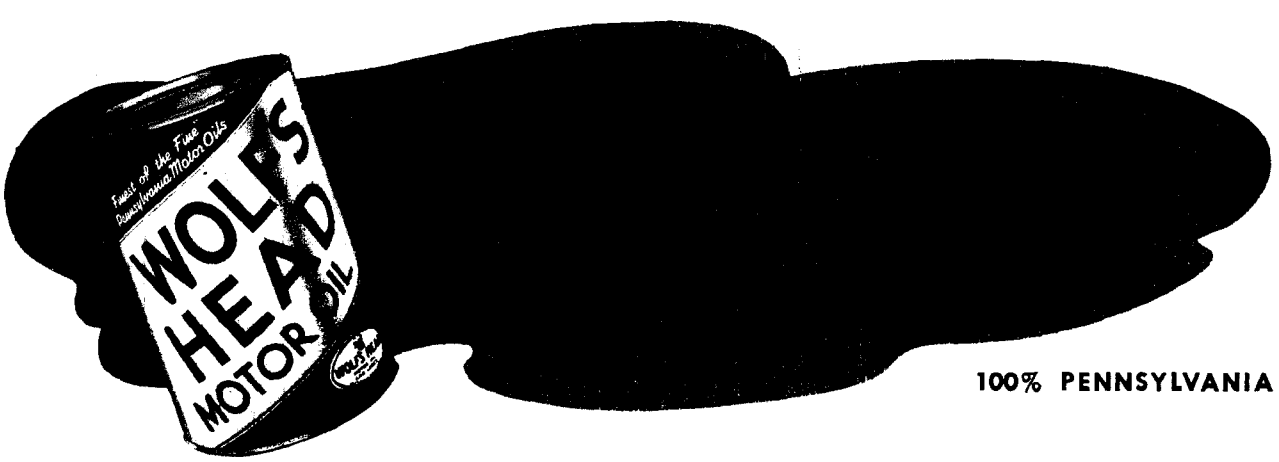

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Plan IV, which was to double French air power by creating a force of 2,600 first-line planes and 1,500 reserves.

On February 15, 1937, the Supreme Military Committee unanimously rejected Pierre Cot's proposal with the observation that "there was no need to extend or modify the plans for the extension of the air force." The two principal members of this Supreme Committee were Marshal Pétain and Admiral Darlan. Moreover, Monsieur Georges Bonnet, then Minister of Finance, succeeded in having the budget for military aviation for 1938 reduced by one billion francs.

A Warning from Pierre Cot

As a result of these facts, Pierre Cot addressed, on the 6th of December, 1937, a new report to the Prime Minister and to the Minister of National Defense, registered under the number 712-c.M/R, protesting vigorously against this obstruction. Here are passages from it:

"During the past eighteen months, I have not ceased to warn that the role assigned to aviation in our national defense system is too small. . . . In relation to the effort that we are making for national defense, the French air force today is the least provided for; its budget represents 22 per cent of the national defense budget. . . . The British air budget represents 34 per cent. . . . If the air force continues to be treated in this manner, it will not be able to accomplish the effort which you deem desirable, and the awakening may be terrible. . . . By refusing to develop our aviation in the same proportions as the other European armies, we risk repeating on a much larger scale the errors we committed before 1914 in neglecting machine guns and heavy artillery."

This is the way Pierre Cot neglected the duties with which he was charged. And it was he who, in the spring of 1938, forced the adoption of a new program, Plan V, a revision of Plan IV providing for an air force of 2,600 front-line planes. But he had only been able to procure its adoption after a delay of two years.

Pierre Cot never disguised from himself the fact that France, with a population only one half that of the Reich, with an industrial capacity of hardly more than one fourth that of Germany, especially for the production of steel and aluminum, and with three and one half times fewer skilled workmen, could not expect to equal the German air force. That is why he resolutely pursued a policy of alliance with Russia in order to combine the two air forces.

It did not rest with him to give a concrete content to the famous Franco-Soviet pact which I had the honor to present in the Chamber of Deputies and which Pierre Laval had secretly promised the Germans not to ratify. Thus it is not Pierre Cot who is responsible. The ones responsible are those who have commanded this trial.

One cannot escape a feeling of embarrassment in defending a man of the worth and prestige of Léon Blum, who is an honor to his country. But no one has been more vilified than he by anti-democrats of all sorts. They have even gone so far as to create out of the whole cloth a legend of a luxurious silver service and apartment houses in Lausanne in order to lend him this property and make a crime of it. I who knew him well—in private as well as at the Palace of Justice and in the Chamber of Deputies—have something to say on this subject.

The silver service was not and is not anything more than a myth conceived by his enemies, and Léon Blum has never owned apartment houses either at Lausanne or anywhere else. He lived simply from his work as a lawyer and as a writer and on his salary from the government.

Others before me have described his literary and oratorical talents, his knowledge which extended not only to the law but which was encyclopedic in character, his humanistic interest inherited from Jean Jaurès. I wish especially to speak of his courage. For years he stood firm in the face of an attack by unscrupulous assailants who openly advocated his assassination. At one tumultuous Communist meeting in Luna Park he arrived alone, armed simply with his eloquence, and was able to dominate the crowd.

Everyone knows of the cowardly and violent attack of a band of Fascist-Royalists against him, then a man of sixty-seven, in the open streets of Paris a few years before the war. What is not known, and what I feel called upon to tell is that after the defeat he walked afoot through the streets of the city of Bordeaux, which at that time was governed by his worst enemies, such as Adrien Marquet, in an atmosphere of insensate hostility, in order to secure at the English consulate a visa for one of my sons who, thanks to him, was able to sail on a British ship.

The statesman is not identical with the private individual. When Léon Blum made mistakes it was always through overscrupulousness. Leader of the largest party in France, he was the logical person in 1936 to assume power, a rule without which a democratic government is impossible. But he entirely abstained from pursuing a partisan policy, in which perhaps he was mistaken. He did not wish to give a partisan color to the decision of France at the time of the Spanish Civil War, and he could not break with England. That is why he resigned himself to non-intervention, the consequences of which it is needless to recall. Under his government, the expenditures for national defense and for armaments attained their highest peak; the figures prove it and no one disputes them.

But at present, Vichy accuses him of having nationalized the munitions industry and introduced for the benefit of the workers reforms impregnated with the spirit of social conflict. It is a question of the forty-hour week and the vacations with pay. The truth is this: The nationalization of the munitions industry was demanded by an immense majority of the country and especially by the associations of veterans, even those whose tendencies were anti-democratic; it was voted almost unanimously by Parliament (nine tenths of the deputies and four fifths of the senators); finally statistics prove that it permitted an increase in the production of armaments. As for the forty-hour week, that was an American innovation, and it was Fascist Italy that proposed its general adoption at the International Labor Office. Let us not speak of vacations with pay, since Marshal Pétain has himself felt obliged to retain them and the forty-hour law also, for that matter.

A Death Sentence Without Trial

Thus the persecutions inflicted on Léon Blum are a challenge to the spirit. His detention is a scandalous and arbitrary act, his condemnation would be an insolent political revenge, a crying denial of justice. Let me add that detention in the sinister fortress of Portalet, the new Bastille, is the equivalent of a death sentence for a man of 71 in delicate health. The French people who have already overthrown one Bastille will be able to overthrow another if the Court of Riom forgets that a tribunal, according to the famous phrase, "should render judgments and not services."

Once more I am defending a friend in the person of Paul Reynaud against whom the prosecution is powerless to formulate any charge. Indeed, it has had to give up even the attempt to inculpate him, and his imprisonment has no other reason than the convenience of the government. The Marshal who thus detains him, as well as Mandel, by an arbitrary personal act dares not send these men before the bar of justice because he fears the revelations they would make, but I shall speak for them too, for they are condemned to silence and their cause is sacred to democracy.

What Pétain holds against Paul Reynaud is, in actual fact, that he foresaw and forewarned, that he saw clearly before the others did. He predicted the war and its new aspects, its new forms. His speeches and writings from 1935 on have an air of prophecy. General de Gaulle was his collaborator and found in him an interpreter before Parliament and public opinion.

Paul Reynaud predicted the motorization of armies, the decisive role of aviation, and even outlined in advance the plan of invasion through Holland and Belgium, the crossing of the Albert Canal, the breach of Sedan, the annihilation of the army in Flanders, and the march on Abbeville. All this is fully described as early as 1936. Compare this to the ridiculous texts of Marshal Pétain and his disciples at this same time, even later, like the Marshal's preface dated in 1938 for General Chanvineau's book printed in 1939 and entitled Is Invasion Still Possible? This book belittles the use of airplanes and tanks. Need one recall the short and cutting pronouncement of General Weygand: "Countries are not occupied by airplanes?"

Why Reynaud Chose Weygand

Paul Reynaud proposed a technique appropriate for the needs of modern warfare, that is, the formation of armored divisions, the maximum use of motors on the ground and in the air. He transposed into the military sphere Keyserling's dictum: "We live in the age of the chauffeur." He was not in favor of waiting until Germany had grown stronger, to adjudicate legal questions. He took a firm position against Munich. As Minister of Finance at the most difficult periods, he ordered indispensable restrictions and preached sacrifice. After the downfall of Daladier in the midst of the war, he accepted and courageously confronted his destiny.

Reynaud's name signified "war to the utmost." But he was almost alone with Georges Mandel, Champetier de Ribes and César Campinchi in wishing to galvanize the country to a supreme effort. His former political friends surreptitiously betrayed him.

The Germans attacked on the 9th of May, and since the strategic and tactical conceptions of the general staff were proved faulty, it was necessary to restore the confidence of the country by appointing a new generalissimo. Paul Reynaud could not choose de Gaulle, who was then only a colonel; but he appointed him general and then Under-Secretary of State for War. General Georges was suffering cruelly from his old wounds and had been too much involved in personal conflict with Gamelin.

In these circumstances, Paul Reynaud was forced to call upon General Weygand because of his former prestige, and Léon Blum approved this choice in a fine article in *Populaire*, written in the spirit of national concord. At the same time Reynaud did honor to Marshal Pétain by appointing him Vice-President of the Council and Minister of State.

To be sure, Paul Reynaud was not ignorant of the defeatist intrigue which had been hatched in the corridors of

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[*Message to Congress, January 6, 1942*]

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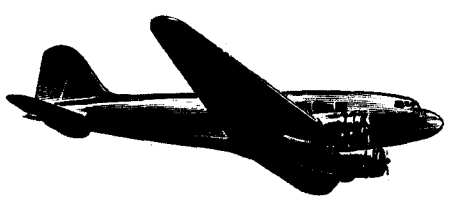

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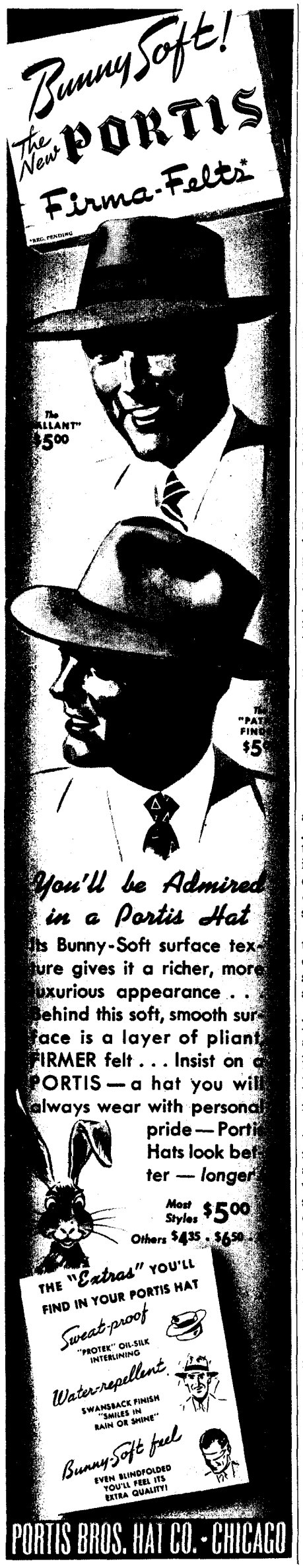
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the Chamber and of the Senate since the defeat of Poland. Beginning on September 17th, there was a move afoot among Pierre Laval, Georges Bonnet, de Monzie, Frossard, Déat and Paul Faure, to create a Pétain-Laval cabinet with the view of making a separate peace. But who would believe that the old Marshal would lend himself to such intrigue? Paul Reynaud never dreamed of it, and France has paid dearly for this mistake.

I would not speak of the countess, whom Paul Reynaud was planning to marry if the press had not disseminated so many statements on this subject. It must be said that in intervening with so much ardor in affairs of state, Hélène de Portes was animated by a passion for the public good, which atones for many indiscretions and for a disturbing emotionalism. I saw her for the last time at my office in the Department of Moving Pictures where she came to ask me, on behalf of American companies, for certain exceptions to the Army's monopoly on the taking of pictures at the front, in order that America might become better acquainted with our country at war. Very often she made me think of the pleasant observation of the Count de Fontenay, in the course of the Seven Years War, about the part that women play in a war. "If one gets together an army," he wrote, "women move heaven and earth until those in whom they are interested are appointed. After three months of campaigning, they make the same uproar in order to have them brought back."

But Paul Reynaud merited a better fate than the fortress of Portalet and the privilege of dying there by degrees. The victory of the Allies will be in some measure his victory. It will be his deliverance and his revenge.

We come now to the man whom the Marshal fears no less than Reynaud, Georges Mandel, who from the beginning of the "silly war" had a clear perception of events and formulated his views privately in these unforgettable terms: "We shall go from defeat to defeat until the final victory." Who can deny today that his prediction is being realized?

I was his political adversary before becoming his partisan and his friend, and he was himself the antagonist of Léon Blum, whose fate he shares at present because of their common democratic and patriotic sentiments. But Georges Mandel is an authoritarian democrat of the school of Clemenceau in a country that had need above all of authority, at a time when Léon Blum was partially a generous Utopian. Georges Clemenceau, having made Mandel his close collaborator and his confidant, inspired in him a faith in the nation that withstands all attacks.

Injustice Plus Calumny

That is why Marshal Pétain has imprisoned the former Minister of the Interior. He is taking vengeance on a great servant of France, for whom the words "Right" and "Left" had lost all meaning before the growing menace of Germany.

Against him, as against Paul Reynaud, the prosecution is powerless to frame the slightest charge. He is imprisoned at Portalet through the simple caprice of the masters of the hour.

The capitulationists in the service of Germany slyly insinuated that Georges Mandel was in the service of England. They have not dared to voice this despicable calumny in front of him. Thus, one does not see among the accused this prisoner of state who was in the service simply of his country and of his conscience. Mandel was openly and demonstrably opposed to Munich. He supported with vigor and eloquence the understanding with Soviet Russia for the purpose of creating the two fronts which Germany feared. All this is clear and logical. In the name of his friends and admirers, I make a point of rendering homage to him while waiting for a delivered France to render him justice.

For those who may not know it, it is important to say very clearly that Georges Mandel is loyalty itself toward his colleagues, his collaborators and his subordinates, as toward his chiefs. His genius for watchfulness is exercised only against the enemies of his country. The malice which is attributed to him in an exaggerated degree never extends to his friends, in whom his uprightness of character, his sincerity, and his frank and cutting irony inspire unlimited confidence. He raised himself only through his personal qualities, through intelligence and character; he fell only with his country, which will raise him again in raising itself. For France has need of men of this class and of this temper in order to take once more in the future —grown greater through tests and suffering—her place in a world liberated from the tyranny of the barbarians.

Retreat to Victory

Continued from page 13

according to a Dutch "White Book," and Japanese official missions sought to lull the Netherlands colonial government into a false sense of security that would cause them to abandon preparations to destroy the island's riches when invasion came.

When it did come, Dutch police found the center of espionage in the Japanese consulate-general at Batavia, where a secret short-wave wireless kept enemy agents in constant touch with Tokyo.

That was only the well-prepared preliminary invasion, paving the way for a cleverly directed and powerful war machine that later struck into the East Indies oil fields on which Tokyo counted to supply the life blood for a long, mechanized struggle.

When the war machine started to roll, the airplanes came first. With all due respect for the excellence of American aircraft and the skill of the fine pilots who fly them, the Japanese quickly showed that they had fighter planes comparable to the best we had this side of the 180th meridian. And they had many more of them than we and our allies combined had out here.

The Japanese Navy Zero, built by Mitsubishi, is a honey of an airplane. It has a speed of about 350 miles an hour and carries two cannon and at least four machine guns. It is as fast as and more maneuverable at certain altitudes, experts say, than the Curtiss P-40 fighters we had in the Far East during the first phase of the war. It was a complete "tactical surprise," in the language of our airmen who have had to face its murderous onslaughts in aircraft that were often inferior in performance and always inferior in numbers.

The Japanese pilots usually approach an objective at an extremely high altitude. They cut off their motors and glide in, seeking to make their gray and white camouflaged planes as inconspicuous as possible against the summer sky. When the Navy Zero planes first attacked Batavia, machine-gunning the streets and airdromes, it had been supposed that the planes came from an aircraft carrier, because we were far from any Japanese base. But we discovered that the Navy Zero is equipped with the detachable fuel tanks that enable it to make long-range flights. These tanks are dropped from the plane when empty.

I examined one tank and found it to be a streamlined aluminum affair that looked like a miniature "one-man submarine," about six feet long and holding more than 80 gallons of gasoline. Experts told me that the tank was well made and something of a masterpiece in aeronautical engineering. It might increase a fighter's range by many hundreds of miles.

A Dutchman Makes a Joke

The Dutch carefully collected all such tanks dropped by enemy planes and added them to their aluminum stocks. They did it with quiet humor, joking at their own thrifty ways even after the enemy pilots' machine guns had raked the streets of their capital. One fellow proudly showed me a spoon which he had been carrying in the back pocket of his pants during the attack.

"It saved my life," he said with a grin. "It stopped a bullet just at the place where the back changes its name."

The pattern of Japanese invasion has been fairly consistent, but the enemy often has tackled formidable natural obstacles in order to provide the greatest possible element of surprise, as in Malaya. Fighter planes in large numbers strafe the defensive airdromes and other bases with explosive shells and then protect bombers which follow up with heavy explosives. Sometimes the Japanese fighters have seemed to mark the airport targets with black smoke puffs in order to guide the bombers that follow them.

In the wake of the air attack comes an invasion fleet, usually including an aircraft carrier, cruisers, destroyers and transports, some of which send up a balloon barrage to guard against Allied dive bombers.

As the Japanese airplanes attack the land bases and ships in the harbor, the invasion fleet moves in as close as possible and warships shell the defense positions. At Tarakan, on the east coast of Borneo, Japanese troops in native clothes took part in the attack, landing at isolated points under protection of heavy bombardment in an effort to confuse the defenders. Then the main landing forces swarmed ashore in small armored boats, equipped with rifles, light machine guns, grenades and radio sets which officers wore to keep in close touch with ships and airplanes during the attack.

The Japanese troops in jungle fighting often wore only shorts, tennis shoes, a bandolier and a sun helmet in their Malayan offensive. Snipers were dressed in green to blend with the tropical foliage and often had their hands and faces painted green. They carried a coil of rope to tie themselves in the branches of trees, thus leaving their hands free to handle their weapons.

One of the newspapermen who followed every step of the Japanese advance through Malaya was Harold Guard, war correspondent of the United Press, who escaped under heavy aerial bombardment from Singapore to Java. Guard said that the Japanese used a minimum of equipment for individual soldiers plus a maximum of ammunition for light but effective firearms. Often

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the British troops in Malaya found their gear unwieldy in the jungles, but the Japanese were well-trained in jungle fighting and could live off the land.

The Japanese engineering corps demonstrated efficiency and ability in repairing highways and bridges and in getting both light and heavy mechanized equipment ashore and across streams. The invaders made the best possible use of every available means of transportation in the areas they entered, even to mounting machine guns on tradesmen's delivery bicycles.

The Japanese are not generally regarded by the British and Dutch troops that have engaged them as technically good soldiers, but they certainly don't fear death, as a rule, and they seem to shrink only from bayonet fighting. Australian troops in Malaya reported that the only time they encountered serious bayonet opposition was when they battled the Japanese Imperial Guard on the Muar River.

The enemy's artillery fire has not been particularly good but his aerial bombing is accurate, indicating an excellent bomb sight.

Every trick is exploited to the limit in the Japanese attack. A European officer of the Sarawak government, on the north coast of Borneo, told me that the first Japanese to approach the capital of Kuching wore the uniforms of Sarawak police, which they had seized from policemen at Miri. In these uniforms, the enemy secured control of a bridge two miles from the capital and flanked the defending garrison.

But when trickery and surprise meet stubborn resistance the Japanese have thrown hardened soldiers and good equipment into the battle fronts.

Against this long-prepared and experienced army of invasion we have been retreating because the American people failed to prepare for war when there was opportunity to do it calmly and systematically. For that failure we are now paying a terrible price in ships and planes and, above all, in brave men fighting against odds far greater than the Continental army faced in the Revolutionary War.

Men Who Know How to Win

These odds have placed a heavy burden on the shoulders of Gen. Douglas MacArthur and Brig. Gen. Harold H. George (you probably don't even know who George is, but I'll tell you about him in a moment). The thing to remember, however, is that these heavy odds against us can be changed to make us an odds-on favorite, provided we have what it takes to win wars in these days. I'm assuming that we have it. From personal observation, I am positive that our allies —the Chinese and the Dutch—have it. They have both known when to retreat and how to deal with the territory which must inevitably fall into enemy hands. I am certain they will both know how to fight to a decisive victory when they have the equipment which we, more than any other nation in the world, are equipped to supply.

In order to turn the retreat of Allied forces into a victory, as is within our capabilities, we must from today supply equipment greater than the most ambitious estimates made at Washington and must fight as we have never been called upon to fight in the past.

The handful of men we depended upon to defend the Philippines already have done just that. They did it with a spirit of resourcefulness which probably filled with pride the same Americans who had mistakenly prevented their adequate reinforcement. And that brings me to that man George.

George is a brigadier general in the U. S. Army Air Force now, but on Batan Peninsula he commanded certainly the smallest unit any Air Force general ever bossed. With it, he got results so far out of proportion to his fighting strength that MacArthur was reported to have said he would soon run out of decorations unless George's men eased up a bit. George himself is a pint-sized, cold-blooded fighting airman who was absolutely undismayed by the impossible task to which he was assigned. He could not without help drive the Japanese from the Philippines but he went on the theory that he should give 'em hell until his last crate was finished.

And that attitude may mean just the difference between ultimate victory or defeat. (The same may be said of the delaying action that has been fought by Gen. Chiang Kai-shek since 1937 and the brilliant use made by Gen. H. Ter Poorten of limited Netherlands Indies military strength.)

Let George Do It

George is not only a fighting general but he can dig ditches any day that it is necessary to dig ditches. Another American airman who left the Philippines in late February told me that when he last saw him George was knee-deep in a mountain stream, digging to make a dam that his little air force needed for its operations. The point is that when anything needs to be done, this man George can show you how to do it.

Then there was First Sergeant Jim Brady of Denver and the Coastal Artillery, who directed a gun crew on Corregidor Island in Manila Bay during the first Japanese attack. This was the baptism of fire for many young American soldiers and they had not quite assimilated the idea of holding their fire until it would be most effective. As enemy dive bombers hurtled toward the battery with machine guns spurting, the Americans' fingers itched on the trigger. But Brady held their fire until the enemy was definitely in range.

Then as the artillery barrage shook the island, one young soldier exclaimed: "They're bombing us, Sergeant!"

"What in hell," Brady replied tartly, "do you expect? We're shooting at them, aren't we?"

This retreat to victory on fronts scattered over 5,000 miles is producing many heroes, most of whom are too busy to realize their heroism. But they are remembered, and one who will not be forgotten by his comrades was a Scots machine gunner on the Slim River in Malaya who flung himself in the road before Japanese tanks and kept his gun blazing until he had stopped the leader. He was still firing when the next tank literally crushed him in the mud.

Along the beaches of Celebes Island, in the jungles of Borneo and in the skillfully hidden Dutch air bases there were other heroes whose exploits seldom reached the outside world. One of them was Jan Butner, a quiet Dutch youth with whom I talked one day as we and his pretty wife sat at the luncheon table. Butner brought his bomber crew back safely after a chance shot from a Japanese plane broke his fuel line in a battle over Tarakan. He was later assigned to a fighter squadron on Java. When the Japanese first raided the Batavia airdrome the defenses were taken by surprise. Butner took cover in a trench, but he noticed that the engine of his Brewster Buffalo plane, on which a mechanic had been working, was still running. He made a run for it as the Japanese swept low over the field, raking everything with cannon and machine-gun fire.

In the face of a rain of bullets, he took off while the enemy pilots were low over the field. Butner's guns were blazing away almost as soon as he was

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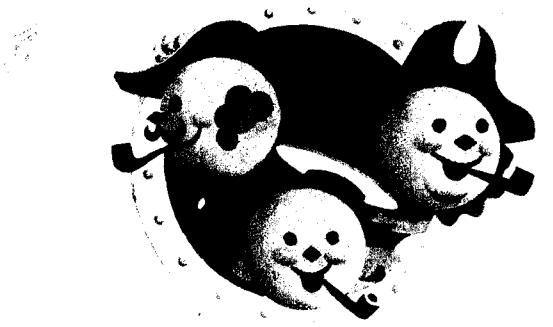

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off the ground. One Japanese plane went down. Butner climbed and sighted a group of planes which he thought were British Hurricanes. As he joined them he discovered they were Japanese fighters and let go with all of his guns. One toppled toward the sea and Butner dived back toward his base.

The first American air base in Java was high up in the mountains beneath a volcanic cone that rises thousands of feet above a curving valley. It was to this base, commanded by Major Cecile Combs and under the headquarters of Col. Eugene L. Eubanks of Texas, that American Flying Fortresses and dive bombers returned after aiding Allied warships in scoring a crushing victory over superior enemy invasion forces launching the first attack on Bali.

New hangars were built to blend into the mountain landscape. Brightly plumaged tropical birds flitted about the giant planes and rose screaming from the tangled jungles when the big motors were warmed up. Native workers carried dirt in baskets slung on poles to build the runways and keep them in repair, but the scene took on a distinctly American flavor when the planes dipped in over the mountain tops and pilots in khaki tumbled out to demand fried chicken and hot coffee.

These American fliers carried out hazardous actions and have won their share of awards for bravery in fighting that, when the full story is told, will add an epochal chapter to American war history. They voiced only two important needs as the Japs closed in on Java—more planes and more Japanese.

Among them were Algen E. and Fred Key, of Meridian, Mississippi, who once set an endurance flight record; and Capt. Frank A. Kurtz of Omaha, who was an Olympic diving star in 1932 and 1936.

This desire for offensive blows was noticeable in the Allied operations as the enemy moved closer to Java and as his losses mounted under punishing counterattacks. It may have been a portent of the future, in contrast to the strategy of retreat that the British employed in Malaya.

Even as late as February 1st, just one week prior to the Japanese landing on Singapore island, Maj. Gen. A. E. Percival explained to newspapermen that a partial withdrawal of the British forces in Malaya was being carried out in accordance with a plan under which certain forces would be placed "where they will be most effective in defense of the island."

Fighters Who Walked Backward

The most brilliant strategy of the Malayan campaign was always described as "successfully disengaging the enemy." The tempo of this retreating war was expressed by a typical Cockney soldier who said:

"I've been at Dunkirk. I've been in Greece and in Crete . . . I joined the bloody army in 1939 and I've been walking backward ever since."

The Japanese plans of conquest do not stop with the East Indies riches. Beyond Burma's broad rivers and storied cities lies India. Even that vast subcontinent might not end the Allied retreat unless Americans realize they are in for a long, hard war. Perhaps this is already realized at home but the results are not quickly seen out here where the fighting is in progress.

We make the best airplanes in the world but they will avail us nothing until we deliver enough of them where they are needed and when they are needed. If anyone doubts we failed to do that, let him look at the territory we were pledged to defend which has passed into the hands of the Japanese militarists, who fight wars as a business proposition and cannot afford to lose.

The fact that we are building airplanes better and faster than the best the Japanese can build is poor consolation for Colonel Eubanks and his boys, who wanted the tools for an adequate job from the beginning of the battle of Java. Unhappily, our lack of planes with which to combat the initial phase of the Japanese offensive was no military secret, for the agents of Tokyo were the first outside our own Air Force to become aware of the deficiencies of our equipment. Through one of the world's most efficient espionage systems, they knew all there was to know regarding our air strength in Asia.

But they must have been amazed by the damage our boys inflicted on them, as they were amazed by the stubborn resistance of the Dutch and the ruthless application of the scorched-earth policy in the Netherlands East Indies.

A Dividend Paid by Valor

In view of the circumstances which are now well known there was no reason to expect such effective work from our fighter pilots, who were outdistanced and outgunned by enemy planes, or from our bombers, who usually had to operate without pursuit-plane protection—a risk that the Japanese never asked their bomber squadrons to take if there was danger of meeting enemy fighters.

The air men in the Orient give the Japanese pilots credit for daring in dive bombing. The Japanese, as a rule, have shown courage in aerial combat, but almost invariably their spirits have been raised by the pitifully few American, Dutch and British planes they have encountered.

In the words of one veteran American air officer, "The Japanese high-level bombing after five years' practice on Chinese women and children is still lousy." The only explanation of the damage the Japanese have been able to inflict with "lousy" bombing is found in the inadequate opposition they have met. While I was writing the first part of this piece in Bandoeng they swooped down on the airport without losing a single bomber. If positions had been reversed, including the relative offensive and defensive strengths, our fliers certainly would have destroyed the entire airport. But, as things stand, the Japanese are able to accomplish their purpose eventually by nibbling, piecemeal tactics, and sometimes their bag is not so picayunish either.

All in all, they have mustered sufficient strength to drive the white man from almost every stronghold he had established in the Far East. They have us now in a position which may be described as either rout or strategic withdrawal to a better prepared position, depending on what we really mean to do about it.

If this is to be a real retreat to victory, here are the things we must do without a minute's unnecessary delay:

We Americans must take the full responsibility through our highest military officers for the policy, strategy and tactics designed to win the war and for the consequences if we fail or allow the war to be prolonged until it makes no difference who wins.

Having underestimated the Japanese strength or purpose and will, we must produce in overwhelming numbers aircraft such as no others can build, manned by crews sufficiently trained to meet clever men who have been fighting in the air for almost five years.

No aspect of this world war is any more important to us than this war in the Pacific and it demands the utmost effort we can bring to bear before it is too late. If we are unable or unwilling to fulfill these conditions with all speed, there is one alternative—we can all pull rickshas for the Japanese.

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Moving Finger

Continued from page 12

He dropped his bag on the floor. His thin dark face was excited. "Do you mean to say that *you've* had one of them?"

I was interested. "They've been going about, then?"

"Yes. For some time."

"Oh," I said. "I see. I was under the impression that our presence as strangers was resented here."

"No, no, it's nothing to do with that. It's just—" He paused and then asked, "What did it say? At least"—he turned suddenly red and embarrassed—"perhaps I oughtn't to ask?"

"I'll tell you with pleasure," I said. "It just said that the fancy tart I'd brought down with me wasn't my sister—not 'alf! And that, I may say, is a shortened version."

His dark face flushed angrily. "How damnable! Your sister didn't—she's not upset, I hope?"

"Joanna," I said, "looks a little like the angel off the top of the Christmas tree, but she's eminently modern and quite tough. She found it highly entertaining. Such things haven't come her way before."

"I should hope not, indeed," said Griffith warmly.

"And anyway," I said firmly, "that's the best way to take it, I think. As something utterly ridiculous."

"Yes," said Owen Griffith, "only—"

He stopped, and I chimed in quickly. "Quite so," I said. "Only is the word!"

"The trouble is," he said, "that this sort of thing, once it starts, *grows.*"

"So I should imagine."

"It's psychopathic, of course."

I nodded. "Any idea who's behind it?" I asked.

"No, I wish I had. You see, the anonymous-letter pest arises from one of two causes. Either it's *particular*—directed at one person or set of people, that is to say it's *motivated,* it's someone who's got a definite grudge (or thinks he has) and who chooses a particularly nasty and underhand way of working it off. It's mean and disgusting but it's not necessarily crazy, and it's usually fairly easy to trace the writer—a discharged servant, a jealous woman, and so on. But if it's *general,* and not particular, then it's more serious.

"The letters are sent indiscriminately and serve the purpose of working off some frustration in the writer's mind. As I say, it's definitely psychopathic. And the craze grows. In the end, of course, you track down the person in question (it's often someone extremely unlikely) and that's that. There was a bad outburst of the kind over the other side of the county last year—turned out to be the head of the millinery department in a big draper's establishment. Quiet, refined woman—had been there for years.

"I remember something of the same kind in my last practice up north. But that turned out to be purely personal spite. Still, as I say, I've seen something of this kind of thing, and, quite frankly, it frightens me!"

"HAS it been going on long?" I asked Griffith.

"I don't think so. Hard to say, of course, because people who get these letters don't go round advertising the fact. They put them in the fire."

He paused.

"I've had one myself. Symmington, the solicitor, he's had one. And one or two of my poorer patients have told me about them."

"All much the same sort of thing?"

"Oh, yes. A definite harping on the sex theme. That's always a feature." He grinned. "Symmington was accused of illicit relations with his lady clerk—poor old Miss Ginch, who's forty at least, with pince-nez and teeth like a rabbit. Symmington took it straight to the police. My letters accused me of violating professional decorum with my lady patients, stressing the details. They're all quite childish and absurd, but horribly venomous." His face changed, grew grave. "But all the same, I'm *afraid.* These things can be *dangerous,* you know."

"I suppose they can."

"You see," he said, "crude, childish spite though it is, sooner or later one of these letters will hit the mark. And then, God knows what may happen! I'm afraid, too, of the effect upon the slow, suspicious, uneducated mind. If they see a thing written, they believe it's true. All sorts of complications may arise."

"It was an illiterate sort of letter," I said, "written by somebody practically illiterate, I should say."

"Was it?" said Owen and went away.

Thinking it over afterward, I found that "Was it?" rather disturbing.

I AM not going to pretend that the arrival of our anonymous letter did not leave a nasty taste in the mouth. It did. At the same time, it soon passed out of my mind. I did not, you see, at that point, take it seriously. I think I remember saying to myself that these things probably happen fairly often in out-of-the-way villages. Some hysterical woman with a taste for dramatizing herself was probably at the bottom of it. Anyway, if the letters were as childish and silly as the one we had got, they couldn't do much harm.

The next *incident,* if I may put it so, occurred about a week later, when Partridge, her lips set tightly together, informed me that Beatrice, the daily help, would not be coming today.

"I gather, sir," said Partridge, "that the girl has been upset."

I was not very sure what Partridge was implying, but I diagnosed (wrongly) some stomach trouble to which Partridge was too delicate to allude more directly. I said I was sorry and hoped she would soon be better.

"The girl is perfectly well, sir," said Partridge. "She is upset in her feelings."

"Oh," I said rather doubtfully.

"Owing," went on Partridge, "to a letter she has received. Making, I understand, insinuations."

The grimness of Partridge's eye made me apprehensive that the insinuations were concerned with me. Since I could hardly have recognized Beatrice by sight if I had met her in the town, so unaware of her had I been, I felt a not unnatural annoyance. An invalid hobbling about on two sticks is hardly cast for the role of deceiver of village girls.

I said irritably, "What nonsense!"

"My very words, sir, to the girl's mother," said Partridge. "'Goings-on in this house,' I said to her, 'there never have been and never will be while I am in charge. As to Beatrice,' I said, 'girls are different nowadays, and as to goings-on elsewhere I can say nothing.' But the truth is, sir, that Beatrice's friend from the garage as she walks out with got one of them nasty letters, too, and he isn't acting reasonable at all."

"I have never heard anything so preposterous in my life," I said angrily.

"It's my opinion, sir," said Partridge, "that we're well rid of the girl. What I say is, she wouldn't take on so if there

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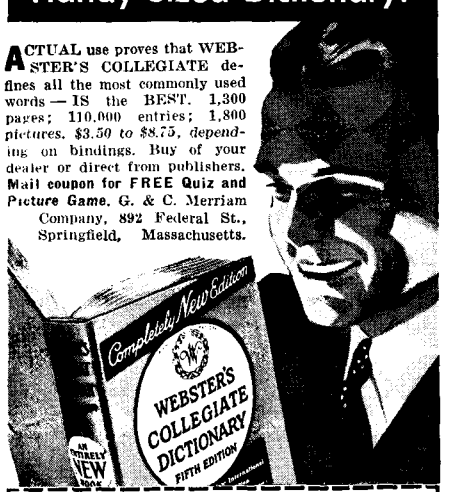

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wasn't *something* she didn't want found out. No smoke without fire, that's what I say."

I had no idea how horribly tired I was going to get of that particular phrase.

THAT morning, by way of adventure, I was to walk down to the village. The sun was shining, the air was cool and crisp with the sweetness of spring in it. I assembled my sticks and started off, firmly refusing to permit Joanna to accompany me.

It was arranged that she should pick me up with the car and drive me back up the hill in time for lunch.

"That ought to give you time to pass the time of day with everyone in Lymstock."

"I have no doubt," I said, "that I shall have seen anybody who is anybody by then."

For morning in the High Street was a kind of rendezvous for shoppers, when news was exchanged.

I did not, after all, walk down to the town unaccompanied. I had gone about two hundred yards, when I heard a bicycle bell behind me, then a scrunching of brakes, and then Megan Hunter more or less fell off her machine at my feet.

"Hullo," she said breathlessly as she rose and dusted herself off.

I rather liked Megan and always felt oddly sorry for her.

She was Symmington the lawyer's stepdaughter, Mrs. Symmington's daughter by a first marriage. Nobody talked much about Mr. (or Captain) Hunter, and I gathered that he was considered best forgotten. He was reported to have treated Mrs. Symmington very badly. She had divorced him a year or two after the marriage. She was a woman with means of her own and had settled down with her little daughter in Lymstock "to forget," and had eventually married the only eligible bachelor in the place, Richard Symmington.

There were two boys of the second marriage to whom their parents were devoted, and I fancied that Megan sometimes felt odd-man in the establishment. She certainly did not resemble her mother, who was a small, anemic woman, fadedly pretty, who talked in a thin melancholy voice of servant difficulties and her health.

MEGAN was a tall awkward girl, and although she was actually twenty, she looked more like a schoolgirlish sixteen. She had a shock of untidy brown hair, hazel green eyes, a thin bony face, and an unexpectedly charming one-sided smile. Her clothes were drab and unattractive and she usually had on lisle-thread stockings with holes in them.

She looked, I decided this morning, much more like a horse than a human being. In fact, she would have been a very nice horse with a little grooming.

She spoke, as usual, in a kind of breathless rush:

"I've been up to the farm—you know, Lasher's—to see if they'd got any duck eggs. They've got an awfully nice lot of little pigs. Sweet! Do you like pigs? I do. I even like the smell."

"Well-kept pigs shouldn't smell," I said.

"Shouldn't they? They all do around here. Are you walking down to the town? I saw you were alone, so I thought I'd stop and walk with you, only I stopped rather suddenly."

"You've torn your stocking," I said.

Megan looked rather ruefully at her right leg. "So I have. But it's got two holes already, so it doesn't matter very much, does it?"

"Don't you ever mend your stockings, Megan?"

"Rather. When Mummy catches me. But she doesn't notice awfully what I do—so it's lucky in a way, isn't it?"

"You don't seem to realize you're grown up," I said.

"You mean I ought to be more like your sister? All dolled up?"

I rather resented this description of Joanna. "She looks clean and tidy and pleasing to the eye," I said.

"She's awfully pretty," said Megan. "She isn't a bit like you, is she? Why not?"

"Brothers and sisters aren't always alike."

"No. Of course I'm not very like Brian or Colin. And Brian and Colin aren't like each other." She paused and said, "It's very rum, isn't it?"

"What is?"

Megan replied briefly:

"Families."

I said thoughtfully, "I suppose they are."

I wondered just what was passing in her mind. We walked on in silence for a moment or two, then Megan said in a rather shy voice, "You fly, don't you?"

"Yes."

"That's how you got hurt?"

"Yes, I crashed."

Megan said, "Nobody down here flies."

"No," I said, "I suppose not. Would you like to fly, Megan?"

"Me?" Megan seemed surprised. "Goodness, no. I should be sick. I'm sick in a train even."

She paused, and then asked with that directness which only a child usually displays: "Will you get all right and be able to fly again, or will you always be a bit of a crock?"

"My doctor says I shall be quite all right."

"Yes, but is he the kind of man who tells lies?"

"I don't think so," I replied. "In fact, I'm quite sure of it. I trust him."

"That's all right then. But a lot of people do tell lies."

I accepted this undeniable statement of fact in silence.

Megan said in a detached judicial kind of way, "I'm glad. I was afraid you looked bad-tempered because you were crocked up for life—but if it's just natural, it's different."

"I'm not bad-tempered," I said coldly.

"Well, irritable, then."

"I'm irritable because I'm in a hurry to get fit again—and these things can't be hurried."

"Then why fuss?"

I began to laugh. "My dear girl, aren't you ever in a hurry for things to happen?"

Megan considered the question. She said, "No. Why should I be? There's nothing to be in a hurry about. Nothing ever happens."

I was struck by something forlorn in the words. I said gently, "What do you do with yourself down here?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "What is there to do?"

"Haven't you any hobbies? Don't you play games? Haven't you got friends around about?"

"I'm stupid at games. There aren't many girls around here, and the ones there are I don't like. They think I'm awful."

"Nonsense. Why should they?"

Megan shook her head.

We were now entering the High Street. Megan said sharply:

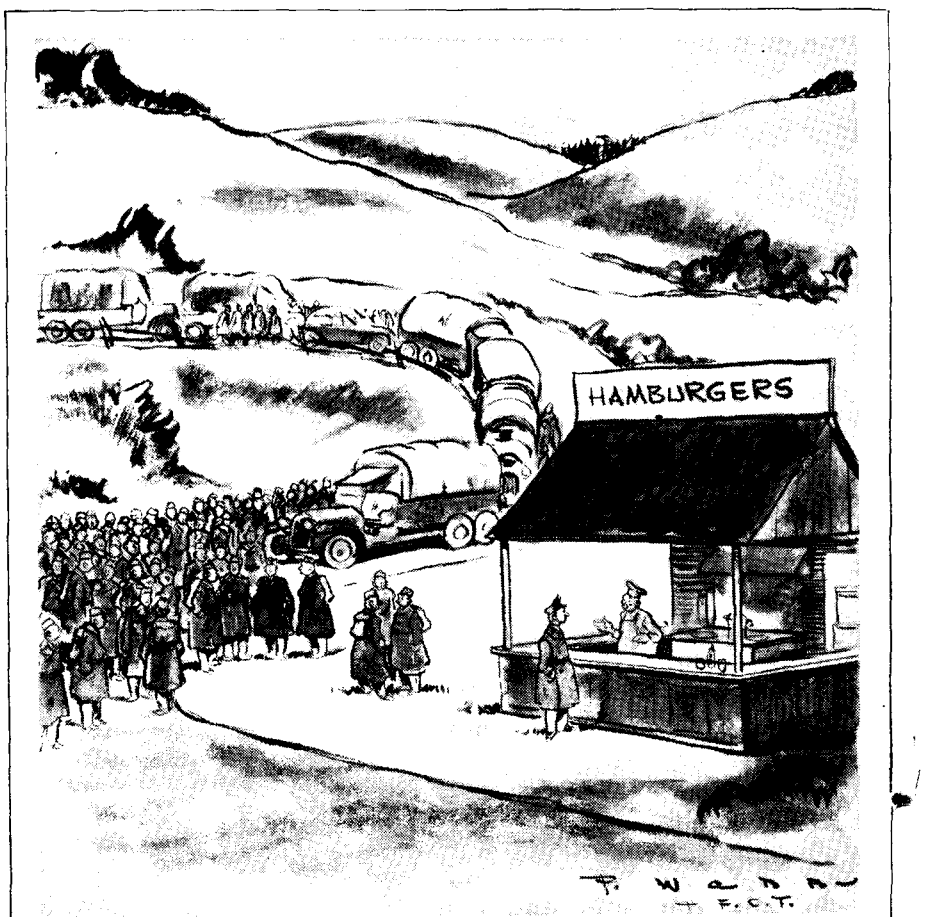
"Here's Miss Griffith coming. Hateful woman. She's always at me to join her foul Guides. I hate Guides. Why dress up and go about in clumps and put badges on yourself for something you haven't really learned to do properly. I think it's all rot."

ON THE whole I rather agreed with Megan. But Miss Griffith had descended upon us before I could voice my assent.

The doctor's sister, who rejoiced in the singularly inappropriate name of Aimée, had all the positive assurance her brother lacked. She was a handsome woman in a masculine weather-beaten way, with a deep voice.

"Hullo, you two," she bayed at us. "Gorgeous morning, isn't it? Megan Hunter, you are just the person I want to see. I want some help. Addressing envelopes for the Conservative Association."

Megan muttered something elusive, propped up her bicycle against the curb



"137 with onion, 112 with relish—whad'ya want on the other one?"

PAUL WEBB

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"Okay, buddy—off with the rubber heels!" OTTO SOGLOW

and dived in a purposeful way into the International Stores.

"Extraordinary child," said Miss Griffith, looking after her. "Bone lazy. Spends her time mooning about. Must be a great trial to poor Mrs. Symmington. I know her mother's tried more than once to get her to take up something—shorthand-typing, you know, or cookery, or keeping Angora rabbits. She needs an *interest* in life."

I thought that was probably true, but felt that in Megan's place I should have withstood firmly any of Aimée Griffith's suggestions for the simple reason that her aggressive personality would have put my back up.

"I don't believe in idleness," went on Miss Griffith. "And certainly not for young people. It's not as though Megan was pretty or attractive or anything like that. Sometimes I think the girl's half-witted. A great disappointment to her mother. The father, you know," she lowered her voice slightly, "was definitely a wrong 'un. Afraid the child takes after him. Painful for her mother. Oh, well, it takes all sorts to make a world, that's what I say."

"Fortunately," I responded.

Aimée Griffith gave a "jolly" laugh.

"Yes, it wouldn't do if we were all made to one pattern. But I don't like to see anyone not getting all he can out of life. I enjoy life myself and I want everyone to enjoy it too. People say to me you must be bored to death living down there in the country all the year around. Not a bit of it, I say. I'm always busy, always happy! There's always something going on in the country. My time's taken up, what with my Guides, and the Institute and various committees—to say nothing of looking after Owen."

At this minute, Miss Griffith saw an acquaintance on the other side of the street, and uttering a bay of recognition she leaped across the road, leaving me free to pursue my course to the bank.

I always found Miss Griffith rather overwhelming.

My business at the bank transacted satisfactorily, I went on to the offices of Messrs. Galbraith, Galbraith and Symmington. I don't know if there were any Galbraiths extant. I never saw any. I was shown into Richard Symmington's inner office which had the agreeable mustiness of a long-established firm.

Vast numbers of deed boxes, labeled Lady Hope, Sir Everard Carr, William Yatesby-Hoares Esq., Deceased, etc., gave the required atmosphere of decorous county families and legitimate, long-established business.

Studying Mr. Symmington as he bent over the documents I had brought, it occurred to me that if Mrs. Symmington had encountered disaster in her first marriage, she had certainly played safe in her second. Richard Symmington was the acme of calm respectability, the sort of man who would never give his wife a moment's anxiety. A long neck with a pronounced Adam's apple, a slightly cadaverous face and a long thin nose. A kindly man, no doubt, a good husband and father, but not one to set the pulses madly racing.

PRESENTLY Mr. Symmington began to speak. He spoke clearly and slowly, delivering himself of much good sense and shrewd acumen. We settled the matter in hand and I rose to go, remarking as I did so, "I walked down the hill with your stepdaughter."

For a moment Mr. Symmington looked as though he did not know who his stepdaughter was, then he smiled.

"Oh, yes, of course—Megan. She—er—has been back from school some time. We're thinking about finding her something to do—yes, to do. But, of course, she's very young still. And backward for her age, so they say."

I went out. In the outer office was a

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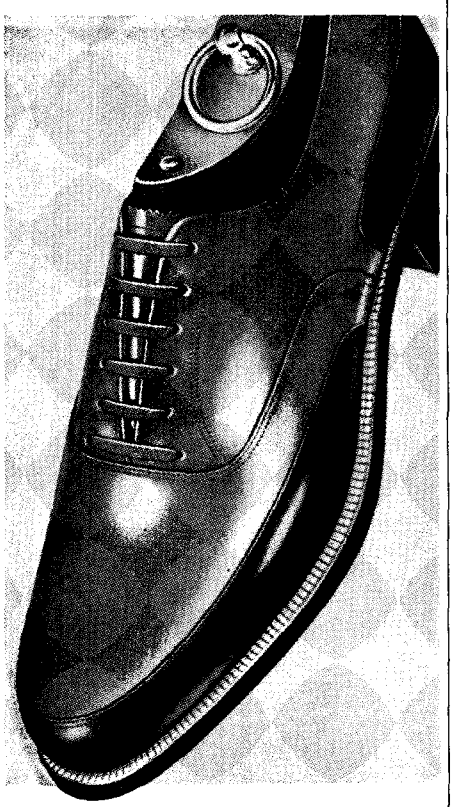

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DIXIE (below). Beige and brown. Or brown and white. Walk-Over prices $7.95 to $12.95. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

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very old man on a stool writing slowly and laboriously, a small, cheeky-looking boy and a middle-aged woman with frizzy hair and pince-nez who was typing with some speed and dash.

If this was Miss Ginch I agreed with Owen Griffith that tender passages between her and her employer were exceedingly unlikely.

I went into the baker's to report having received a very stale currant loaf. My faltering complaint was received with the exclamations and incredulity proper to the occasion, and a new currant loaf was thrust upon me in replacement—"fresh from the oven this minute"—as its indecent heat pressed against my chest proclaimed to be no less than truth.

I came out of the shop and looked up and down the street hoping to see Joanna with the car. The walk had tired me a good deal and it was awkward getting along with my sticks and the currant loaf.

But there was no sign of Joanna as yet.

SUDDENLY my eyes were held in glad and incredulous surprise. Along the pavement toward me there came floating a goddess. There is really no other word for it. The perfect features, the crisply curling golden hair, the tall exquisitely shaped body. And she walked like a goddess, without effort, seeming to swim nearer and nearer. A glorious, an incredible, a breath-taking girl!

In my intense excitement something had to go. What went was the currant loaf. It slipped from my clutches. I made a dive after it and lost my stick, which clattered to the pavement, and I slipped and nearly fell myself.

It was the strong arm of the goddess that caught and held me while I got my stick.

I began to stammer: "Th-thanks awfully. "I'm f-f-frightfully sorry to bother you."

She had retrieved the currant loaf and handed it to me. And then she smiled kindly and said cheerfully, "Don't mention it. No trouble, I assure you," and the magic died completely before the flat, competent voice.

A nice, healthy-looking, well set-up girl; no more.

I fell to reflecting what would have happened if the gods had given Helen of Troy exactly those flat accents. How strange that a girl could trouble your inmost soul so long as she kept her mouth shut, and that the moment she spoke the glamor could vanish as though it had never been.

I had known the reverse happen, though. I had seen a little sad monkey-faced woman whom no one would turn to look at twice. Then she had opened her mouth and suddenly enchantment had lived and bloomed and Cleopatra had cast her spell anew.

Joanna had drawn up at the curb beside me without my noticing her arrival. She asked if there was anything the matter.

"Nothing," I said, pulling myself together. "I was reflecting on Helen of Troy and others."

"What a funny place to do it," said Joanna. "You looked *most* odd, standing there clasping currant bread to your breast with your mouth wide open."

"I've had a shock," I said. "I had been transplanted to Ilium and back again."

I added, indicating a retreating back that was swimming gracefully away, "Do you know who that is?"

Peering after the girl Joanna said that it was Elsie Holland, the Symmington's nursery governess.

"Is that what struck you all of a heap?" she asked. "She's good-looking, but a bit of a wet fish."

"I *know*," I said. "Just a nice kind girl. And I'd been thinking her Aphrodite."

Joanna opened the door of the car and I got in.

"It's funny, isn't it?" she said. "Some people have lots of looks and absolutely no S. A. That girl hasn't. It seems such a pity."

I said that if she was a nursery governess it was probably just as well.

That afternoon we went to tea with Mr. Pye.

Mr. Pye was an extremely ladylike plump little man, devoted to his *petit point* chairs, his Dresden shepherdesses and his collection of period furniture. He lived at Prior's Lodge in the grounds of which were the ruins of the old Priory dissolved at the Reformation.

It was hardly a man's house. The curtains and cushions were of pastel shades in the most expensive silks.

Mr. Pye's small plump hands quivered with excitement as he described and exhibited his treasures.

Joanna and I, both being fond of antiques, met with approval.

"It is really a pleasure, a great pleasure, to have such an acquisition to our little community. The dear good people down here, you know, so painfully bucolic—not to say *provincial*. Vandals—absolute vandals! And the insides of their houses—it would make you weep, dear lady, I assure you it would make you weep. Perhaps it has done so?"

Joanna said she hadn't gone quite as far as that.

"The house you have taken," went on Mr. Pye, "Miss Emily Barton's house. Now that is charming, and she has some quite nice pieces. Quite nice. One or two of them are really first-class. And she has taste, too—although I'm not quite so sure of that as I was. Sometimes, I am afraid, I think it's really sentiment. She likes to keep things as they were—but not for *le bon motif*—not because of the resultant harmony—but because it is the way her mother had them."

HE TRANSFERRED his attention to me, and his voice changed. It altered from that of the rapt artist to that of the born gossip:

"You didn't know the family at all? No, quite so—yes, through house agents. But, my dears, you *ought* to have known that family! When I came here the old mother was still alive. An incredible person—quite incredible! A *monster*, if you know what I mean. Positively a monster. The old-fashioned Victorian monster, devouring her young. Yes, that's what it amounted to. She was monumental, you know, must have weighed seventeen stone, and all the five daughters revolved around her. 'The girls!' That's how she always spoke of them. The girls! And the eldest was well over sixty then."

"It sounds like a novel," said Joanna.

"Oh, my dear, it was. And then the dreadful old woman died, but of course, it was far too late *then*. They just went on living there and talking in hushed voices about what poor Mamma would have wished. Even repapering her bedroom they felt to be quite sacrilegious. Still they did enjoy themselves in the parish in a quiet way. . . . But none of them had much stamina, and they just died off one by one. Influenza took off Edith, and Minnie had an operation and didn't recover and poor Mabel had a stroke—Emily looked after her in the most devoted manner. Really that poor woman has done nothing but nursing for the last ten years. A charming creature, don't you think? Like a piece of Dresden. So sad for her having financial anxieties—but of course, all investments have depreciated."

"We feel rather awful being in her house," said Joanna.

"No, no, my dear young lady. You

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mustn't feel that way. Her dear good Florence is devoted to her and she told me herself how happy she was to have got such nice tenants." Here Mr. Pye made a little bow. "She told me she thought she had been most fortunate."

"The house," I said, "has a very soothing atmosphere."

Mr. Pye darted a quick glance at me.

"Really? You feel that? Now, that's very interesting. I wondered, you know. Yes, I wondered."

"What do you mean, Mr. Pye?" asked Joanna.

Mr. Pye spread out his plump hands. "Nothing, nothing. One wondered, that is all. I do believe in atmosphere, you know. Peoples' thoughts and feelings. They give their impression to the walls and the furniture."

I reflected on this point so long that I heard nothing of the conversation going on between Joanna and her host. I was recalled to myself, however, by hearing Joanna uttering farewell preliminaries. I came out of my dream and added my quota.

We all went out into the hall. As we came toward the front door a letter slid through the box and fell on the mat.

"Afternoon post," murmured Mr. Pye as he picked it up. "Now, my dear young people, you will come again, won't you? Such a pleasure to meet some broader minds, if you understand me, in this peaceful backwater where nothing ever happens."

Shaking hands with us twice over, he helped me with exaggerated care into the car. Joanna took the wheel, she negotiated with some care the circular sweep around a plot of unblemished grass; then she raised a hand to wave goodby to our host where he stood on the steps of the house. I leaned forward to do the same.

But our gesture of farewell went unheeded. Mr. Pye had opened his mail. He was standing staring down at the open sheet in his hand.

Joanna had described him once as a plump pink cherub. He was still plump, but he was not looking like a cherub now. His face was a dark congested purple, contorted with rage and surprise. Yes, and fear, too.

"Goodness," said Joanna, "what's bitten the poor pet?"

"I rather fancy," I said, "that it's the Hidden Hand again."

Joanna frowned. "You mean a letter like the one you got."

"That's my guess."

"What is this place?" asked Joanna. "It looks the most innocent, sleepy, harmless little bit of England you can imagine."

"Where, to quote Mr. Pye, nothing ever happens," I cut in. "He chose the wrong minute to say that. Something has happened."

"Jerry," said Joanna. "I—I don't think I like this." For the first time, there was a note of fear in her voice.

I did not answer, for I, too, did not like it. . . .

Such a peaceful smiling happy countryside—and down underneath something evil. . . .

It was as though at that moment I had a premonition of all that was to come. . . .

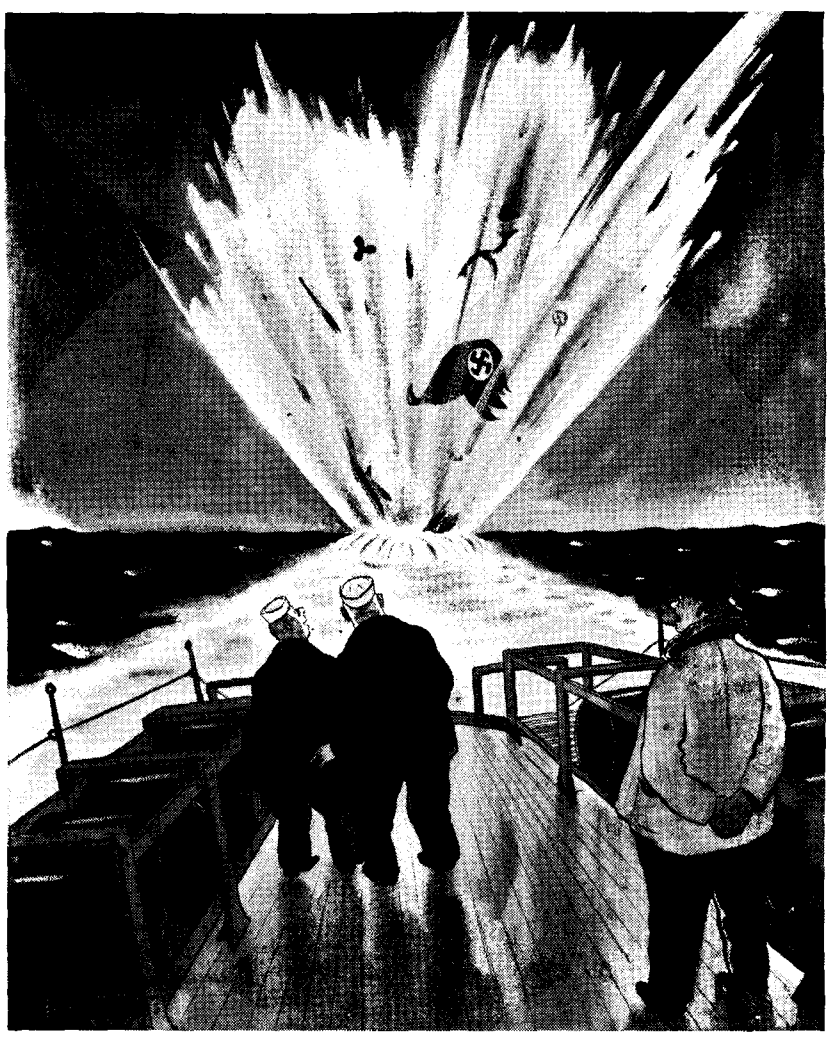
THE days passed. We went and played bridge at the Symmingtons' and Mrs. Symmington annoyed me a good deal by the way she referred to Megan.

"The poor child's so awkward. They are at that age, when they've left school and before they are properly grown up."

Joanna said sweetly, "But Megan's twenty, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes, yes. But of course, she's very young for her age. Quite a child still. It's so nice, I think, when girls don't grow up too quickly." She laughed. "I expect all mothers want their children to remain babies."

"I can't think why," said Joanna. "After all, it would be a bit awkward if



"Now you're getting the idea" CHARLES S. ADDAMS

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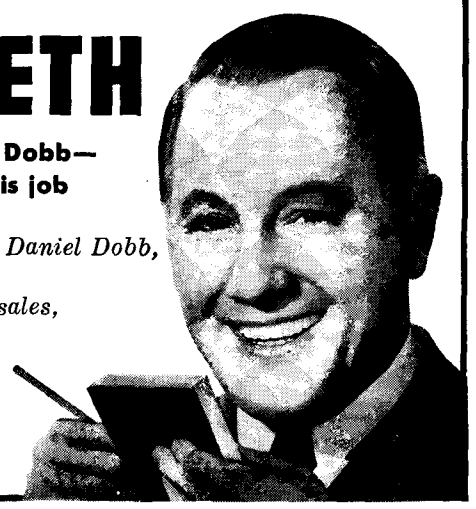

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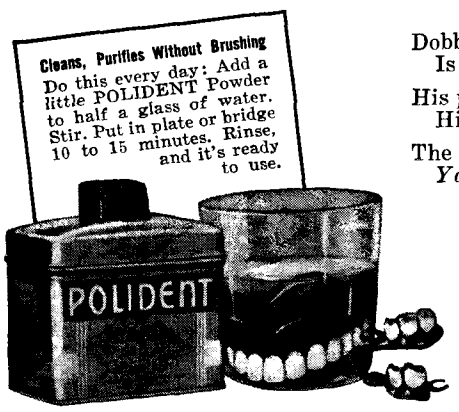
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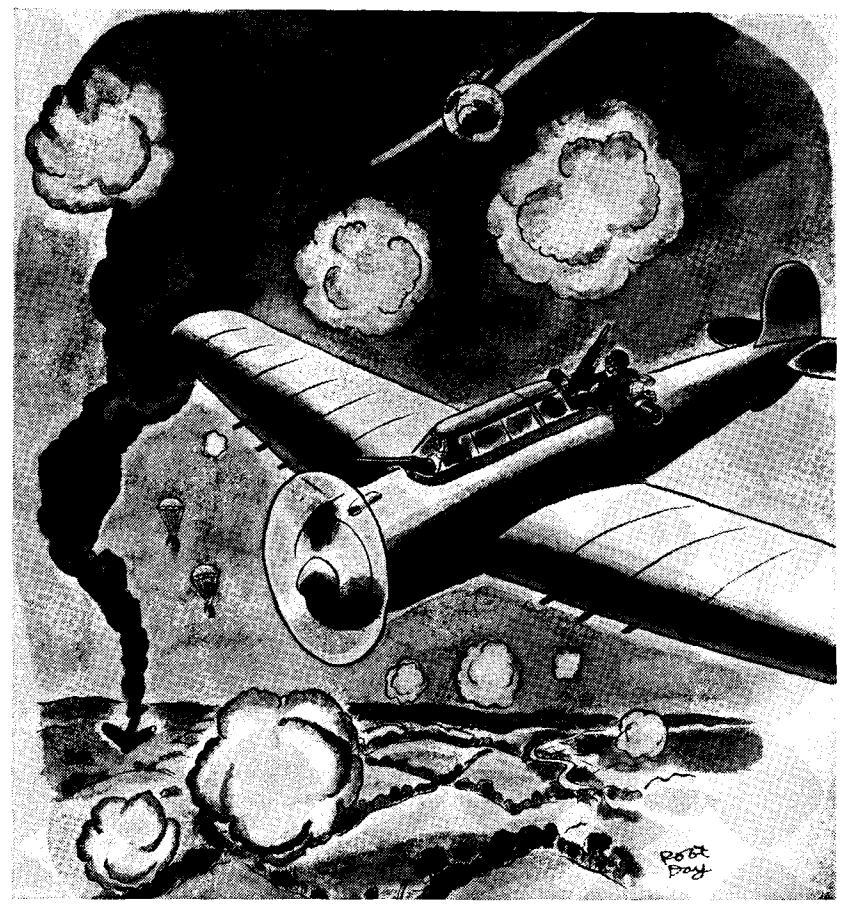

"Say, Elliot, I haven't taken one of you yet!" ROBERT DAY

one had a child who remained mentally six while his body grew up."

Mrs. Symmington looked annoyed and said Miss Burton mustn't take things so literally.

I was pleased with Joanna, and it occurred to me that I did not really much care for Mrs. Symmington. That anemic middle-aged prettiness concealed, I thought, a selfish, grasping nature.

Joanna asked maliciously if Mrs. Symmington were going to give a dance for Megan.

"A dance?" Mrs. Symmington seemed surprised and amused. "Oh, no, we don't do things like that down here."

"I see. Just tennis parties and things like that."

"Our tennis court has not been played on for years. Neither Richard nor I play. I suppose, later, when the boys grow up—oh, Megan will find plenty to do. She's quite happy just pottering about, you know. Let me see, did I deal? Two no trumps."

As we drove home, Joanna said with a vicious pressure on the accelerator pedal that made the car leap forward, "I feel awfully sorry for that girl."

"Megan?"

"Yes. Her mother doesn't like her."

"Oh, come now, Joanna, it's not as bad as that."

"Yes, it is. Lots of mothers don't like their children. Megan, I should imagine, is an awkward sort of creature to have about the house. She disturbs the pattern—the Symmington pattern. It's a complete unit without her—and that's a most unhappy feeling for a sensitive creature to have—and she *is* sensitive."

"Yes," I said, "I think she is."

I was silent a moment.

Joanna suddenly laughed mischievously. "Bad luck for you about the governess."

"I don't know what you mean," I said with dignity.

"Nonsense. Masculine chagrin was written on your face every time you looked at her. I agree with you, it is a waste. And I don't see who else there is here for you. You'll have to fall back upon Aimée Griffith."

"Heaven forbid," I said, shuddering. "And anyway," I added, "why all this concern about my love life? What about you, my girl? You'll need a little distraction down here, if I know you. No unappreciated geniuses knocking about here. You'll have to fall back on Owen Griffith. He's the only unattached male in the place."

Joanna tossed her head. "Dr. Griffith doesn't like me."

"He's not seen much of you."

"He's seen enough apparently to make him cross over if he sees me coming along the High Street!"

"A most unusual reaction," I said sympathetically. "And one you're not used to."

JOANNA drove in silence through the gate of Little Furze and around to the garage. Then she said, "There may be something in that idea of yours. I don't see why any man should deliberately cross the street to avoid me. It's rude apart from everything else."

I got slowly and carefully out of the car and balanced my sticks. Then I offered my sister a piece of advice:

"Let me tell you this, girl. Owen Griffith isn't any of your tame, whining, artistic young men. Unless you're careful, you'll stir up a hornets' nest about your ears. That man could be dangerous."

"Oh, do you think so?" demanded Joanna with every symptom of pleasure at the prospect.

"Leave the poor devil alone," I said sternly.

"How dare he cross the street when he saw me coming?"

"All you women are alike. You harp on one theme. You'll have sister Aimée gunning for you, too, if I'm not mistaken."

"She dislikes me already," said Joanna. She spoke meditatively, but with a certain satisfaction.

"We have come down here," I said sternly, "for peace and quiet, and I mean to see we get it."

But peace and quiet were the last things we were to have.

(To be continued next week)

Now more than ever—

Extra MONEY is needed!

WITH mounting defense taxes and the increased cost of living, do you need extra money now more than ever? Would you like to earn liberal spot cash commissions AND enough National Defense Stamps to get an $18.75 Defense Bond worth in ten years $25.00?

Then try our profitable plan for looking after new and renewal subscriptions for this magazine. For full details of this attractive offer, *just mail a penny postal now to—*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-35
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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SKIN and SCALP IRRITATIONS

Home Treatment Promptly Relieves Distress!

To quickly relieve maddening itching, burning of eczema, psoriasis, ringworm symptoms and other skin irritations due to external cause—apply wonderful *liquid* Zemo—a Doctor's formula backed by 30 years' continuous success! Zemo actually aids healing.

One of the *many* advantages of using Zemo on skin and scalp is that it's such a clean, stainless, invisible *liquid*. Apply anytime—it won't show on skin. Over 25,000,000 packages sold. First trial convinces! 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. At all drugstores.

ZEMO

GREAT NEW
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GIVES FREE USE OF BOTH HANDS!

Rex Ristlite snaps on like a wristwatch! Throws 500 ft. beam. A boon to mechanics, car owners, sportsmen, housewives, Army, Navy men! G. E. prefocused bulb. Light colorful plastic. 98¢—wherever flashlights are sold.

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Dept. C, Jersey City, N. J.

98¢ with Batteries

REX **Ristlite**

ALSO STANDS ALONE
at any angle

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Any Week

Continued from page 4

AS FOR ourselves, we've just received a manuscript from a lady who is extremely anxious that we buy it for patriotic if not literary reasons. Whatever you choose to pay me will be casting bread upon the waters," says she. "You will benefit as much as I will. Not one penny of it will be spent on myself directly. Every cent will go into Defense Bonds because my son is now in the Army. The gun he carries is older than he is, an old Infield (sic) from World War I and it doesn't work very good. He hopes for a new gun that can be depended on and so do the other boys in his regiment. I suppose it would be against Army regulations to buy him a good gun and send it to him, so I will try to do it with Defense Bonds."

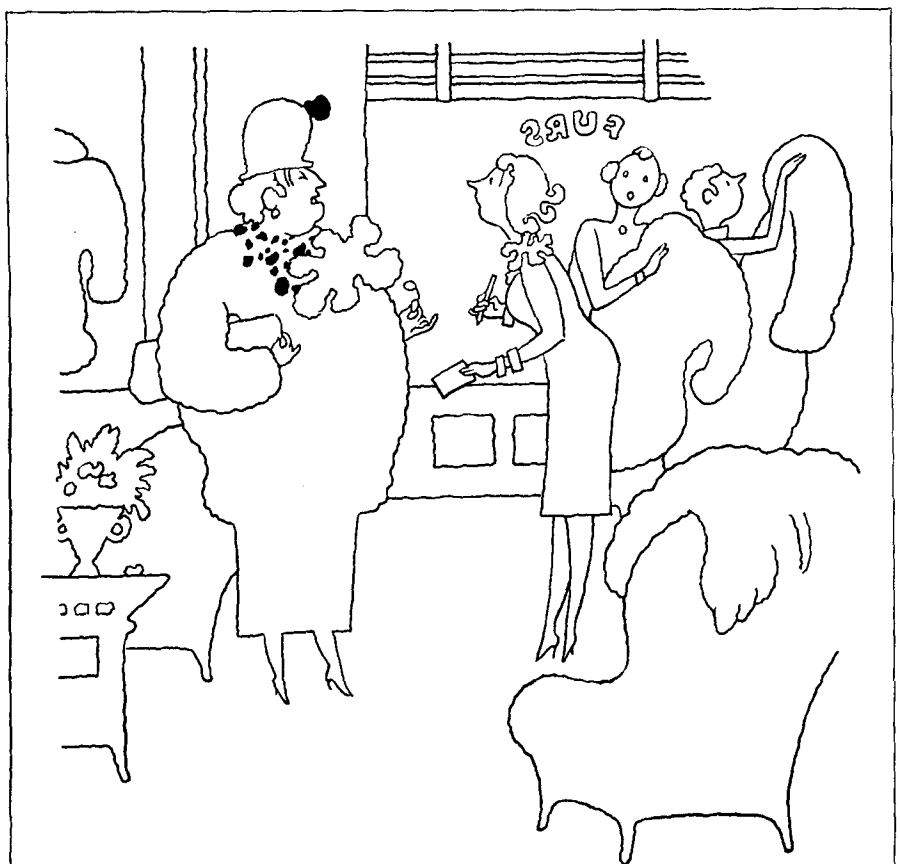
AND from an Army friend of ours we hear that one of MacArthur's heroic lads, having captured a Jap, discovered that the little yellow peril spoke English —after a fashion. "So you talk English," said the American. "Okay, Charlie I'm going to ask the general to let me keep you for my very own. I'm going to keep you until I catch my first Nazi. Then I'm going to make him eat you raw. When you're gone I'm going to throw him to some good strong-stomached Russian. Get going, Charlie, before I change my mind and decide not to be so kind to you."

WE LIKE stories like that, apocryphal or fact. They are symptoms of the presence of the American soldier's substitute for the hate he is constitutionally unable to generate. However, we've got to hurry on—a lot of questions to answer. So, no, Mrs. B. H. Dohmannik of Detroit, Michigan, there is no truth as far as we know to your cousin's story that Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt are thinking of taking in boarders to relieve the housing shortage in Washington. And, yes, Mr. W. Delto Wagersmith of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, there will be Congressional elections next fall even if it won't make much difference who's elected. And we doubt very much, Mr. Ed. O. Buckley of Butte, Montana, that Britain will be able to hire Marshal Timoshenko to put an end to "that game of cops and robbers they're playing in Libya." Furthermore, we are getting a few more acid criticisms of "women in uniform," one of our correspondents, Pvt. Norman James Jameson of Fort Bragg reporting that "they make me sicker than a brand-new mail-order lieutenant." Another soldier letter gets us back to the subject of hate. This lad doesn't want to be identified. But he tells us that his outfit was addressed by a much traveled whooper-up, a civilian, who exhorted them to "Hate Nazi cruelty and intolerance, hate Jap treachery and brutality." This soldier assures us that he and all his comrades will fight in "the old American tradition." But he adds: "I would have liked to have told that guy who addressed us that it is awful hard to hate in two directions at the same time."

FROM Kewanee, Illinois, Mr. Joseph Crewman reports discovery of a lady who proposes to train dogs to "smell out, run down and bring in" fifth columnists. Mr. Crewman interviewed the lady, who not only refused to tell how she proposed going about this but whistled for a couple of her dogs when he became persistent. He admits there is no point to this story unless it's that "There are definite signs that this country is going a little screwy."

THE moral recession that is supposed to come upon a people at war is being fought off with heartening vigor in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Our western Pennsylvania listening post informs us that when displays are being changed in Pittsburgh department store windows, the temporarily undraped mannequins are covered with sacklike garments under which the artists work with small searchlights.

W. D.



"I want to do my bit. What have you with steep luxury taxes?"

GARDNER REA

"It's my war, too—
how can I help win it?"
That question is on the lips of millions of patriotic American women. There are many good answers to that question—and in this advertisement, you will find a very important one!

A FRANK TALK WITH THE WOMEN OF AMERICA . . .

ABOUT JOBS, MONEY — AND VICTORY!

WHEN you were a little girl, the thought of a woman doing "a man's job"—at a man's pay!—would have shocked most Americans. Such fields as drafting, operating lathes, and welding were reserved exclusively for *men*.

But today, in order to smash Hitler, Hirohito & Co. harder and faster, we must accept a new idea: that women can perform many vital tasks on the industrial front as well or (in some cases) better than men . . . and that by so doing, they can alleviate the shortage of trained workers in Industry, and release men for other essential work.

Of course, millions of American women are already employed at the greatest of *all* jobs—the job of making a happy American home, and raising a healthy American family.

But to you already employed in business or industry—to you who may be thinking of ways in which you can "get in the war"—to you who are anxious to increase your earnings in some useful work: *the 50-year-established International Correspondence Schools offer the same low-cost, spare-time* TRAINING *which has helped millions of men master their jobs and prepare for bigger ones.*

Look over the coupon below. Check the field you are most interested in, and mail it today. You will receive, without obligation, complete information on I. C. S. methods, texts, and low cost. *Please do it right now!*

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Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY — Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH — Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK — Editorial Director

Save Your Fighting for the Enemy, Boys

FROM sources which we not only trust but know to be reliable, we hear that professional jealousies and hatreds are rubbing up a great deal of friction here and there between officers of the U. S. Army and officers of the U. S. Navy.

We can't go into details, but we have these reliable sources' word for it that some of these Army-Navy officer clashes have actually endangered what is supposed to be a joint, cooperative effort against the common enemy.

The causes? They are understandable; but that doesn't make them harmless.

Primarily, as we get it, the officer group in each of the two big services has been indoctrinated from earliest West Point, Annapolis or other service-school days in the belief that its branch is the finest organization on earth.

A lot of the Army-Navy officer friction, too, is traceable to the annual boiling-over of West Point-Annapolis rivalry at the Army-Navy football game. This rivalry stays with the two schools' graduates, in many cases, throughout their careers as Army and Navy officers.

Gen. Johnson Hagood, in his recent article in Collier's, pointed a forceful and indignant finger at some of the specific damage wrought by this state of affairs.

Really, do the American people have to go on standing for such essentially petty but dangerous stuff, in addition to their other war-born troubles?

This is a war. Up to now, it is as serious a war as the United States has ever fought. It is not a football game, or any other kind of grand-old-school contest—or at any rate the Japs and the Germans don't play it according to our rules of sportsmanship.

This is a conflict which calls for the sinking of personal differences and the closest co-operation among all our armed forces, just as it calls for the tapering-off of political and other conflicts in civilian ranks.

Petty jealousies and personal vendettas can prolong the fight at best, and can lose the war for us at worst. Snap out of it, boys; and snap out of it quickly; and snap out of it all along the far-flung battle line.

Westinghouse Foresight

THE Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. announces a plan that impresses us as being wise and farseeing.

In 1941, Westinghouse paid more than $4,000,000 in federal and state unemployment insurance premiums. But the company is not content to rest on that. It has set up a special reserve fund of its own, and into this fund it is paying ½ of 1% of its pay roll each month. Its pay roll is now running at more than $15,000,000 a month.

The money is to be used for the benefit of employees who, after the war, may have to be laid off during the shift from war production to normal peacetime production.

We are in a period now, says the Westinghouse management, of "two jobs for one man" where the war industries are concerned. But when the war ends there will most likely come a period of two men for one job. Such periods, long or short, follow most modern wars.

It is hoped that by the war's end the special reserve fund will have added up to enough to permit Westinghouse to help out its laid-off employees considerably longer than the payment period guaranteed by regular unemployment insurance.

This money, like the unemployment insurance money, will help keep the business wheels turning, because most of it will be spent for food, clothing, fuel, shelter.

Not every business concern, of course, is in a financial position to undertake similar schemes for cushioning if not entirely preventing the expected postwar slump. But to all firms that are well heeled at the moment and bid fair to stay so during the war, we'd like to commend the Westinghouse idea for careful consideration.

Somewhere in America, 1942

THE town of Sikeston, Mo., had a lynching a few weeks ago. A colored man ran amuck with intent to rape. He slashed three persons, was arrested, and then was snatched from legal custody and murdered by a mob which would not wait to let the law take its course.

A few days later a Sikeston newspaper, the Standard, published a column of comment which strikes us as tops in something. Written by one Charles L. Blanton, who calls himself the "Polecat Editor," the column went in part as follows:

> Yes, we were among the many who milled about the City Hall Sunday forenoon, and when we saw there would likely be a first-class mobbing we hightailed it for home. Yes, we saw a great number of faces, but wouldn't recognize them now, if called to testify, and would not be able to name anyone we saw, except the state patrolmen . . .
>
> After talking to some influential men . . . they believe since nothing can be done now, the best thing for all concerned would be to think of it as a bad nightmare . . .
>
> We are constituted a bit different from some folks. We have nothing but hot blood flowing through our veins. We believe in protecting our women folks from assaults committed by either whites or blacks, and believe in the old-fashioned duel to settle certain differences that might arise over insults . . .
>
> It gives us a gripe in our bowels to read in some papers that the lynching of a Negro brute in Sikeston Sunday was a blot on the State of Missouri and that Sikeston should hang her head in shame. That may be, but we haven't seen any heads hanging in shame here and probably won't . . .

That, fellow citizens, is the way some Americans' minds still function, in this Year of Our Lord 1942, and of our independence the 166th.

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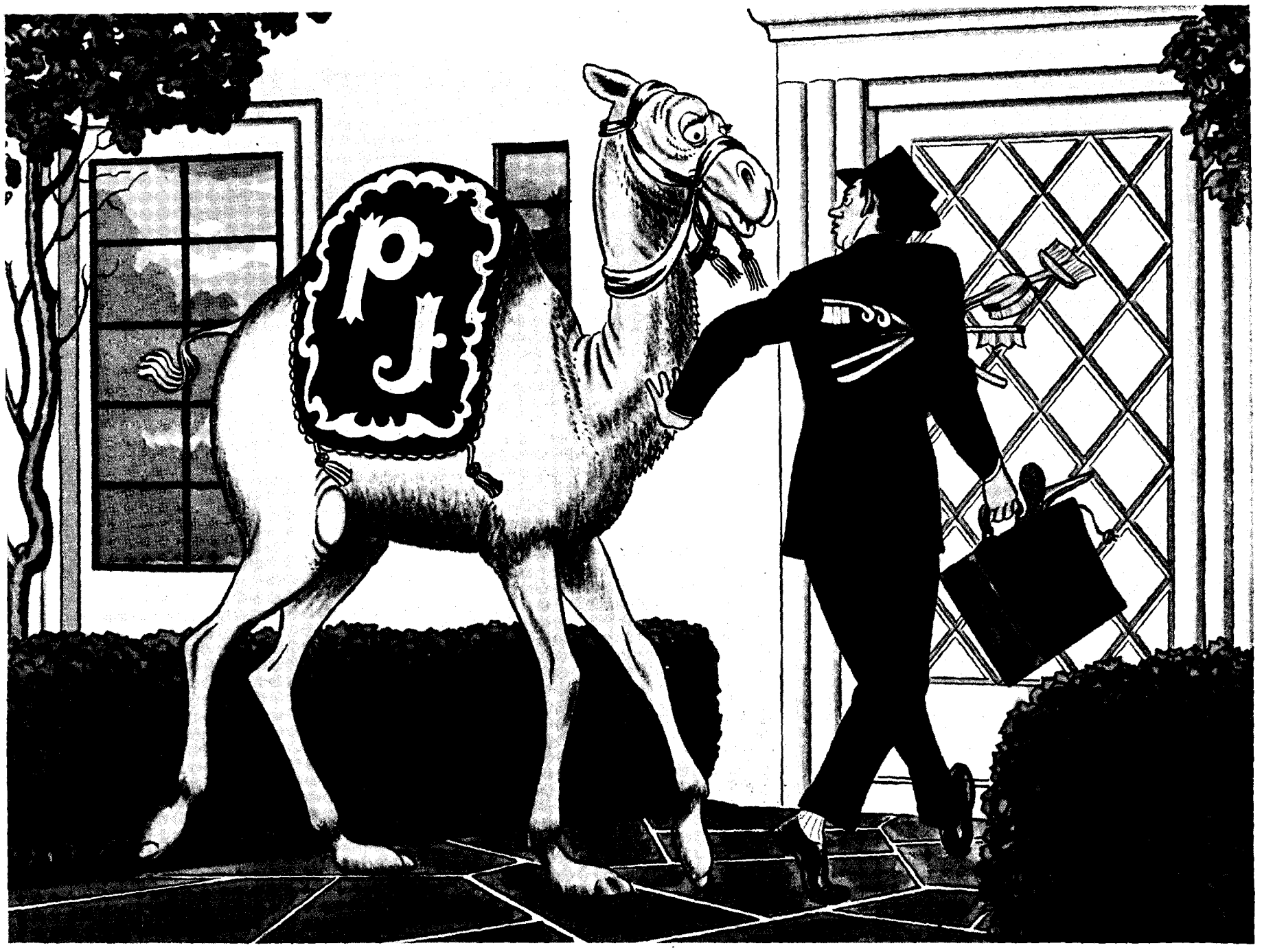

"Outa my way, Camel!"

SALESMAN: One side, camel! Outa my way you fugitive from a sandstorm!

CAMEL: Pardon, O Ringer of Doorbells, but I, too, have business here.

SALESMAN: *You?* *You* got business here? I'm laughing, camel. You kill me. *What* business?

CAMEL: Heckler of Housewives, do you not know that I have the honour to represent Paul Jones whiskey? Are you unaware, O Taker of Small Deposits, that I am the symbol of *dryness* in whiskey? That it is my life work to inform men of the magnificent flavor of *Dry* Paul Jones? Truly O—

SALESMAN: *Dry* Paul Jones? *Dry* Paul Jones? Look, sweetheart, you're dreaming. You're off your noggin. *Dryness* is for champagne.

CAMEL: And also, Little Brother, for this superlative Paul Jones whiskey. A luxury quality, *master*, which permits men to enjoy the full magnificence of Paul Jones' superlative flavor . . . a dryness which allows that wonderful flavor to come through, clear and undistorted.

SALESMAN: Yeah, camel. Yeah. Okay. I apologize. But I got no time for chitchat about them expensive whiskies. So shove over, pal!

CAMEL: Pardon, Master, but this Paul Jones whiskey is so moderately priced and offers so rare and wonderful a flavor that wise men and connoisseurs of fine whiskey know it as a *truly* great *buy!*

SALESMAN: Well, dawg-*gone!* Pick yourself a brush, camel. Any brush! It's yours, pal! An' watch my kit will you, friend? I'm off for a bottle of that beautiful *dry* Paul Jones whiskey!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

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JOAN BENNETT in her
American Women's Voluntary
Services uniform
★
Starring in Edw. Small's United Artists
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His Cigarette and Mine

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Make your next pack Chesterfields... regardless of price there is no better cigarette made today.

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